

THE NAZIS AT WAR

by

WILLI FRISCHAUER

LONDON

VICTOR GOLLANCZ LTD

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I

MEET NAZI GERMANY

AFTER A TWO hours' flight we reached our objective, the estuary of the Thames.

"The Gulf Stream sent hot air right up to us; we felt warm in our cockpit.

"After passing a number of neutral ships we came within range of the British anti-aircraft batteries.

"Suddenly the pilot turned sharply to the left, and, almost under us, only a few hundred yards below, we could see a town. The red brick houses were clearly visible. We could see the open spaces, gardens, rows of houses.

"People stood on a bridge and on the squares looking towards the sky. . . ."

The voice of the Nazi radio commentator comes to me across the skies from the spot at which the Nazi pilots start out on their raids against the British coast. He describes an uneventful flight by a Nazi reconnaissance plane as if it were a major triumph of the Nazi air-force.

He has hardly finished his dramatic description when the Nazi hymn of hate against Britain is played and sung by a chorus:

Gib mir Deine Hand, Deine weisse Hand,
Leb wohl, mein Schatz,
Leb wohl mein Schatz leb wohl,
Denn wir fahren, denn wir fahren,
Denn wir fahren gegen Engelland.

As I listen, my thoughts go back towards the country from which the bombers and the song come. My desk is covered with reports from Germany, with the records of every Nazi broadcast since the outbreak of war. Nazi newspapers from all parts of Germany surround me, stacked high.

I pick one up, just as I would do if I were sitting, say, in the Romanische Café, facing the Gedächtniskirche in Berlin.

There are no waiters now in the "Romanische". As in most German cafés, girls serve now. But they still put a pile of newspapers on your table, even before you give your order. Whether you are going to choose tea made from herbs, or coffee substitute, you will get your papers to read. The headlines are bigger than they ever were before, they almost scream at you, they are underlined in red, adorned with the swastika.

There are fewer swastikas outside, as everybody notices who visits Berlin in war-time and compares it with the Berlin of about a year ago. There is no longer any marching of party formations, one hardly sees any uniforms, least of all those of the Reichswehr.

You may sit at the "Romanische" and look down from the wide, high windows into the street for hours and you will see little or nothing to suggest war, although you are in the centre of Germany, in the heart of Berlin.

Except for the newspapers. There is war on every page of a Nazi newspaper. As they describe it, the war is exciting, eventful, successful. Every page carries at least one tirade against Britain. There is more to be read about Chamberlain, Churchill and Daladier in the Nazi press than in all the French and British newspapers.

But one must turn many pages, read many columns of a Nazi paper before one can detect the home news, the real information about what is going on in Germany.

After half a year of war I still hear British people asking: "Are the things they say about Germany true?" So much is being said by so many people that, on this subject, I prefer to listen to the Nazis themselves, listen to their broadcasts, read their newspapers. Even though they devote little time and space to home affairs they say enough.

Take the new law which forbids listening to foreign broadcasts. How do the rulers of Germany explain such a law to an intelligent people? How can a government justify the passing of death and prison sentences against offenders of this law?

Many British people have asked these questions. I will give them the Nazi reply, the official comment on the working of the new law:

"Judges must realise what was in the mind of the legislators when they promulgated this law," says this comment. "Then they will be able to pronounce just sentences. The legislators were guided by the realisation that foreign broadcasts may produce a crack, a rift in the mind of the individual, which might develop into a rift in the mind of the community. Such a development is quite possible. Whoever risks such a development commits a crime against the community and must be punished. It is not only a crime to mutilate your body to render it useless to the community. It is criminal to mutilate the mind, the soul, to the detriment of the German people."

Germans under the yoke of a thousand laws which protect the German community against Germans cannot find this an absurd explanation. But the drastic

severity of the law still does not prevent them from listening to London and Paris.

A report of an extraordinary incident has reached me from Germany.

A German family had requested Mass to be read for the eldest son, a gunner in the Nazi air force who had been reported lost after an air attack against Britain. The High Command of the German air force had informed the parents that their son had been killed in action.

Gestapo agents, however, noticed that the mourners were rather in high spirits during the Mass. The "dead airman's" sister giggled and talked to a friend. His parents' faces showed little of the grief that might have been expected.

An investigation revealed a surprising explanation. The family had listened to the British broadcasts in German and had heard an announcement that the Nazi airman was a prisoner of war, safe in a British prison camp. They were overjoyed to hear this news but did not dare to cancel the Mass for fear of revealing themselves as law breakers liable to capital punishment.

All the members of the family were sent to prison. Possibly all have been executed by now.

It can be dangerous to laugh and to appear to be in a good mood in Nazi Germany. "What has he to laugh about?" is a question which someone is always ready to ask and inquire into.

No wonder most of the faces you see in Germany to-day are grim. Competent observers who have been in Germany during the first six months of war agree that all classes of the people appear depressed. Even the more enthusiastic Nazis give the same impression. They, too, have nothing to laugh about.

Yet there is another side to this picture which has led to some confusion. A friend who had just left Germany wrote me to say he could not agree that the German people were miserable and gloomy. His letter, dated the 7th January, 1940, was written from Brussels. He had spent the Christmas holidays in Berlin.

"I spent an evening in the Zigeuner-Keller in the Kurfuerstendamm. What a night! I have hardly ever seen such hilarity. People were drinking wine, singing, dancing. There were only a few strapping S.S. boys in their uniforms, but there were plenty of apparently rich men in civvies. I must say Germany does not seem to worry about the war. . . ."

I can vouch for the honesty and sincerity of my friend. He certainly did not exaggerate what he witnessed in Berlin's Zigeuner-Keller. One can experience the same thing in the night haunts in other German towns. The Nazis themselves admit that the consumption of alcoholic drinks has risen sharply since the outbreak of war.

Such scenes can mislead a casual visitor however honest he may wish to be. But night-club hilarity cannot fool a German who has gone through similar periods of German history himself.

It seems to me only like yesterday that we spent our days, just after the Great War, worrying in Berlin, in Munich, in Vienna, not knowing what would happen to us next. In the early twenties my family, like many another, was faced with ruin and starvation.

But at that time the night resorts of German cities were crowded. People who walked aimlessly with long drawn faces through the streets by day, drank themselves silly after nightfall. The Nazi government has every reason to make drunkenness a criminal offence, punishable with

hard labour. These crowded night places are a characteristic symptom. The more hysterical of the German people are living in terms of the old popular song from the "Fledermaus":

"Gluecklich ist
Wer vergisst
Was nicht mehr zu aendern ist."
(Happy is he who forgets what cannot be
changed.)

These few lines express one phase of life in Germany to-day. But with all its outward show of gaiety it cannot hide the fact that the prevailing mood is one of depression.

Nazi Germany has become a land of mystery ever since the war started. I have not read any two reports from neutral observers which did not contradict each other on some vital issues.

The Germans are depressed, says one of them. The Germans are hilarious, writes another. All Germans are Nazis, an expert on Germany tells me. Seventy-five per cent of Germans are against Hitler, in the opinion of a distinguished American journalist. The Germans are starving already—the Germans can hold out for years. The Nazi-Soviet alliance has caused resentment among the Nazi leaders. Nazi leaders regard the Nazi-Soviet Alliance as a brilliant masterstroke of Hitler's diplomacy.

These are just a few of the assertions made by equally skilled and independent neutral experts, observers or commentators.

I have met intelligent people who refuse to accept perfectly obvious explanations for simple and unmistakable events because Nazi propaganda has confused

their judgment. They seem always to suspect a "ruse" somewhere, somehow. At the same time they willingly believe rumours which are equally obviously put about by Nazi propagandists for the benefit of Nazi Germany.

To bring confusion into the minds of the Western peoples and the neutrals is, of course, the purpose of Nazi propaganda. The Nazis cannot wish for more than to have their enemies regarded with suspicion and their friends find willing ears. Even if both friends and foes are equally distrusted, Nazi Germany profits by the results. She has so much to hide.

And it is so easy to contradict almost everything that is said or written about Germany. The world shows a boundless curiosity about the Nazis and jumps at every bit of information from inside Germany. Yet it seems to forget that a country with eighty million inhabitants, with provinces which are far from forming the unified State which Hitler would like to see, cannot be measured with a universal yardstick.

What is true in Berlin is utterly untrue in Wuerttemberg. What applies to the workers of Hamburg is of no concern to the Silesians. While Bavarian peasants are turned out of their homes and replanted in another part of Germany, Swabian land workers will testify quite honestly that no-one has asked them to leave their homes or their farms and move.

There are the young Germans who join the Nazi air force. They are enthusiastic, eager to be sent into action, faithful to their commander Goering and their Fuehrer Hitler. In Poland, on the other hand, you will find German soldiers who were a sound Nazi force only six months ago, but now spend their nights freezing and their days cursing Hitler's "victory over Poland".

The great philosophers who made out a case for Germany as a nation of poets and thinkers tried in vain to define the German character. Kant and Goethe can both be quoted for and against their country. The Nazis use their sayings for propaganda in this war. Leading British papers reproduce them as anti-German testimonials.

Many speak of Germany and German characteristics when they really mean Prussia and Prussianism. Others remind you that Hitler is, after all, an Austrian.

Nazism has complicated the problem. It has been smeared over German life like tar. In some cases it has bitten into the flesh of Germany. In others it is drying up and falling off bit by bit.

Mine is a composite picture of Nazi Germany to-day. Some of my informants are active anti-Nazis who risk their lives every time they try to smuggle their messages out of Germany. I have not accepted their political conclusions unreservedly, but I have confined myself to using the facts in their messages. I can trust them not to distort the facts. The difficulties facing Nazism which they describe are not exaggerated. They never hide the signs of strength in Germany and openly admit the advantages which their Nazi enemies have in many aspects.

Other news reaching me from Germany originates from Nazis. I have no doubt that their purpose and intention in releasing some of this "information" is to spread propaganda and mislead me and others in neutral countries to whom their messages are directed. But in many cases their reports are instructive to the experienced student of Nazi affairs. The things they say and the things they hide provide many important pointers to truth.

Lately a third type of informant has appeared in the ring. Its most representative character, to me, is a German boy whom we used to employ on the newspaper I worked for in Austria. He owed us his job, his promotion, his position in life.

One day he came to confess that he had joined the Nazi party. He was sure, he said, that the Nazis would take Austria and he wanted to safeguard his future. He certainly did well for himself. He is a successful journalist in Germany now.

And from there he is eager now to revive his old connections again. His privileged position as a journalist enables him to travel frequently to neutral countries. From there he writes letters to old friends and every one of his letters is the outcry of a tortured soul. He hates Nazism now. True, he hates it only because he fears that it will collapse and bury him under its ruins. He is an egoist, a typical Nazi careerist.

There are thousands like him in Germany. Most of them use every possible way and means to communicate with the outside world.

Neutral diplomats, who know Germany well, bring many interesting and even startling reports out of the country. They are trained observers; history is made on their advice.

Along the German frontiers, finally, in Hungary, Jugoslavia, Rumania, Belgium and Holland there are a thousand leaks through which the truth seeps out. You should hear some of the dreaded agents of the Gestapo talk when they go on their frequent trips to Italy or another neutral country. What they consider a harmless, obvious topic of conversation, can in many cases provide the listener with illuminating details about German events, practices and thought.

These various sources of information outlined here I share with foreign correspondents contributing to your daily press, and with the French and British commentators on German affairs. Yet I can add to it the experience of spending most of my life in Germany. During ten years' work as a German journalist I was in constant contact with thousands of Germans in every walk of life.

I listened to them and wrote for them. An apprehensive editor sent me out many years ago to watch the Nazi movement when it still seemed ridiculous and unimportant. I followed that movement through all the stages from ridicule to menace, from menace to force and power. Ever since I discovered that Hitler's name was really Schueckelgruber—because his father was an illegitimate child and only adopted the name of Hitler after Adolf was already among us—the Nazis hated me and tried to gag me.

I experienced the transition from a free German press to the controlled hate-sheets of the first six years of Nazism. To-day I turn to this press again as a source of information unequalled by any other, however cleverly organised it may be. I know the men who are writing for the Nazi Propaganda Ministry's officials who now supply the news.

Of course the Nazi press is strictly controlled. Every line in the "Voelkischer Beobachter" or the "Schwarze Korps" has passed the Nazi censor, every word that comes from Germany over the ether is approved by the highest authority.

But the fighting spirit which produces the countless attacks against Britain and France is confined to the foreign columns of the Nazi press. The few short paragraphs devoted to home news cannot hide the true

position from the scrutiny of the student of German affairs.

Every new law that is passed and published in official language is a new indication of the true position in Germany to-day. Every appeal by a Nazi leader points to another weakness. It has taken seven years, this war and this hard winter to make the boastful Goering squeal in public and confess that he cannot beat nature. When confronted with only human nature, however, he has never shrunk from the most violent means of coercion.

The days are over when the Nazis could explain away unpleasant leakages of truth from inside Germany as atrocity stories. For years commentators on German affairs were denounced for naming Goering and the Nazi government as the instigators and perpetrators of the Reichstag fire. To-day, former Nazi officials, who have broken with the Party, openly admit it.

How do the Germans bear the sacrifices imposed on them by the Nazi government? Read this report from the "Berliner Boersen-Anzeiger":

"After a six days' hearing the Special Court of Koenigsberg, East Prussia, has sentenced 31 defendants who were accused under paragraph 4 of the criminal law relating to 'damage done to the people'. Among them were eight officials of the head office for economy and provision of Koenigsberg.

"The defendants have been found guilty of frauds with ration cards. Friedrich Goldhagen, the chief culprit, was sentenced to death; some of the other defendants were sent to prison for terms up to fifteen years. Four defendants were acquitted."

It is one of hundreds of judgments against similar offenders. There is no district in the Reich without a "special court". There is no Nazi newspaper which has

not published similar judgments almost daily since the outbreak of war.

A woman in Westphalia was much luckier. She had failed to give up the soap card of her former tenant but produced it when the police threatened to make a search of her house. Then it appeared that she had made an unsuccessful attempt to substitute her name on the card for that of the rightful owner. But she had never obtained any extra soap by this card. Sentence: Five months in prison.

I can rely on the Nazi press to tell me even more. I remember, for instance, one of the earliest Nazi radicals, an S.S. leader by the name of Fale. He was a university lecturer. His students used to listen for hours to his anti-Bolshevist tirades. "If I detect a sign of the red bacillus in this room," he used to say, "I will have the university closed."

To-day, Herr Fale, installed as president of the Nazi Academy of Science, gives himself a reply to the question asked all over the world—how the radical Nazis react to the Nazi-Soviet alliance. He gives it through the press which simply reports that "M. Kaftanow, member of the council of Soviet Commissars, leader of the Soviet board of control for universities, has arrived in Berlin at the head of a Soviet cultural mission. He was greeted with a warm speech by S.S. Upper Leader Fale."

Fale is, of course, only one in thousands. Other S.S. leaders may not have acclimatised themselves to their new friend, the former enemy, Stalin. Knowing the German mind, I have no doubt they will do so in time.

My radio is still tuned in to Germany; I hear the daily commentator introduce a regular feature: "Reports of the day":

"We are taking you," he says to his German listeners, "into one of the many huge storehouses where the food of the nation has been gathered in tremendous quantities. This is a meat store. I am surrounded by meat. Meat on every side. Never has an outsider seen so much meat in one place. There must be thousands and thousands of tons. . . . Truly with these stores at hand the German nation is well equipped to defy the wicked British attempts to starve its women and children. Even if this war lasts many years the German people will always have enough to eat."

I can hear a thousand German families drop their knives and forks on their half-empty plates with a clatter as they listen to this accompaniment to their meatless dinner. I have been in Germany too long not to know what their reaction is.

"If they have stores of thousands of tons of meat why can't we have two ounces to-day?"

Yet, I have no doubt about it, a great proportion of these emotional grumblers will fold the hands of their small sons an hour later and teach them to pray: "I thank God that He has given us the Fuehrer to guide us in these hard and dangerous times. . . . Amen."

I want to show you how hard and how dangerous the times are in Germany to-day. I will produce all the evidence in my possession, even if, in a few instances, it seems contradictory. Only thus can I hope to convey to you a complete picture of the extraordinary position in which Germans find themselves in the first year of this war.

In presenting it to you I want it to be such a picture as a judge might gain of a criminal, his accomplices and the victims of his crime. Let them all have a chance of a

hearing, but as each gives evidence let it be examined and scrutinised with care.

Civilisation shall act as prosecutor and you will forgive me if you find me biased in its favour.

II

GREATNESS THROUGH STARVATION

FRAU ANNA SCHOENGRUBER, of Dresden, Frauenstrasse 12, woke up one December morning in her three-roomed flat. Since her brother-in-law had been called up her sister and her two children, Karl, aged nine, and Gretel, aged seven, were living with her.

Anna liked her sister Klara, but how fondly she looked back to the days when the little home she had built up for herself was all her own. There were so many little difficulties now which threatened to disturb the friendly relations between the two sisters.

"Who will go shopping this morning?" Anna thought, and at once she realised that she would either have to go herself or mind the children, whose school was closed because of the coal shortage.

Since they had issued this law allowing warm water during week-ends only, getting up in the morning was a difficult problem every one of these days of war. How Anna hated to wash with the icy cold water.

"Where have you put the food cards?" Anna asked Klara who had done the shopping the day before. There was always trouble with these cards, fourteen different kinds of them, beautifully coloured, but what were they worth?

For a week now it had been almost impossible to get the proper amount of rations. And the shopkeepers, how irritating they were! They gave the impression of doing the customers a favour if they sold anything at all.

"I don't know how long I shall be able to keep this shop open," her old grocer had told Anna the other day. "If they did not force me to keep my assistants, I would close down immediately."

Anna's thoughts were occupied with the problem of food. As she got dressed she tried to figure out how to arrange to-day's menu. But that was in the shopkeepers' hands, not in hers.

"Hurry up, Anna," said Klara as she prepared the breakfast, "and see if you can get an extra bottle of milk. This skimmed milk is no good for the children. Can't we get better milk . . . ?"

"Don't be silly—there isn't better milk. They mix it all with water as soon as they get it from the country."

"All right. See you soon. . . . Hurry up, Anna."

"You optimist . . . it will not be as soon as you hope. You did not come home until eleven yesterday."

In front of Keller's shop there was a long queue of waiting women. Queueing always brought back to Anna the memories of her childhood when she queued for her mother during the last war. How bothersome it was, this standing for hours in the cold wind, shivering and freezing.

So these times are back again. Again, again!

Keller's shop window displayed a most tempting selection of goods. For a moment Anna enjoyed looking at all the things; chocolate, sugar, flour, dried fruits, even oranges—but they were all artificial.

Anna sighed. She knew that shop-windows had to be filled with attractive dummies these days. What do they think? Do we eat with our eyes?

"There will be a row soon," said a woman standing near the closed door of the shop, one of the first in the queue. She almost shouted it. The other women, per-

haps a hundred of them, were getting restless too as Anna arrived to take her place at the far end of the queue.

The women became more and more agitated. The shop was closed. Keller's boy had come out and told them that his father was waiting for the supplies to arrive. They were due any minute. The wholesale firm had promised to send them by eight o'clock. But it was 9.30 now.

"Just have a little patience, please." This time it was Keller himself. He had come out of the shop hoping to pacify the women in the queue whose voices were getting louder and angrier every minute. As soon as he disappeared again behind the door the clatter of voices rose to a storm:

"He is trying to fool us. There will be no supplies. We shall not get anything. I want to buy for my money." The women were becoming hysterical.

"There will soon be a real row," Anna thought to herself, and wondered whether it was not wiser to give it up. But she had to take something home for the children. "We shall have nothing to eat, if I go home now," was her main thought.

While Anna contemplated this drastic possibility the uproar near the shop was in full swing. The women in front of the queue were banging on the shop's door. Those behind were pushing forward:

"Open up, open up." Those were the words that Anna could distinguish in the noise. And now she heard the crack as the door gave way. Over a hundred women were dragging her along with them. The window of the shop also cracked under the pressure. The two policemen who stood at a respectful distance from the angry women blew their whistles.

But Keller inside had already followed instructions which he had received for any such emergency from the

Party's food distribution officer. A telephone call to the S.S.

A few minutes later two large vans drove up.

Forty S.S. men jumped out and surrounded the unruly women. They caught everyone they could get hold of although the women screamed, threw down their bags and baskets and tried their best to get away.

Anna did not arrive back home until seven o'clock at night.

"What has happened?" Klara asked anxiously.

"Those beasts, those scoundrels . . . they took us away. Nothing to eat and on top of that we get treatment like this."

What had happened was that the S.S., reluctant to arrest the screaming women, had caught a number of them, Anna among them, and loaded them into the vans. They had driven them ten miles outside the city. There the women were told to get out and—walk home!

"Let that be a lesson to you," the S.S. leader shouted. "Keep the peace next time you go shopping." The women had been too frightened to remonstrate. When they had been packed into the van they feared arrest, trial, sentence, prison. They had all heard about such things. Anything might happen if you offended against the law. Anna was almost relieved to be released, to be taught a lesson only.

"We shall not eat to-day," said Anna when she arrived home. Worn out, dispirited she dropped on her couch. "For the first time in twenty years we shall not eat at all."

Anna lay there with her eyes half closed. She did not worry any longer about the day's lunch, or was it supper-time already? What did it matter?

In a flash the last few years came back to her. She saw the early days of Nazism when, with thousands of other

German women, she lined the streets to wait for a glimpse of the Fuehrer or the other leaders. How marvellous Hitler looked. To see his steel grey-blue eyes resting on you was divine.

"Never again shall the German people suffer as it suffered after the last war," he had said. He had known what those post-war years were like. He too was poor and had to suffer with the rest. Like her, the Fuehrer had to swallow that rye bread which seemed to grow in your mouth the longer and the harder you tried to get it down your throat. He too had to be careful to choose from the tins which were labelled by the food authorities "guaranteed non-poisonous". Like her father, he must have worried at seeing the little children with pale faces, children who had never seen milk, never even knew what butter was.

Anna's father had often worried how this new generation would survive the privations of the last years of the war and . . . oh, the time after the war. Anna remembered that first epidemic of flu after the war. Flu? Never mind, a little cold. We shall all get over it. But her father himself had been one of the first victims of the flu which became dangerous, a deadly illness among a people which for years had not had enough to eat.

Poor father. He had no proper cigarettes in the last few months of his life. Had he fought in the war to come back to starvation and to be taken away like that? Never again!

Never again! That was exactly what Hitler had been saying all along. That was why Anna and thousands of other women cheered him, not to speak of the young girls who were attracted by the smart uniforms of the boys. Anna well remembered how men had not suits to wear, how for years after the war the uniform coat of his

regiment was the only warm piece of clothing in her father's wardrobe.

But here it is all happening again, she thought. We have no food once more. Oh, that is different now.

Anna believed that a woman need not understand much about politics, but one thing was clear. The Fuehrer had said it: "There are tremendous amounts of foodstuffs in the country. But we must husband our resources because if we lose this war everything will be as it was in 1918 and the years after."

Anna was still a good Nazi. To-day she had had an unpleasant experience. It was a nasty thing to do to a good Nazi woman. But, she thought, the S.S. has probably got out of hand again. We must adapt ourselves to the war. The Fuehrer has said that we shall win this war, then nothing more of this sort will happen. And we women of Germany are the backbone of the nation.

Anna is not the only woman in Germany who thinks along these lines. All over Germany these S.S. raids against angry women have taken place. Some of them have pestered their husbands to protest to the Party, but most of them get in reply the stereotyped phrase which is the Party slogan these days: "Remember Frederick the Great?"

Few of the women remember, but most of them have heard the story over and over again. It is the story of how the Soldier King built up an army and was able to do so only because the German people made the greatest sacrifices. From great sacrifices sprang the greatness of the German people. They won their war against Austria, they are being taught to believe now that they will win the war against Britain and France in the same way.

Greatness through starvation!

That has been the Nazi principle during the first few months of the war and there are millions of German women who are prepared to accept it.

You may accept such sacrifices, but still it may not improve your temper. It did not improve the temper of German women as these scenes grew more frequent, as rumours about the S.S. war against German women spread through the country. To have no proper meal on one day or another does not mean that you are starving, but it does not help you to enjoy life either.

In the industrial districts the effect of the shortage is worse than in the towns. Working women are not so subtle in their politics. They also care little about the greatness of Germany. And the "Ruhr-Arbeiter", a popular weekly in the Ruhr district, had to deal with the problem sooner or later. One day it came out with a leading article:

"Is the German housewife nervous?" it asked, and gave this reply to the question:

"Oh yes, she is on the average highly nerve-strung. Some circumstances contribute to the fact that the nerves of many a brave mother and housewife are strained. But the man who has his work to do should not be made to suffer from bad temper at home."

The cry of the "Ruhr-Arbeiter" was taken up by many other papers. The nervous German housewife; what was wrong with her?

Many reasons were given. The strain of the war, separation from loved ones—all these factors contributed, of course. They were prominently given as the reason for the German housewife's bad humour. But the truth was never publicly admitted.

The German housewife was nervous because she could not get enough to eat for her family.

The "Frankfurter Zeitung" put it, in the English phrase: "You can't have your cake and eat it."

This familiar proverb was used to explain that Germany has huge food-stores: that there is actually abundance of everything, but that food-rationing has been introduced to keep the stores for later, harder times. It is also in force to guarantee just distribution of the stocks.

But what does this just distribution of foodstuffs mean in practice? What have average Germans to eat? The official Nazi Correspondence issued sample menus for the German house-wife. The radio announced and recommended them. Here is the official Nazi advice about the sort of things to eat:

MONDAY. Breakfast: Cereal, malt coffee with skimmed milk, bread and butter. Lunch: Turnip pudding. Supper: Baked potatoes, beetroot salad, blackberry tea, rye bread with curd cheese.

TUESDAY. Breakfast: Barley broth, rye bread and jam. Lunch: Hungarian vegetable stew and baked apples. Supper: Creamed potatoes, sausage, apple-peel tea.

WEDNESDAY. Breakfast: Malt coffee, skimmed milk, rye bread with lard and jam. Lunch: Barley broth with vegetables, apple pudding. Supper: Potato soup, bread and butter, red cabbage.

THURSDAY. Breakfast: Bread and milk, one apple. Lunch: Leek soup, raw potato balls, ham and onions. Supper: Baked potatoes, beetroot salad, "hips and haws tea", rye bread with butter and radish.

But official advice was not helpful when the goods were unobtainable. The newspaper feature: "What can we buy to-day?" introduced in many dailies, was regarded as a daily guide through the jungle of available and unavailable foodstuffs.

It was soon followed by the frequent publication of "menus for babies", of cooking recipes which were destined to direct the people's appetite into the proper channels. You would have thought this unnecessary since the rationing system is more comprehensive than any other similar scheme introduced anywhere or at any other time.

The hard winter, however, upset all the carefully worked out Nazi plans. Rationing was prepared on the assumption that there would be enough vegetables and potatoes at least. But soon not even potatoes were freely available.

Yet from these conditions during the first war winter I would not draw conclusions about the real food position in Germany. One must never forget that the Nazis, on the one hand, boast that they have prepared for this war. To quote Hitler, they do not mind if it lasts three, or five years, or longer.

There is not a Nazi newspaper which does not remind you every day that Nazi economy during the last few years was based on the principle that Germany should be provided with all necessities "if she were dragged into a war by the Western war-mongers".

Well-informed quarters also insist that the Nazi food plan was drawn up on the basis of actual reserves; that the rationing system and the quantities of food allowed to every person in the Reich could, if necessary, be covered by home production alone.

German people can hear and read every day that the British blockade is a failure. That Germany can get what she wants from Russia and from her other trade partners.

I suspect that the strict rationing, as everything else in Nazi Germany, serves a political purpose. It serves to create the impression among the German people that Britain is trying to starve German women and children.

I have seen many pointers to the fact that, while the shortage of raw materials is becoming more and more pressing, the food position is not so bad as the Nazis demonstrate it to their own people. They use it to whip up hatred against Britain and fury about the "hunger blockade".

But they cannot have it both ways. Either the Nazi government has taken precautions against all war eventualities and their ration system is a means by which to frustrate the blockade, or they are lying and have, for years, deprived the German people of the plainest necessities just to build up their war machine.

If we believe the Nazi assertion that they are prepared for a long war, then there seems no danger that the German people will starve. Certainly Britain does not want them to starve. Taking the food rations, as arranged by the Nazi government, at their face value, then the blockade is what Britain says: a means to deprive the Nazi war machine of the raw materials to produce more and more murder weapons.

Here are examples of the quantities which the Nazi rationing system allows the German people:

Half a pound of fat a week, the weight to include everything classified under "fat", such as butter, oil, cheese, margarine and lard.

The sugar ration amounts to half a pound of sugar a week, but this is dependent on purchases of jam or eggs. You can have either the one or the other, or a proportion of each. Six eggs per month is the maximum, but these cannot be guaranteed.

Meat is rationed, of course. Sausages can be bought on the meat card only, as well as bacon, liver, etc. The total amount of all meats allowed is one pound per week. Game is not rationed, but is unobtainable.

Differentiations are made for those who do heavy manual work, but they receive only an average of 25 per cent more—if available. It is never available!

As soon as war broke out German families realised that life would be difficult in these circumstances. But they soon found a loophole. Restaurants and cafés, for a time, offered dishes which were unobtainable at home.

People were soon seen giving up their ordinary home life and trying their luck on "restaurant crawls". How nice it seemed to eat without the bother of shopping or queueing, of arguing and quarrelling with the shop-keeper or the S.S.

The restaurant keepers saw their chance. There were still ways of obtaining food behind the back of the law. Their customers should have it.

Oh, no! The Nazis saw to it that there should be no circumvention of the rationing system. And, one after another, well-known restaurants were closed down by the police. One after another these benefactors of their customers (and their own pockets) were fined such big amounts that they meant ruin for them.

As a warning, the press was asked to advertise these fines. Twenty thousand marks fine for an offence was lenient. Look what happened to Marga Krause, of Berlin, who found herself accused of violating the law against those who "damage the people".

Marga Krause, I read in the German papers, persuaded two butchers for six weeks to sell her meat and sausages without ration cards. She re-sold them at high prices. When the police raided her restaurant they found 100 lbs. of meat and great quantities of butter.

"The fact that Frau Krause was a first offender," the report says, "is responsible for the court's opinion that

she did not deserve the death sentence for her crime, although the law provided for it." Frau Krause was sentenced to ten years' hard labour.

A restaurant keeper who did not stick to the rules about one-dish meals was fined 10,000 marks. Right and left the courts sent offenders to prison and to the executioners. One slight offence put the "criminal" at least out of business.

Here the truth leaks out. It is the Nazi law which orders the German people to starve. But in spite of the law, the German people do not want to starve. The drastic punishments threatened, handed out and duly advertised in the Nazi press to warn would-be offenders cannot prevent them from trying every way and means to get more food.

The backdoors are swinging and the food racket is blooming. Hoarders are at work again to such an extent that here too an official warning has had to be issued. It was reproduced in many Nazi papers. I will give the version of the "Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung", which said:

"Hoarding must come to an end. Many townspeople imagine that there is a glut of everything eatable in the country. Country folk receive moving letters from distant relatives or acquaintances of whom they have heard nothing for years. Generally these letters end with the question: Can we get this or that delicacy your way? No, to-day one cannot get this or that kind of bootleg food anywhere in the country."

The paper had found the right word: bootleg. It is possible to compare the food position in Germany to-day with the prohibition period in the United States. The official production of food is restricted, distribution along all but regulated lines is forbidden. But there is plenty

of food, of inferior quality, just as there was plenty of liquor in America.

The comparison goes even further, because the super Al Capones of Nazi Germany intentionally prevent people from getting regular supplies. And so food prohibition in Nazi Germany has become the political racket of Nazi gangsters.

The German government itself is already producing most curious bootleg stuffs. There is one source of material whose production is reminiscent of the discredited story of the last war about glycerine from corpses.

A Danish economic paper gives us a hint of what the Nazis are doing to-day to relieve the fat shortage in Germany. It writes:

"According to reports in the daily press, Denmark has started a new export to Germany in the last few months. It is the export of fat dogs. A German factory in Husum, to mention only one, is buying up as many as possible of these fat Danish dogs. It is kept a close secret in Germany what these dogs are being used for. Now the Danish authorities seem to be reluctant to issue further export permits."

The reluctance of the Danish authorities to sacrifice their dogs—I say sacrifice—becomes obvious, when one hears an authenticated explanation of the Husum factory's secret. A German animal lover gave it to me in a letter which was smuggled out of Germany at considerable risk for the sender. This is what she wrote:

"The fate of German dogs is deplorable. Young and clever ones—those with character, says the regulation—are being conscripted for war service. If their owners do not report them and give them up to the military authorities the dog's food ration card is withdrawn and it must starve. (It is the same with horses.)

“But the fat big dogs are meeting with the worst fate. They must be given up at the local party headquarters which passes them on to central collecting depots. The poor things are being killed. They are making soap out of them. Thousands of dogs are now under the threat of death.”

III

THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT

"A MAGNIFICENT COUNTRY estate near the Rhine. . . . After crossing the beautiful park I enter the castle and the owner receives me in one of the spacious rooms, each of which shows signs of exquisite taste. The cultured landlord is known as one of the richest industrialists in the Rhineland. . . ."

This is the beginning of a long report in a Swiss paper by a noted Swiss journalist. It is a long story and a sad one. For the rich Rhineland industrialist has an internal complaint. . . . But that is not his only trouble. In his castle he no longer feels very happy.

His chauffeur has been with him for ten years. But he has been acting rather curiously of late. After all, times have changed since the industrialist gave his share to help the Nazis into power; since he received his first big orders from the Nazi government. True, he has had little difficulty with his workers since the Trade Unions were abolished. But after all, taxes and expenses have gone up, the recruiting of industry for war preparations and the cutting down of dividends have made life anything but pleasant.

Finally the Nazi-Soviet alliance, the war and the continued presence of the Nazi representative in the factory. One was no longer master of one's property.

Maybe Franz, the chauffeur, had picked up some of the curses which the uneasy millionaire-industrialist

had uttered in these last few months against the Nazis. And wasn't Franz a good Nazi, member of the local party, group-leader in the S.A. formation? Perhaps he was also in the employ of the Gestapo, just like Lina, the maid whom his sister did not dare to dismiss.

Surely they were both listening to his telephone conversations and it was altogether too risky to get by back ways all the delicacies which alone appealed to his troubled stomach.

It was too dangerous, here in the country, to tap all the sources of supply when the Party was watching the peasants and was on the look-out lest the agricultural producers retained more than their meagre ration for themselves.

All that the industrialist, in his magnificent castle surrounded by the beautiful park, could get now was coarse pig's bacon instead of the veal he craved for. To the bewildered foreign visitor he said:

"What can I do with this bacon? My bad stomach will not stand it. It is terrible, it is worse than you imagine. I am ill, look at my hollow cheeks. What is to become of me, of us all? How will it end?" Thus the millionaire.

At dinner in the evening the Swiss guest sat down at a table covered with wax-cloth—it was impossible to get sufficient soap to wash the linen. The paper napkins made a striking contrast to the fine old cutlery.

The meal was meagre: "This was the first starving millionaire I had ever seen," wrote the Swiss visitor about this strange exhibit of the Nazi world.

There are, of course, others who do not take these difficulties so seriously. They have already settled down to the potato dishes which they well remember from the

last war. The variety of potato dishes is big enough. But there are fathers who look anxiously down their own figures when they sit at the dinner table and watch their children eat potatoes, potatoes and potatoes again.

These fathers grew up during the last war and they know to their cost what excessive potato eating does to any man's figure. It produces those bulging stomachs which spoil the most athletic figure. Thousands of Germans in the thirties display these potato stomachs, their heritage from the Great War.

Not much longer will fathers be able to watch their children eat, for the family dinner is an institution which the war is already abolishing. Proudly the Nazi papers announce the establishment of "The Greatest Kitchens in the World".

"In a Berlin suburb the greatest of all kitchens in the world was opened on November 7th," the "Lokal-Anzeiger" wrote: "30,000 meals can be prepared in this kitchen every day. This gigantic kitchen is equipped with the most modern apparatus that any mass kitchen can boast of."

It is difficult to convey what the opening of one mass kitchen after another means to the German people. It is the officially approved policy of the Nazi government to cut out the waste of food that is inevitable if it has to be distributed to thousands of homes. The mass kitchen movement is to be extended until the whole German nation gives up eating at home.

It has been proved statistically that the new institutions will save thousands of pounds of meat and flour a week. In the end, the Nazi authorities, without admitting it yet, hope to be able to close down most of the retail food shops and organise the ration system

in a new way. They intend to issue food coupons as part of workers' wages. These coupons will provide for the officially approved meals in the Nazi community kitchens.

Workers employed in munitions factories are to-day almost all compelled to eat in factory kitchens, another sort of community feeding. Regulations issued by Dr. Ley, the Reichs Organisation Leader and Chief of the Labour Front, direct that factories employing more than 500 workers must provide kitchens. The workers must eat in the factory. How their wives feed themselves and the children is no concern of the authorities.

The "Frankfurter Zeitung" gives an inkling of the growth of community eating when it writes:

"Already at the outbreak of war over four million people (excluding the West-wall workers) were fed in community kitchens. Over 10,000 canteens in stores, factories, banks and insurance companies catered for the employees. Almost half of all German employees (in certain professions even two-thirds), are now being fed daily in community kitchens."

Not satisfied with the introduction of eating regimentation, the Nazis have privately advised the chefs in the community kitchens to prepare their meals in such a way that the customers actually do not get their full ration of foodstuffs.

Yet with the increasing difficulty of getting the full ration in retail shops even with all the necessary cards, the kitchens have become really popular.

For the rest of the German people, those who are not employed in factories and offices or who, for some reason or other, must as yet eat at home, the food shortage is turned into a national joke. It was Goebbels' idea to

lead the grumbles of the people into a more humorous channel. The joke campaign was started by the "Schwarze Korps" with a series of cartoons.

One of them shows a customer in a restaurant before the introduction of food rationing, giving his orders to a humble and subservient waiter. The cartoon then shows the position as it is to-day; the guest is humble and subservient in his attempt to obtain some food from the waiter.

Another cartoon shows a man going into a music hall being asked for a coupon by the usher. A big poster displays the legs of the chorus girls. "What do you want my coupon for?" asks the visitor. "I want to look at the girls, not eat them."

When finally the famous Strauss ballet "Whipped Cream" was performed in the Berlin Opera, this too presented an excellent opportunity for a new food joke.

Three women were shown standing in front of a poster which advertised "Whipped Cream". "Hurry and get a bowl," said one of them. "At least we can get some whipped cream here."

The joke campaign did not have the effect which Goebbels intended. By December there were already so many things women could not get that they did not think it a joke any longer. When the rationing of clothes started one of the jokes resulted in a row outside the offices of the newspaper which printed it.

This was a cartoon showing a husband very pleased about the clothes rationing. He was jubilant because his wife would be unable to buy a new frock for a long time.

A woman's ration card consists of one hundred coupons per year. The newspapers have had to print explanations

of the complicated working of the system and have had to give advice to women on how to arrange their coupons so that they could dress at all. This is one of the officially worked out arrangements for a German woman:

Beginning in November she can buy: One pair of stockings (4 coupons), another pair of thick stockings (8), one pair of woollen knickers (10), one pair of corsets (8). By January she can get another pair of stockings (4), one set of underclothes (12), one petticoat (10), 200 grams of darning wool or sewing cotton (14). The coming August will allow her another two pairs of stockings (8), one handkerchief (2) and one skirt (20). Together 100 points, as the Germans say.

Not much later shops advertised "Smart 22 point frocks" or "elegant 18 point costumes". But these are only handed out by the stores after the purchaser has signed a statement that she has not more than two frocks at home or no appreciable number of other rationed articles.

No German possessing more than two suits is allowed to buy a third one, and Gestapo officers are entitled to search the apartment of a prospective purchaser of a new suit. Women are advised by the Nazi radio and the newspapers to keep their husbands from buying new suits and to patch up their old ones. In war-time, it is stated, "trouser patches are a sign of true Nazi spirit and are nothing to be ashamed of".

Similar advice is given about men's and women's winter coats. These should be given up before a new one is bought, so that poorer Germans can wear the old coats of the wealthier ones. "We shall soon be a nation in rags," said a German commercial traveller in Belgrade

a few weeks after the publication of this advice. He spoke the truth.

This stringent clothing rationing is elevated to a political problem of the first magnitude. Early in January the leader writers of the Nazi press took it up as such. The best example of the treatment of this problem is a leading article which I read in the "National-Zeitung", Essen. The heading was: "The ladder in the stocking." And it said:

"Since the introduction of the clothing ration card, the ladder in the stocking, which hitherto was only a minor bother, has become a major problem. Twenty per cent, at least, of bad temper among women can be traced back to torn stockings. But the ladder in the stocking is a symbol of all the other annoyances, such as when a certain quality of an article is unobtainable."

In 2,000 words the article went on to describe how the stocking, and with it the ladder in the stocking, are a product of technical development, or—in the Nazi version,—of capitalism. Without technical development, there would be no capitalism, without capitalism no silk stockings, without silk stockings no ladders, without ladders no bad temper. And it came to the following conclusion:

"The ladder in the stocking will encourage the reader to think things out for herself. We must husband our raw materials. The German woman must gladly forgo the silk stocking in the interests of the Fatherland. This is a German solution. The women of Germany thus contribute to our victory."

But the German woman in reality would rather forgo food than clothes. Most women feel that way. And the clothes and soap rationing have created more difficulties,

have led to more bad temper on the home front than the Nazi authorities expected. They have not been able to appease German women with political leading articles.

And they found them just as furious again when another problem of the first war winter in Nazi Germany arose: the shortage of coal.

I was told the story of a middle-aged Berlin woman, whom I shall call Else Fink, who was one of the first to realise that the law to provide an air raid shelter in every German house forced many tenants to give up their coal cellars for this purpose.

Winter in Germany is colder, much colder than anything usually experienced in Britain. Most people in Germany, even small wage earners, are accustomed to provide for winter cold by storing coal in the cellar. Large quantities are bought every October and November and frequently the cellars are filled up again only twice or three times during the winter.

Astute Nazi politicians knowing that—war or no war—there would be insufficient coal this winter, forced the German tenant to give up his coal cellar for an A.R.P. shelter.

Else Fink warned the Nazi official who watched over the block of apartments in which she lived that they would freeze in winter if he prevented her and others from storing coal by claiming their cellars. "It is the law," was his curt reply. But Else Fink was right.

When the cold spell started early in November she was forced to walk along the street, dragging more than carrying, a sack of coal behind her. By the end of November circumstances saved her the trouble. There was not any more coal. There was no coal in the whole district, and

as it grew colder there was not any coal in the whole of Berlin.

Those whose homes had central heating were no more fortunate. A Nazi regulation ordered its suspension. The next order concerned warm water; only one bath per week was the ration of cleanliness for the German people. Warm water allowed only during week ends was the next stage. And tenants felt it was small comfort when their rents were reduced by five per cent as compensation for the lack of heating and warm water which were provided for in their leases.

As for Frau Fink, she sat day after day in her cold home. Some days she did not venture out of bed. Without a warm wash in the morning, without any fuel to heat the place, it became intolerable. Then the Nazi official came with the latest Party order. It meant the end of Frau Fink's home altogether.

"Tenants are advised to arrange a rota in the houses by which only one flat per day will be heated. In true Nazi spirit tenants whose turn it is to heat their flat, will invite in the other tenants of the house. The tenants will thus not have to suffer from the extraordinarily cold weather and a warm room will be assured for everybody."

Frau Fink listened to these instructions. Her turn to heat the flat would be in two days. To-morrow she could go and visit the Mueller's on the second floor. Frau Fink did not take advantage of the opportunity to keep warm in Mueller's flat. She hated the man. His children were noisy and they behaved badly. She only hoped that the Mueller's would feel the same the day after to-morrow and would not come to upset her flat.

But Frau Fink was unfortunate there. From eight o'clock in the morning onwards her door bell rang and rang again. By eleven o'clock her little flat had sixteen people in it from all over the house.

Some of the women settled down to cook in her kitchen. One boy brought his mouth organ and started playing; other children were screaming at the top of their voices. Frau Fink could not bear it. She walked out before lunch time and when she returned late in the evening she thought and felt that her flat would never be the same again.

What happened in Frau Fink's home during these weeks of bitter weather occurred in many thousands of other flats in the big towns all over Germany.

Only three months after the outbreak of war a wave of flu swept the country. It was dangerously reminiscent of the flu epidemics in Germany after the last war, when the weakened constitutions of the German people could not even withstand a slight cold and an attack of flu was deadly.

It has not come to that yet. The Germans have suffered privations during the last few years, but their general health is not undermined yet. Lack of medical attention, however, is already producing effects which will become more serious as the war goes on.

Every week now the Nazi medical authorities organise so-called health campaigns throughout the country. They are "attacking" tuberculosis, diphtheria, rickets and other children's illnesses in the old Nazi style. In industrial districts, thousands of workers have been called up for X-ray examinations. But the workers do not enjoy these mass examinations.

In a Ruhr village, four hundred men were X-rayed in one day. Every one of them received a note stating

that he had been medically examined and that his health was excellent. Among those certified healthy were fourteen workers who had been receiving medical treatment for many months. The Nazi community examinations are a bluff designed to remove from the mass of the German people the fear of illness. This fear is prevalent among those with memories of the last war. The "medical examinations" are a Nazi psychological measure without any medical or practical value at all.

So are the special measures which Germany's "new medicine" is taking to provide for the feeding of babies at a time when the Nazi authorities withhold the most important nourishment from expectant or young mothers.

It is difficult to describe the cynicism of Hitler's population policy, in which the "production" of children is stimulated by every possible means.

The "new medicine" has produced and circulated a booklet designed to advise war-time mothers. It praises the achievements of artificial child feeding. "The problem of artificial feeding," it says, "has always arisen when natural feeding was impossible." It does not say that the food policy which the Nazi leaders chose to force on German women is the factor that makes natural feeding impossible. It just goes on to advise mothers to use skimmed cow's milk or ordinary milk mixed with carbo-hydrates. And it gives a list of artificial methods of feeding a child, always insisting that natural feeding is "so often" impossible.

This is just one of the frequent attempts by the Nazis to fool the population with pseudo-scientific arguments about existing problems. And it seems criminal when, in these circumstances, German women, unable to feed

their children properly, are exhorted to have more children and still more children.

In pursuance of the attempts to disrupt family life, the "unmarried mother" is made the heroine of Nazi population policy.

In a letter, alleged to have been addressed to Hess, an unmarried mother complained that the war had robbed her of her fiancé by whom she was expecting a child.

Hess gave a long reply, published in the press, claiming all children of unmarried mothers for the State. "Do not worry, you young German unmarried mother," I read in one of the numerous Nazi publications which followed Hess' statement.

The "Schwarze Korps" led the campaign, asking German girls, in so many words, not to worry about husbands but to concentrate on having children, somehow from somewhere, so long as the father was a pure-blooded Aryan German.

But that is not enough. The "Schwarze Korps" does not stop at half measures: "When natural insemination is impossible," it writes, "young German mothers should remember the great possibilities of artificial insemination. If the husband is sterile then it is advisable to select a substitute for this purpose, possibly from among his relatives so long as the man is of good health and has a faultless character."

Artificial children, artificially fed—that is the ideal of Hitler's population policy. He is dragging German women into the mud.

It is in keeping with these principles of Nazi morale that they are enforced on German women with laws that are borrowed—no annexed—from the middle ages.

Although it does not matter who the father of a German war child is, so long as he is a German, this is what happens to a German woman whose baby may have a foreign father, for example one of the "despicable Polish prisoners". I will quote verbally from the "Freiburger Zeitung":

"Although the authorities have made it unmistakably clear that the greatest restraint is necessary in relationships with foreign prisoners of war; although this appeal was especially directed to the sense of honour of German women, it has been established that Frau Wiedenroth of Seerhausen has entered into intimate relations with a Polish prisoner of war. The Kreisleiter (district leader) who in many meetings in his district has specially dealt with this necessary attitude towards the prisoners of war, has been forced to take energetic measures against Frau Wiedenroth. She has besmirched the honour of German women. The Kreisleiter has, as he announced, personally cut Frau Wiedenroth's hair off. She will also receive the full punishment of the law."

Again and again the Nazi leaders have said that the burden on this war will rest on the shoulders of the German woman. Again and again they have appealed to German women to help the men in the front line to win the war.

The women who are "taken for a ride" because they grumble at the food shortage, the Nazi women who sacrifice their silk stockings and the unmarried mothers with the State as father of their children and no milk to feed their babies, the "criminal" women who forget themselves with Polish men—on all these the Nazis count in their hope of winning the war.

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No wonder the women are not allowed to write grumbling letters to the front, one of the latest official Nazi bans. If they were allowed to, German soldiers would go running back home to protect their womenfolk rather than the Fatherland.

IV

A "MOVING" PICTURE

"SECOND CLASS TO Munich, please. . . ."

One of the few foreigners who travelled in snow-bound, frost-bitten Germany early in 1940 asked for his ticket at the Anhalter Station in Berlin. He gave me a glowing account of the transport chaos in war-time Germany.

I could scarcely have believed him had I not found every one of his observations confirmed by official Nazi reports.

The booking clerk was reluctant to give him his ticket at all. "Must you travel?" He added his own warning question to the frequent appeals in the Nazi press and the Nazi radio to the German people. "Restrict travelling," they urged. "The winter and war conditions have put a heavy strain on the railways."

The "Voelkischer Beobachter" printed a long apologia: "We must accept inconveniences . . . do not grumble . . . the railway employees are doing their best."

My friend was reminded of all this as he got his ticket at last. Third class, because, as the clerk said, it did not make any difference at all.

It did not really matter, my friend thought, because it was only an eight hours' journey. . . . He was wrong. When he told me about his adventure I reminded him that Britain too had experienced hold ups for a few days. He laughed. "What I experienced as a traveller inside Germany has gone on ever since the war started and it is getting worse every week. It has little to do with

snowstorms and the cold. The German railways used to be prepared for those every winter."

This is quite true. Even if war had not broken out, transport conditions in the Reich would have become catastrophic sooner or later. I remember the report of Dr. Dorpmueller, the Nazi Transport Minister, issued in 1938. It said among other things:

"The railways have been unable during the past year, mainly because of the shortage of raw materials and the overburdening of industry with other work, to carry on the proper maintenance of structures, permanent way and rolling stock. It must be stated plainly that failure to solve the question maintenance of existing equipment and provision for extensive renewals may cause irreparable damage."

It has caused damage. My friend, eager to board the train, was trying to find out the time of departure. He found it impossible.

"We do not know yet whether a train will be available," was the answer which he received to his repeated inquiries. He decided to make for the waiting room and hope for the best.

The four large waiting rooms of the Anhalter Station were crowded. Surely it is impossible, he thought, that so many people are waiting for trains. He knew that everybody who could possibly avoid travelling was following the official advice.

He soon discovered that the hundreds of people crowded into the waiting rooms had come there to seek shelter from the cold. With their homes unheated and with nowhere to go for comfort elderly people had brought covers and mattresses along to the station.

"It's easier in the country," an elderly, well dressed man said to him when he had found a little space on a

bench. "They can go and get their wood, now that they are allowed to cut down trees and get their fuel where they can find it."

He expounded this "come and get it" regulation, the best, he said, which the Nazis had issued. "We shall not get through another winter like this. I am an old man and remember the last war. There is nothing that gets you as badly as the cold. You do not recover for many months. . . ."

The train, normally due to leave at 3 p.m., arrived in the station at eight that night. Three hundred people rushed towards the two passenger carriages which were difficult enough to find among the thirty odd goods wagons. Most of the seats were taken already by men who appeared to be Party officials or clerks from government offices. The station master at last decided to open an empty goods truck into which sixty people were packed like sardines.

"This is war," said one of the more cheerful passengers, while the others grumbled: "Schlamperei, Schweinerei". All through the journey these two words cropped up every other minute.

"We can be glad if we get there at all," said a more sophisticated woman. Everybody knew what she was referring to, though nobody felt quite like discussing it.

Twelve major railway disasters in Germany during the first few months of the war were mentioned in the press in inconspicuous places only. But they had affected hundreds of survivors, apart from the 400 dead and the great number of wounded. Hundreds coming from hundreds of different places in Germany and going to hundreds of different destinations carried the news of the disasters all over the country.

"There must be something wrong with the railways." It was one of the few instances where public opinion unanimously cast doubts and grave suspicions on the efficiency of a national institution.

The doubts grew as passengers in the few available trains, like my friend, passed on their journey six or seven broken down engines, mostly of goods-trains. They had to stop and listen to the swearing, desperate railway officials who were working an average of twelve to fourteen hours a day.

These railway officials, too, knew what few of the passengers realised. They knew that the breakdown of the railway system was not so much due to the failure of the transport authorities, nor even to the lack of raw materials which allegedly prevented the renewing of track and rolling stock.

It was an open secret, whispered down from the higher railway officials to every conductor and railway employee in the Reich, that it had been Hitler's planned policy to do away with the German railways altogether.

Fantastic. . . . Even as a rumour among the hard-hit railway workers it sounds fantastic. But this rumour takes on reality if you consider that, in spite of expert warning, Hitler allowed the number of factories for railway engines—once a star export product of Germany—to drop from twenty to seven and the number of carriage factories from seventy to twenty-five at the outbreak of war.

It was the deliberate, though idiotic policy of Hitler to substitute his beautiful new autostrassen (motor roads) for railways, to invest a tremendous amount of money and labour in the "organisation Todt", the labour corps and roadbuilding enterprise of Engineer Todt, his friend, who also built the Western Wall.

It never occurred to the Nazis—it did not even occur to foreign observers who regarded the autostrassen as strategic roads—that they would be empty on the day war broke out because the Nazis have no petrol to spare for motor fuel.

To-day the number of motorcars on the German roads is less than 15 per cent of the peace-time figure. Even the troop movements from Poland to the Western front were made over the railways, including the famous motorised divisions which could not waste their petrol before being sent into action.

The beautiful autostrassen, Hitler's pride, the product of his strategical genius, carry now and then a few bicycles, without tyres—because there is not enough rubber available—and hardly any motorcars. Owners have laid up their cars in the garages and new motorcars cannot be bought without, of all things, a motorcar ration card!

Let us return to our friend who is still on his way from Berlin to Munich. His train has stopped at every village not to take on new passengers, but because the engine driver wanted to overhaul his engine from time to time.

"I don't care when we arrive," he said on one of the numerous stops, "but I am neither going to get myself killed nor sent into a concentration camp. The main thing is that we get there at all."

In the meantime he disclosed to his passengers as they tried to warm themselves up by running alongside the train while it stopped, that it was actually a Bulgarian engine he was driving. It was one of those that should have been sent back a long time ago. But they were not going to send any foreign engines and rolling stock back. On the contrary, they would grab them where they could get them.

It was known even in Germany that the German railway authorities had asked neighbouring countries, chiefly Rumania, Jugoslavia and Hungary, to loan thousands of waggons to make up for the catastrophic shortage in Germany. Even troops had to be carried in foreign rolling stock. Rumania, however, blandly refused the Nazi request for this kind of help.

"This sort of thing has a serious drawback," explained one passenger who appeared to be a commercial traveller. "We cannot send any exports out of the country unless the receiving countries send the rolling stock to fetch our goods. They do not want to send us the rolling stock because they are afraid they will not get it back. So it is also with imports, we do not get them for the same reason."

At Fuerth, which the Berlin train reached after ten hours, although the journey to Munich takes normally only eight, the passengers could at least obtain something to eat. This had been impossible until then.

A high railway official came towards the passengers; it looked almost as if there was a celebrity among them. But it appeared that he was only discharging an official duty. He explained, in a half apologetic way, that the war was causing all these inconveniences, but that, in the true Nazi spirit, the public was admirably bearing with these difficulties.

He went quickly so that he could not hear the examples of true Nazi spirit which most of the passengers displayed. They swore openly, cursed the war, the railways, the regime and the weather in one breath. They seemed to have developed a technique of swearing which would save them from prison if a Gestapo agent overheard them. It was never quite clear whom they blamed for their predicament; Hitler or the winter.

During the rest of the journey my friend was told that many measures were being taken to ameliorate the position. The whole food distribution of the Reich was being overhauled so that foodstuffs should only be carried the shortest possible distances. Troops would not be given leave, so that they should not pack the railways.

"Within six months no factory worker will travel on the railways," said an official of the Nazi Ministry of the Interior who had at first participated in the general complaints. Now he thought it wiser to calm his fellow passengers and work up Nazi spirit by a few confidential disclosures.

He explained that soon every worker would sleep in special buildings near his factory so that he would not need to travel to and from work every day. This would save the worker many troubles and his employers the valuable time lost by the long delays on the railways. The railways on the other hand would be relieved from unnecessary additional strain.

The man had hardly turned his back when a worker, travelling to his new place of employment, gave his fellow passengers an inkling of the "troubles" from which this new regulation would "save" him.

"I am over fifty," he said, "and I fought in the last war. Now I am as good as a soldier again. No, I do not get a uniform, I cannot even buy clothes. But I have to go to the Labour Front. I must leave my sick wife behind and two girls who aren't very strong."

He did not make himself quite clear, but it was obvious that he was one of the hundreds of thousands of German workers recruited for the home front, taken hundreds of miles away from their homes, torn from their families, simply enrolled in the war industry and sent where their labour is most needed.

For a time the Nazis will achieve great things with their ruthless disregard for human considerations, but this worker was obviously one of the great many who cursed the fate that forces them in middle age to "go to war again". Soon this man would be living in one of the barracks, the "special buildings" for the soldiers of the home front. He would not know any longer the pleasures of home and family life.

He would not be allowed to leave his place of work, just as a soldier is not allowed to leave the front. It is good for the war effort, sure, but is it good for men who must go on living under conditions which they hate? The front soldier fights and thinks little of comfort. But the soldier of the home front is a reluctant contributor to this war which he hates.

During the last few weeks of 1939 the Nazi press tried to impress the workers with the necessity of this form of recruitment. But it was also forced to publish reports of hundreds of trials in which "deserters on the home front"—workers who had left their jobs without permission—were sentenced to many months or in some cases years of imprisonment.

The "National Zeitung" carried a significant report, selected from many similar cases, when feeling among the recruited workers in war factories rose so high that it came near to a strike, one of the greatest labour crimes under Nazi rule.

"On a November day," the paper reported, "two workers demanded two hours' leave which had to be refused owing to pressure of work. Two hours before closing time they simply stopped working and tried to leave the factory. Their bad example induced other workers to follow them." The sentence was two years' imprisonment for each of the two workers.

This is only one of many cases in which workers have revolted against the confined barrack life they are compelled to live. After bearing it as long as they can, many fathers of families simply run away to see their beloved ones again. All of them are hounded down by the police or tracked by Gestapo agents, dragged before the courts and sentenced. Many, even men over forty, have been simply sent to the front line, enrolled into labour gangs in the army of workers on the West-Wall fortifications.

Among these war-workers are scores who have never done any physical work in their lives. They have been taken from their jobs as salesmen, clerks, book-keepers, tram and bus conductors and in a three weeks' course trained for their new work. Proudly the Nazi radio has introduced an actor, a peasant, and a university lecturer among the workers employed in a steel factory.

What these people think and feel in the strange jobs to which they are utterly unfitted is no matter of concern to the Nazi authorities.

I have left off the account of my friend who was on his way to Munich. He reached there, after a twenty-six hours' journey and he went down with a severe cold an hour after he arrived.

His ordeal is nothing compared with that of another type of German "traveller" I want to discuss now.

Official Nazi sources give the number of these "travellers" as 400,000, but this can be regarded as an understatement.

Every one of these 400,000 will receive a one-way ticket only and he or she leaves behind a broken-up home and goes off to a bleak and uncertain future.

These travellers are the victims of Hitler's truly gigantic plan of resettlement of the German people. A special organisation for "Research into Space Problems" has been created and, according to the "Berliner Boersenzeitung", it has established that there is a "reserve of 400,000 people who can easily be transplanted".

Herr Rolof, the Nazi leader of the new organisation, has devoted many months to a study of conditions in the "open spaces" into which Germans are to be transferred. He is also concerned, he says, to create healthy conditions in the new living space of the German deportees and to provide agricultural and commercial possibilities for them.

"Investigation," he says, "has proved that from the German province of Baden alone 60,000 people, at present engaged in agricultural occupations, are fit to be transplanted. Similar investigations have been carried out in Hessen and Wuerthemberg and in the whole of Southern Germany."

It does not need much imagination to figure out the feelings of the people "fit for transplantation". They are not being asked whether they want to leave their houses or their farms; nobody inquires whether they feel "tied to the soil" as every good Nazi is expected to be. No account is taken of their feelings about going out into the wilderness where possibilities for them "are being explored". The Nazi investigator arrives, tells them that they are fit to go and go they must.

Families are being uprooted. In some cases parents have to leave behind their children, brothers leave their sisters, in order to fit in with Hitler's population policy.

But the hundreds of thousands of German people who are being moved from one part of Germany to another

are luckier than the millions who are being brought back from Russian Poland, from the Baltic States, from Italy and lately from Hungary and Jugoslavia. These foreign Germans, who have never seen Germany before, must now serve as Hitler's coolies in the new territory he has acquired by aggression.

As could be expected, this "homecoming" of foreign Germans, arranged between Stalin and Hitler, is treated in the Nazi press as the greatest achievement of modern times. This achievement consists in an agreement that the Baltic countries shall drive out the Germans from what is now Stalin's sphere of influence. We shall see that some of the newcomers are provided with homes, ready made, from which their former inhabitants have been driven out just as ruthlessly as the new Hitler slaves have been brought in. Yet those who have arrived from Lithuania and Latvia and have found a home waiting for them are a small proportion of the homecoming Germans.

In Berlin, in December, big lorries filled with S.S. men appeared in the streets. The terrified public expected another raid, more mass arrests, more trouble. Nothing of the kind happened. Beating drums and blowing trumpets the S.S. men asked the people in the streets to make gifts to the homecoming Germans who were in desperate need of clothing and other necessities of life.

Never did a Nazi appeal find so ready a response. Even from the highly coloured propaganda publications about the "trek of homecoming Germans" it could easily be gathered that they were in a pathetic state when they arrived on German soil. Coming from the cold north, with little more than a small trunk and one suit or dress, most of them were shivering in hastily erected barracks

in the city of Danzig, which had not recovered from the war and was struggling to meet the difficulties of re-organisation and acclimatisation to the Reich.

When the Nazi drums sounded, windows opened in the streets of Berlin and a shower of gifts rained down on the surprised S.S. men. They had found it difficult enough this year to induce the German people to contribute to the winter help for Germans and now they were being showered with gifts. Women in the streets took off their fur coats and handed them over to the S.S. with the hope that the babies of the newcomers would be wrapped up in them.

Men took off their winter coats because they realised that the "homecomers" must be near death, freezing on the icy roads which led from their former homes to Germany. They had read stories like this in the Nazi press:

"For hours," wrote a reporter of the "*Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*", "we have been watching a dark spot which we saw in the distance from our position on a bridge. Slowly the spot moved towards us. It grew into a line. Other spots became visible behind it until there was a sheer endless chain, a black chain moving through the snowy countryside. For many days this picture has become familiar to us; the long column of carriages accompanied by men who started on their journey from Wolhynia weeks ago. Soon we can distinguish the horses of the first carriages."

I could add reports from anti-Nazi sources about this trek. I could quote extensively from statistics collected by skilled observers about the death victims among the homecomers, about the women who died in childbirth, the babies who came into the world dead.

But nothing, to my mind, can convey a more accurate picture of the whole affair than the official Nazi versions. 120,000 Germans from Wolhynia and the Baltic States—a figure proudly proclaimed by the Nazis—were forced in this coldest of winters to leave their farms and take to the covered waggon.

In Arctic temperatures this trek of covered waggons brought to a strange country the unhappiest lot of human beings. They came through conditions which cattle would scarcely be expected to survive. But it all sounded so beautiful as the journalistic tools of Hitler described it to their readers.

"The people of Brigidau, a village in Galicia," wrote the "Berliner Boersen Zeitung", "are coming without exception. They have lived in their village since Germans from the Rhineland established it in 1784. It is a lovely village, built in the form of a cross with old German houses and stylish turrets. A magnificent church, an imposing municipal hall—it all shows the efficiency and the culture of these people. Now they are leaving it. They are good Germans.

"They do not ask what is awaiting them across the border. When we ask them if they have any wishes they say that there could be nothing to wish for now but to be allowed to live together in Greater Germany. The people of Brigidau want to build up a new German Brigidau so that they will not forget their old village."

Can you see them as I see them? These village people, rooted in their little community, have been driven into cold winter nights, into an uncertain fate, wishing nothing except that they should not be separated personally now they have been torn away from their homes.

A family of six who only three weeks before had sat happily around their home fire—I saw their picture in the press, sad faces, clenched fists—are now just six more people to be fed by the “magnificent organisation which alone has made this master-work of Hitler possible”.

They passed, so I read in the official Nazi account, through sixty depots on their way to Germany in one of the 12,000 covered waggons which were on the roads at the same time. In every depot field kitchens were ready to provide food-rationed Nazi food. Fifty thousand portions of substitute coffee, 12,000 loaves of bread were among the “magnificent” supplies which the Nazis handed out to them. A hundred and forty sewing machines were busy producing new frocks for the children and 400 women of the “Bund Deutscher Maedel” (German Girls’ Association) were busy working on them.

But there was, admittedly, a shortage of doctors to care for the mothers who brought children into the world during the journey. There were not enough to tend the thousand cases of frozen limbs, of exhaustion and semi-starvation. There was no medicine for the sick and no pity for the weak.

“A hundred and thirty thousand German comrades have thus arrived on their journey. They are now enjoying the protection of the Great German Reich.”

Can you imagine the misery, the hardships, the despair of these 130,000 who are now protected by the Reich? They have waited for months to be sent to their future homes, while Nazi Labour gangs in Poland clear up the mess, tear down the ruins on which the new-comers are supposed to build afresh.

Nearly two hundred thousand Germans from the South Tyrol are sharing their fate. But they have at least

a few weeks, in some cases even months, to prepare for their new life and liquidate the old one. The Germans from Russian-occupied Poland and from the Baltic States were given forty-eight hours in which to get ready.

Their homes were sold to Russia but they did not get the price. Hitler is pocketing the big amounts. It is the greatest slave drive of this and former centuries.

WHY DO THEY FOOL US?

MUNICH'S MOST POPULAR comedian and entertainer, Carl Valentin, used to make jokes about Nazi leaders riding in huge Mercedes-Benz cars. His audiences roared with laughter when he told them of his surprise at seeing a Mercedes-Benz car stop on the corner of Elisabeth-street and Leopold-street in Munich and—in his own words:

“Out stepped—no Nazi leader!”

The petrol shortage has deprived most Nazi officials of their magnificent cars and we find, nowadays, a Nazi newspaper reporter telling his readers in a series about “Life in war-time Germany” how he waited for a tram after a visit to the theatre:

“Waiting with me in the bright moonlight was Herr Fiehler, the Mayor of Munich, capital of the movement. He was also taking the tram. This meeting was a beautiful illustration of the times in which we live. . . .”

A Nazi official going home at night by tram, instead of in his Mercedes-Benz car, is one of the great sensations of the war in Germany.

But not all Nazi functionaries are like Fiehler. Since petrol and motorcars are rationed, the authorities issue a special sign—a red triangle—to drivers who are officially permitted to run their cars.

But woe to those privileged drivers who violate the law and use their cars for pleasure rides. They risk confiscation of the car and a heavy fine.

A German, one of the very few to reach Britain from war-time Germany, told me that the wealthier Nazis are more annoyed about this regulation than about the lack of raw materials for their factories or the impossibility of getting supplies for their shops.

This German traveller, by the way, brought some most valuable information with him: a grumble chart. Several of his friends had worked on it, neutral journalists contributed to it. It was a review of the topics of conversation most frequent in Germany, a list of complaints, a record of criticism.

"You must never forget," he said to me, "that the mass of the people are just depressed and dispirited. But they do not analyse their feelings as a small minority of intellectuals do. They have no idea what is wrong with them.

"If you were to tell them that their depression is probably the result of the strain and privations which they have undergone for years, they would not understand what you meant.

"You will hear people who have to crowd into trams and buses after a long day's work complain that they are tired. 'Couldn't they do something about transport facilities?' they ask.

"But it is not so much the ten or twelve hours of daily work about which they complain. They complain about the effect it has on them without really knowing the cause."

It is quite clear that the majority of the German people have grown into Nazism, and the life which the Nazis have prepared for them, step by step, without realising how low their standard of life has become. Bit by bit things have grown worse, and if they are, to a foreign observer, appallingly bad now, they do not seem quite so bad to the people most concerned.

Ew

I asked my informant what people meant when they complained about "them". Who are "they"? I asked. I hit on a characteristic development. "They" are the Nazis, the Nazi authorities, the big party men and bosses. And this use of the form "they" is the first expression of antagonism between the man in the street and the Party. Six months ago it would have been "we". Now it is "they".

I was eager to get details about the grumble chart: "Who are the grumblers?" I asked. "Surely grumbling is almost a crime and criticism certainly is?"

It appears that the man in the street grumbles. The real Nazi criticises. If you are just one of the many millions of average Germans you can sigh your way through a hard life. But you dare not criticise. If you are a Nazi with a good party record nobody would dare to call your criticism destructive and no one would put the Gestapo on your trail.

"We were sitting together, eight or ten of us," said my German friend, "and were discussing the position. Foreign broadcasts were freely mentioned; everybody seems to have listened to them at one time or another. Suddenly everybody remained dead silent. We realised that there was one, just one, fanatical Nazi among us. Had we given ourselves away?"

Nothing happened on this occasion, but this incident illustrates the attitude of millions. They speak their minds freely until suddenly a great fear comes over them. Have they risked their lives, their liberty?

As a German you can go about and hear people talking about everything. They listen to foreign broadcasts in spite of the heavy penalties if they are caught. They know a good deal more than they are supposed to know and they sometimes talk quite a lot. But the same thing

happens again and again. One sees people who would give anything not to have said what they did. Who will spend two sleepless nights after conversations even with their best friends. But curiosity is frequently greater than the wise intention to keep out of political conversations.

"If we could only be told what is going on." Friends have heard many people clamouring for news like that. They are good Nazis, they have trust in Hitler, but curiosity and doubts torment them. "If we could only believe what the papers say." Nobody believes the papers, but when a leading Nazi speaks, the majority of Germans still listen with interest. Most of them are carried away by the stereotyped arguments of Nazi speakers. Few can withstand the effect of all this shouting, panting, boasting.

One of the sceptics said after a big boasting speech by Dr. Ley: "If only half he says is true—we shall be all right in the end."

Then people walk along the smart streets of Berlin, Hamburg, or Munich and see the shop windows filled with everything they could wish for. It brightens them up. But how quickly this world of make-believe collapses when one of the onlookers enters a shop and tries to buy what has been so proudly displayed in the window. "Sorry, sold out," or "Your ration card, please." These are the replies which he must expect.

"Why do they fool us? Why do they put these things in the windows if you can't have them?" The reaction sets in. The customer is furious; the shop-keeper or assistant merely shrugs his shoulders. Both watch each other carefully, but frequently their eyes meet and seem to say: "We are both the victims of a big plot."

The shop-keeper who cannot sell and the customer who cannot buy are getting worried about things. Within a few months of the outbreak of war they met on a different

plane. That was when the fear of inflation gripped the people.

"What shall we do with the bit we have saved up?" Thousands of fathers of families asked their wives this question: "Do you remember the inflation?"

They all remember. They remember the time when a box of matches cost a million marks; when a bank account of a formerly respectable figure was closed by the manager because it was worthless after the mark's value had dropped to next to nothing.

"The purchasing power of our people is strong," writes the Nazi press. "But we must save; we must save."

The threat of forced saving hangs over the people. But they do not want to save money which, one day, may again be worth nothing. So they have stormed the shops, they have bought frantically anything they could lay their hands on. Baths, odd articles of furniture—whatever bewildered shop-keepers were able to bring up from their store-rooms was bought up. Never before had so much dust been brushed from commodities which had been placed in store years ago.

"Let's go out to-night." A wife said it hesitatingly to her husband. For years he had saved up every pfennig. Not a mark had been spent without careful and long deliberation on whether it was really necessary to do it.

After three months of war and in spite of the fervent appeals to save, save, save, the mark is rolling from hand to hand again. Theatres and night-clubs are crowded, champagne (the German variety) is flowing—it is not rationed—and the gay old times of 1923 and 1924, when the German world seemed about to collapse but Germans wanted to go under dancing and drinking, are back again.

"The German people must live a serious life in serious times," came the Nazi warning. It was difficult to bring

it home to the Germans that they were not expected to enjoy themselves. But local Nazi functionaries pressed Berlin not to interfere with the amusement of the people.

"The Gauleiters must be responsible for the morale of the German people," was one of the orders which Berlin issued. And the Gauleiters were quite prepared to let people drink and dance rather than hear the reports of the Gestapo about what they said when they were sober.

What had the agents of the Gestapo to report? After the inflation mania passed, that is after there was really nothing to buy any more, they found people preparing for all eventualities. What eventualities?

"If we should not win the war. . . ."

That was going too far. In a Vienna café, where the possibility of Germany losing the war was being discussed, a telephone call by the frightened café-owner quickly brought the police in. Twenty-four people were arrested on the spot, those who spoke about the war and those who were likely to have heard them.

That was at the Café "Rebhuhn", but around the corner, at the Café "Europe", six uniformed Nazis were discussing the same subject, louder and more frankly. Nobody interfered with them. "I'd rather lose the war than make peace now," was the verdict of the man with the loudest voice in the party.

"Peace . . ." For many weeks after the conclusion of the Polish war, "peace" was the topic of conversation everywhere. Hitler's big peace speech, received with ridicule and derision everywhere else in the world, made the deepest impression on the German people.

"He wants peace. . . ." The percentage of those who were not firmly convinced, after listening to this speech, that Hitler was struggling for peace was very small.

Then peace rumours swept all over Germany: "It will be peace . . ." women said it with tears in their eyes. "It must be peace . . ." businessmen who could not see another way out said it in a suggestive tone. This phase was of greatest psychological importance to the German people. The sharpest restrictive measures in every sphere of life had just come into force. But the hope of peace, the conviction that it would all be over soon, relieved the shock which the excessive rationing, for instance, had on them.

When the peace hopes receded the German people flew into a bad temper. Propaganda astutely put the blame for the continuation of the war on Britain and guided that bad temper into the anti-British channel.

Formerly indifferent Germans were influenced by this propaganda and began to hate Britain. But the bad temper also turned against neighbours, against the Nazis, against other people in the street, the bus and the tram.

It manifested itself in personal quarrels. People who did not dare to criticise or even grumble about political issues, who did not even want to admit their^s disappointment about the war and their fear that it would be a long war, quarrelled among themselves about trifles.

They ran to the courts, bringing slander actions against each other until judges threatened to fine prosecutor as well as offender for bothering the courts with such petty cases.

In the Party offices, in the offices of the administration, officials who were harassed, overworked and worried, reverted to the old Nazi technique of rudeness, uppishness and threats against the public.

"We are not accepting complaints of any sort. There is a war on. Submit or bear the consequences." This was the type of reply which thousands received when they

could not avoid difficulties with the Nazi administration which forced them to take up the smallest business matter with seven or eight different government offices or administrative bodies.

There was soon a war on, not only between Germany and the Allies, but between officials and the public. In the end Goering had to undertake the task of rebuking Party officials and ordering them to be more "polite" in their dealings with members of the public.

"Can you see that there is a war on if you go, say, along the Kurfuerstendamm in Berlin?" I asked my German informant. He had explained that all the symptoms of discontent which he had seen were not political and could not be described as anti-Nazi.

"You cannot see much difference in Berlin or any other of the big towns. But you feel the pressure, you feel the load of a terrible uncertainty and insecurity. It is not so much the danger of bomb attacks, but it is as if you were playing with your life all the time."

The whole German nation has been recruited for this war and the men and women in the towns and in the country are daily expecting new regulations, new laws, new orders which will and must upset their lives. Each one of them may be sent somewhere, for some reason or none at all. They can be forbidden to talk, to trade, to follow their professions. Why? They will not know; they will be told only that it is in the interests of the State.

There was an actor who quarrelled with his director during rehearsals: "I'll teach you manners," was all the director said, but his nasty look suggested a serious threat.

Now that happens very often behind the curtain of every theatre in the world. But I have heard a description of this actor's ordeal as he left the theatre that day, figuring out what was in store for him.

Would the director denounce him to the authorities? In what way would he be denounced? Would he be certified as a bad actor and be forced to take up another profession, to learn a handicraft, or become an iron worker? Or would the authorities simply call him up and send him to the front? That would be better than being forced to join the labour corps.

Nothing happened at all. The director forgot all about the incident as soon as the words were spoken. But for days and days a man went in fear because anything might happen to anybody at any moment in Germany.

Millions are haunted by similar fears, millions wonder what the next day will bring. They go to bed exhausted, physically and mentally, every day. But they cannot get real rest with their brains working out all the things that might happen to them.

One day a law was published to the effect that every shop which did not have a turnover of more than £20 per week would be closed. Everybody will remember how the small shopkeeper supported the Nazis in the struggle for power because one of the leading points of their programme was the abolition of the big stores which threatened to ruin him.

With the votes of these people in their pockets the Nazis did not bother to keep their promise. They worried no more than Hitler does to keep his international treaty obligations.

A few big stores were aryanised, with the result that instead of the rightful Jewish owners several influential Nazi leaders were elected to the boards and after that drew the big dividends.

The present labour shortage has been made the excuse for sweeping aside most of the old Nazi programme. Dr. Banse, head of the Nazi organisation of German handicraftmen,

said in an interview that there were about 700,000 one-man shops in Germany. Of these all but about 100,000 earned less than enough to live on, and had very often to apply for public assistance.

"The question arises," he said, "whether it is not wiser to end this shadow existence of independence and transfer the handicraftman to where his skilled labour is needed."

The question was tackled by the law of the £20 turnover, outlined above. But it roused a storm of indignation and had to be modified. Since then, however, other ways and means have been found to force hundreds of thousands of handicraft men to close their shops and take work as labourers. They are being driven into bankruptcy, deprived of supplies and ruthlessly hounded out of their shops and homes—one and the same thing, in most cases. They are thus thrown on the labour market, which is waiting for new slaves for the war industry.

These men are now doing work with grim faces. They are disappointed in their political hopes and disheartened as every man must be when he sees his life work collapse. It is bitter parting even from a one-room shop. And those men who also lose their homes and are separated from their wives find it even more bitter.

These are the men who, with millions of others, cannot any longer buy real tobacco, cannot bring their children the pennyworth of chocolate which was their Sunday gift, who must drink beer which is getting less like beer every day.

These men do not care very much what happens to them now. They swear and complain, they hate their fate. They will go on doggedly, for some time. But there is no telling how long they will be able to stand it.

Yet Hitler is profiting from the disillusionment of these men, from the fact that they feel that they are dispossessed

to-day, reduced from petty bourgeois to proletarians. His new arguments will soon begin to appeal to them again.

This symptom has been noticed already by many neutral reporters on their hurried journeys through war-time Germany. It takes the form of an increase in Communist sympathies.

There are to-day more Communistically inclined workers in Germany than on the day when the elected Communist representatives were imprisoned after the Reichstag fire.

But from all the evidence in my hands it seems to be wrong to regard the new German Communists as anything like the Russian, French, or other Communists. They are Nazi-Communists, without any constructive ideas, but filled only with the anti-plutocratic slogans which Goebbels dispenses. They are destructive and anarchistic, but there seems little doubt that they cannot be called an opposition. They are Hitler-Communists, pseudo-revolutionaries, and they can only grow and profit by the new phases of flexible Nazi philosophy.

The Soviet Alliance to them, as to most of the workers, is a natural union between ordinary people here and there who want to get rid of "local" and the "international" plutocrats. Only now and then do they include one or other of the big Nazi businessmen—who may happen to hold a big Party position at the same time—in the list of their foes.

But in general they have little knowledge of the activities of the worst Nazi corruptionists, who can work up anti-plutocratic hatred and pocket huge profits at the same time. It is really very simple. The Nazi government sends its representatives into big industrial firms and exercises control in that way. But the representatives are

getting their dividends as if they held their posts by virtue of their personal business knowledge or achievements. As official Party representatives they are even released from the payment of taxes.

Take, for instance, Gauleiter Teerhoven, of the Rhineland. You would think of him as a Party executive, sitting at Party headquarters in Duesseldorf and discussing with his deputies and other officials the affairs of the Party. That is what he does. But the affairs of the Party include the control of every single worker in the Rhineland. And it is thought only just that Herr Teerhoven should be on the board of every major firm in Rhineland industry. His income is over four million marks a year, but he is taxed only on his salary as Gauleiter, which is 24,000 marks.

Few Germans know about it. It is the talk of the intellectuals and of a number of well-informed Party subalterns. But with hardship increasing, and with the burden of taxation growing heavier, people ask questions. They are not criticising Teerhoven or others who are in similar position. They just wonder.

Hitler does not care about money—that is the argument of the Nazi propagandists when, in small circles, they have to reply to questions which are either spoken or implied.

But how easy is it for the Gauleiters to accept responsibility for morale in their districts if they rule these districts and all the people in them as the feudal lords of Nazism. How easy when the workers under their political and economic rule can be “deported” to other districts if they do not keep quiet. How easy when colleagues on the boards of big firms are nothing but uneasy partners of the “representative of the State”. How much easier still when the Gauleiter holds a high rank in the S.S. and is “one of Himmler’s best friends”.

Nazi reporters are sent out to survey the home front and they come back and tell the editor of the "Voelkischer Beobachter" and, through the paper, its million readers: "The Home Front stands firm."

"Quiet and security," I read in one report, "are the characteristics of life in the Western regions which are nearest the front. "We feel fine," say the people. "We have our newspapers and the radio, we are in contact with our political leadership and we know we are fighting for our existence."

A picture as perfect as Hitler could wish for. Of course, the "Voelkischer Beobachter" adds, it is like this everywhere in Germany.

VI

BLOOD-RED POSTERS

"THE WAR AND the Family." The teacher in charge of the preparatory school class which assembled in the second month of the war in Dortmund's narrow Schwanengasse thought this was a good subject for his purpose.

He was a staunch member of the Dortmund S.S. black guards, which had won many distinctions in its fight against the internal enemy—and he had received a hint. It would be wise, his Obergruppenfuehrer thought, to test the feeling of Dortmund's population about the war—through their children.

"Every boy under your care, Dolfi"—Dolfi, the abbreviation for Adolf, was the teacher's proud name—"can be a valuable collaborator in our task of keeping a watch on the people."

Nine years old Walter Ringer, son of a Dortmund criminal lawyer, was the first pupil to be asked the embarrassing question.

"The idea, my boy, is to tell us what your family thinks about the war. Your father and mother have certainly discussed the war at home, haven't they?"

"Ye-es," the boy replied with some hesitation.

"Well then tell us. . . ."

A casual memory came into the boy's mind. Dolfi, the teacher, his father had once said, had missed his vocation. More than a teacher, he was a criminal lawyer's tout. The crimes that this man had discovered during

the past few months were amazing, he worked like a detective.

The boy did not remember it exactly in these terms, but he was suddenly suspicious. All the boys in the school had learned to seek an ulterior motive for everything Dolfi said and did. There was a malicious smile on his lips as he pressed the boy for an answer. Tentatively the boy began:

"Father thinks that the war will ruin his practice," he said.

"Why . . . ?" Dolfi asked eagerly. This sounded like a clear case of defeatism. . . . He must get to the bottom of it.

"Because . . . because criminals are no longer brought before the courts . . . and father says his skill is wasted because the sentence is now decided on before he is even able to speak."

"This is very interesting . . . go on . . . go on."

"That is all I have heard about the war at home. Maybe mother has said she hopes it will not last long. . . ."

"We all hope that," said Dolfi, who had been making a note of the boy's words.

"We shall have to do something about Dr. Ringer," Dolfi said in the evening, when he reported to Gestapo headquarters. The man is criticising us . . . his boy does not understand the implication . . . but Ringer obviously thinks there should be a big trial for every petty criminal whom he wants to defend."

Dolfi's superior nodded thoughtfully. Here was evidence that the lawyers did not understand the position as it presented itself to the guardians of German law in war time. Ringer was one of the old school of attorneys who thought

it was their task to protect a criminal against the law instead of assisting the law to catch and punish him. These liberal ideas still stuck.

"We shall have to watch Ringer."

When, three days later, Dr. Ringer was called to Dortmund Police Headquarters he never guessed that it was to be questioned himself instead of questioning others.

These people are dangerous, he thought, when he realised his position. But one must tell them a few home truths.

"How do you think a lawyer can keep up with the law nowadays?" he asked Dr. Werner, the police official who had undertaken the task of warning him.

"We know your attitude already, Dr. Ringer," he answered. "Your son has told . . ."

"I thought so . . . this disgusting practice of making children spy on their parents is taking on unheard of proportions . . . I shall report it to Berlin." Dr. Ringer showed his annoyance with the police official. He was distressed to find himself in this position because of a denunciation by his son. The boy's mind was being spoiled in school instead of being trained. Turning children against their parents. . . .

"I would not be so rash, Dr. Ringer." The policeman, emphasising each word, reached down into a drawer. "I have no hesitation in telling you that Dolfi is acting according to instructions. We think it is important that children should be taught the true German spirit as early as possible. What are your complaints . . .?"

Without a word Dr. Ringer felt in his pocket. He took out some clippings from the local newspaper, the Dortmund "General-Anzeiger" and handed them to the

examining police officer. "Read these . . . what is it all about? How are we administering the law in Germany to-day?" The police officer read through the cuttings. There were four of them.

Similar reports to these were appearing in every German newspaper every day. What could a German do without violating the law? That was the question that sane men, particularly lawyers like Dr. Ringer, were asking themselves.

Let us quote the reports verbally:

"Prison for missing work. The chief of the Labour exchange at Opladen informs us: Duesseldorf Court has sentenced a member of the staff of an Opladen firm to two months' imprisonment because he failed to appear at work, without excuse and in spite of an earlier warning. At a time like this in which the whole German people is fighting for its right to live, this squandering cannot be tolerated. Idlers, as the above example shows, must expect severe sentences."

"Sentence for exaggerated prices. The press department of Frankfurt Court of Justice issues the following report: A special court in Frankfurt has sentenced a Wiesbaden cattle dealer for infringement of the price laws. He will go to prison for ten months, and pay a fine of 5,000 marks. The accused increased the selling prices contrary to the regulations and thus gained personal profits."

"Hard Labour for listening to foreign broadcasts. An Elbing special court, sitting in Schneidemuehl, dealt with the 41 years old Johann Matczynski who was accused of listening to foreign broadcasts and of circulating the news from these stations. His wife, who stood with him in the dock, could not be proved to have turned on the wireless herself. But she participated in the crime of

listening to the foreign stations. Her offence was therefore regarded as less grave. The special court sentenced Johann Matczynski to five years' hard labour. Herta Matczynski, considering the mitigating circumstances, was sentenced to one year in prison."

"Two criminals shot while resisting. The Reichs-Leader of the S.S. and the German Police informs us: The 30 years old Victor Meyer, of Berlin, and the 20 years old Max Gross, of Munich, were shot while resisting arrest. They were both suspected of dangerous crimes."

Just like Dr. Ringer, who presented these cuttings to his questioner in Dortmund Police Headquarters, millions of other Germans have read these announcements and are still reading them daily. They cannot define their own thoughts so clearly as the Dortmund lawyer, but, like him, they are wondering: what is the law in Germany?

Dr. Heydrich, Himmler's deputy as head of the S.S. and Police, has defined the position clearly. He has admitted frankly, in the circle of his officers, that Germany at war needs a law of war—martial law. "It would have bad effects," he said, "if martial law were proclaimed officially, but as the war goes on we deal with dangerous people as we should under military rule."

People soon realised what was afoot. As the war went on, the red posters in the streets of German towns made an ever more frequent appearance. These posters are the public announcements of executions which take place in the district. Every day newspapers print reports about such executions.

In one day's issue of the "Frankfurter Zeitung" I have read nine. There is, of course, a purpose in the sudden

candour of the Propaganda Ministry about the large number of executions.

One can wonder at the divergence between the official statement that "the whole people stands united behind Hitler", and the frank admissions about the great number of traitors, individuals who are damaging the interests of the State, spies and other modern Nazi criminals. And yet the number of executions exceeds by far the number admitted.

At the end of December, 1939, I received from Germany an estimate of the number of published or admitted executions and those carried out unofficially, at police stations, S.S. or S.A. barracks, in concentration camps and within military regions.

The compiler of this estimate is a Vienesese Gestapo official who told a Swiss friend that the Nazis would be able to deal with any internal resistance because, if necessary, every man or woman who showed the slightest disagreement with the regime would be simply shot.

Replying to a statement that present conditions and public sentiment in Germany were not favourable to the Nazi regime or to the war, he said the Gestapo was well able to cope with matters and it was doing so successfully.

"The number of enemies of the State who have been exterminated since the outbreak of war is 14,560," he ended proudly. This figure, he emphasised, included Austria, which was "a German land". It did not include Czechoslovakia and Poland where the methods employed are, naturally, much more drastic.

I reproduce this statement by a typically sadistic member of Himmler's execution squad of 600,000 S.S. men after corroborating it with other reports. These come

from illegal fighters against Nazis, and also from messages which have reached neutral countries through their official representatives in Germany.

It is characteristic now of the Gestapo and S.S. High Command to publicise executions and sentences as much as possible. It is a return to the method of terrorising the whole population. It is a preventive campaign against the "enemies of the State"—which means the enemies of the war and the grumblers against privations, restrictions and limitations imposed on everyone in Nazi Germany to-day.

"We shall knock the guts out of them," is the slogan under which the Gestapo and S.S. work.

I wish I could do something to destroy the romantic picture which the world has of the Gestapo. To-day it is nothing but a nucleus around which Heydrich and his collaborators have built up an organisation of amateur policemen.

Thousands of the skilled Gestapo agents have gone to the front where, in uniform, they are supervising the troops. Just as every liner in peace-time had its Gestapo man on board—in the guise of a steward or as an able seaman—so now every company in the front line has police agents attached to it.

Soldiers know it and resent it. Near Aachen the Gestapo man of the third company of a tank battalion was found out by his comrades. For a few weeks they teased him and made fun of his former association with the Gestapo. They had no idea that he was continuing this activity even in the trenches.

The man could not take the jokes easily and, according to his habit, he sent to headquarters a denunciation of his chief tormentor, a lance-corporal. A week later the lance-corporal was called to his regimental officer who

handed him over to an S.S. Squad. He was driven away in a field van and was not heard of again. But his comrades did not forget and soon a connection was suspected between his teasing of the ex-Gestapo man and his disappearance.

Comrades searched the suspect's possession and found evidence of his continued association with Gestapo headquarters. They found copies of reports which he had sent on to his superiors about several men in the battalion.

There was a fight in the barracks that night. The Gestapo man was left badly beaten up. The close investigation that followed this incident did not reveal the culprits. When the commanding officer was about to inform the company, regretfully, that it would be disbanded—as is the practice in the field—a man from the ranks stepped forward and said five words:

“He was a Gestapo spy.”

The officer stood silent for a minute as the man returned to the ranks. Then he spoke:

“Thank you. Company dismiss.”

They remained together and are still together to-day.

But the vast army supervision system organised by the Gestapo has left the ranks depleted on the Gestapo home front.

“A nation of policemen” was the substitute provided by Heydrich, who at once reintroduced the special gratuities for private informers. They receive now five marks for every denunciation which leads to a conviction.

While the actual size of the Gestapo has thus been greatly reduced, Heydrich claims this idea of a “nation of policemen” as his greatest contribution to the consolidation of the Home Front.

Press and public bodies are asked to contribute to this effort by ruthlessly exposing all crimes against the spirit of war-time Germany. Himmler's own S.S. weekly, the "Schwarze Korps", heads the list of newspapers whose whole purpose is to assist the police.

Here is an example of how this practice works:

In its first January issue the "Schwarze Korps" published the story of a hotel owner in Obergurgl, in the Austrian Tyrol, who had circulated among his clients a letter replying to inquiries about winter sports in war-time. The letter was reproduced in the newspaper. It pointed out that traffic difficulties made it inconvenient to reach his hotel, that rationing and shortage of food-stuffs made it impossible to guarantee regular meals and that conditions were altogether not favourable for a holiday maker who wanted to spend quiet and pleasant days in his Hotel.

"It is not impossible," he concluded his letter, "that there will be improvements in the position. It would therefore be advisable to inquire again at a later date."

The "Schwarze Korps" branded this "criminal who does not want guests". It added: "We shall help the owner of Hotel Edelweiss in Obergurgl to get rid of all guests for good."

Such an attack in the "Schwarze Korps" could have only one consequence. The following issue of the paper proudly reported that the hotel owner of Obergurgl had been arrested, that his hotel was closed and would be taken over by the State. "Settled" was the title of the second report.

Write to your paper and keep it informed about your observations is the war-time police slogan in Nazi Germany. And letters are pouring into every editorial office

telling about the gentleman on the third floor who eats meat every day, about the lady downstairs who has bought new diamond clips, about the boy from number 14 who has three winter coats—"while my own poor little child has to wear his summer suit in this cold". And so on.

All these letters are passed on to Gestapo headquarters by true Nazi editors, with the result that the meat-eating gentleman receives a visit from the police and, to save his own skin, denounces his source of supply. The lady's diamond clips are confiscated for the benefit of the State. The parents of the boy in number 14 are advised to give up one of his coats to the neighbour's son.

Everybody in the house knows who is responsible for the denunciations, but this only induces them to show their most friendly face to the "Gestapo agent in the house".

There is, of course, no real Gestapo agent in the house and the whole affair is just one of the thousands of cases of denunciations, officially encouraged, by which the Nazi regime increases its hold on Germans. The regime cannot afford nor find in war-time the number of Gestapo agents it had at its disposal in peace-time. So the "amateur police" work day and night and Himmler can truly say that the whole German people is constantly guarded against enemies of the State.

The arm of the law against these enemies of the State works in a true wild-west manner. While sleeping quietly in their homes in Olivacr Platz in Berlin West hundreds of Berliners were roused from their beds one night in January. Was it anti-aircraft firing? Were British bombers over the town? What had happened?

Frightened women rushed from their beds, dressed hurriedly and ran down the stairs to seek shelter. Some of them, glancing out of the doors of their homes, soon discovered that the noise of shots did not come from the A.A. guns but from the automatic rifles of an S.S. Squad. They saw ambulances rushing up to the square where six men lay on the ground spattered with blood.

It was one of the S.S. raids on blackout criminals. Berlin experiences them less frequently than other German towns. Although it is only partly admitted by the Nazi authorities, this crime wave which began in Germany with the war has assumed unheard-of proportions.

Goering's paper, the "Essener National Zeitung", tells the story of these individuals and gangs who take advantage of the blackout for their crimes. Squads are dealing with them successfully, the paper adds. We have seen how.

It is certainly necessary, even in Nazi Germany, to guard against criminals. But one would have thought that a country so well policed as Germany could catch its criminals. But this is not any more the general policy. The Nazis think it is not worth the trouble to catch them. Better kill them.

So "shoot at sight in the blackout" is the order which the S.S. squads have in their minds as they go on their nightly rounds. In the case on the Olivaer Platz four criminals were thus brought down by fire, two dead, two dangerously wounded.

But there were six victims? The other two were just harmless passers-by who can now, in hospital, ponder on justice in the Third Reich. Both were shot in the leg. No compensation, not even an excuse, reached

them. They were too scared to report the incident at all to the civil authorities.

Laws make criminals—and in Germany the machine of the law is producing at higher speed even than the armaments industry. And so we find poor girls caught in the meshes of the new law. They were decent, innocent members of society only a few months ago. Now their heads fall under the axe of the executioner.

Here is the case of Anna Hoebler, a Bavarian maid-servant, aged 22. She had worked her way up in life since, at the age of 15, she went from the country to Nuremberg where she found a job with a family. She passed from one post to another until she became an accomplished nurse who developed, in her natural way, the minds of the children under her care.

But soon after the war broke out, the "back to the country" order reached her and she was forced to give up her job and return to the land-work which she had abandoned seven years ago.

Had she been allowed to join her family and work on her uncle's farm, from which she had started out, she might have adapted herself to the war work which she was forced to do.

But the "organisation" sent her to another village where she was detailed to help a farmer's wife whose husband and two sons had gone to the front. Up at four in the morning, feeding the pigs, cleaning the stables, preparing breakfast, working through all day with little rest—that was now Anna's fate.

She lost weight rapidly, and one week-end, when she returned to Nuremberg to visit her former employers and the children, she was almost hysterical and seemed but a shadow of the once happy, strong and healthy girl they formerly knew.

She returned to her farm work after two days and once back there, she felt she could stand it no longer. The devil put an idea into her head. When night did not bring sleep and when she had lain for hours with open eyes staring into the dark she got up, dressed and set the house on fire.

Before the flames had caught on she was running wildly towards the village to give herself up to the police. The local fire brigade had little difficulty in extinguishing the fire. Hardly any damage was done.

Two weeks later Anna's head fell. Her trial before a special court lasted only half an hour. She was found guilty of incendiarism and damage to the German community for a personal reason, because she wanted to escape from her obligation to work for the good of the State.

It is all very complicated, and yet so simple. This girl could find no way out. Nazi justice ended all her problems.

Every day, cases of "deserters" from the home front are being tried in German courts. Police officers are seeking workers who have left their places of work, girls who desert from farms, nurses who leave hospitals without permission.

But you need not commit a crime in Nazi Germany, not even a crime against the Nazi spirit, to be subject to interference by the police.

In Stettin, one foreign traveller met two old friends. They were in low spirits and seemed afraid even to make general conversation. It was not easy to discover the cause of their fear, but finally they pointed out a paragraph in the local paper, the Stettin "General-Anzeiger". It said:

"The population of Stettin should take a lesson from

the events in the Grabow Park district last Saturday. The measures carried out there will not be the only ones that the police will carry out—must carry out—for the protection of the population.”

What had happened? War in the Northern Baltic was the subject of keen discussion and argument in Stettin—much more so than in Central Germany.

There were local incidents, quarrels between people and police, between the general public and Party officials.

Accordingly, on certain nights, parts of the city were cordoned and every person in the area was questioned and his credentials scrutinised. No arrests were made, but the fear of arrests had its effect. The people of Stettin do not argue now. They do not discuss political events at all.

Germany will soon be policed by boys of 17 or 18. In view of the great powers which the Nazi police enjoy, the significance of this decision cannot be underrated.

The war has depleted the ranks of the S.S. or Black Guards, and of the regular police. Most of the picked S.S. troops have been sent to Prague and other Czech towns, while strong contingents are stationed in Poland and Austria.

Now both S.S. and police have started a colossal recruiting campaign. They are appealing for volunteers to enter the S.S. or the police as a life profession.

Applicants must be 17 or 18 years old. They must stand 5 ft. 6 in. in their stockinged feet.

There are also vacancies in the “Leib-Standarte Adolf Hitler”, Hitler’s private bodyguard.

Up to now men for this S.S. regiment were carefully picked from among the thousands of trained S.S. men.

The third opening for the 17-years-old volunteers is in the "Death's Head S.S.", whose chief task is the policing of the concentration camps.

Now every aspect of Germany's home life is to be placed under the control of boys who were 10 years old when Hitler came to power and are regarded by him as the ideal 100 per cent Nazis.

VII

DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

A TRAVELLER IN Germany recently was struck by the behaviour of a man who walked along Berlin's Kurfuerstendamm. For five minutes my informant, a Danish businessman, walked behind this man as he strode along the fine avenue in the West of Berlin.

The man, whom the Dane in his description called an average German, seemed to notice his incidental follower. Soon he quickened his pace, turning his head round suspiciously from time to time.

My Danish friend wondered, at first, why he had attracted the man's attention, but he soon realised that the "average German" was even more concerned to know why a stranger should follow him.

Suddenly he stopped abruptly. It was obvious that he wanted to find out if he was being seriously followed. As my friend passed by he saw two anxious eyes watching him. The man, in spite of the biting cold, was apparently looking into a shop window, but in reality he was watching the reflection of the Dane in the glass.

This insignificant scene impressed itself deeply on the foreign observer's mind. It had made him watch other Germans casually. And invariably he found that his attention produced similar results: people were embarrassed when he looked at them, started hurrying if he seemed to be following them, evaded his observation with a cunning worthy of the ideas of a detective novel writer.

Strangers in Germany are suspect. To be observed spells danger. However innocent you are, there is no greater worry in Germany to-day than being noticed.

As my friend told me about it he laughed:

"I have not the slightest doubt that they all took me for a Gestapo man. And you should have seen people blush or go pale at the mere thought of being observed. They seem never to know whether they have done any wrong or not."

But members of the public are not the only subjects of observation. The great number of volunteers who report to the police and receive regular pay must be watched too. Some of these civilian helpers of the Gestapo who are often, "in the interests of the law", permitted to proceed against a suspect if no real Gestapo man is at hand, have produced a new problem for Himmler and Heydrich.

The Gestapo, State within the State, became diluted in the first two months of the war and a reconstruction at this stage seemed inadvisable.

The problem then became this: how to watch the watchers, how to keep an eye on the eyes of the law. The solution of the problem was the creation of a super-Gestapo. Among the vast number of official, semi-official and unofficial spies among the German people there is now a group of absolutely trustworthy senior Gestapo officers, formed into a supreme body with the task of supervising the Gestapo.

At the same time the concentration camp received a new and increased importance. Before the outbreak of war, prisoners confined in camps were employed in building vast extensions of their own camps. Wistfully they whispered to each other that a new purge was imminent, that their ranks would soon be doubled and trebled.

Prisoners of a Nazi concentration camp are cut off from the world more carefully than the chain-gangs of Alcatraz. But this time their guess was right.

According to a vast plan worked out with the help of millions of records, the outbreak of war was the signal for the Gestapo to carry out mass arrests.

How could they guard the home front better than by locking up potential enemies of the State? This was the motto under which the greatest purge in human history was carried out. It is possible to-day to estimate, by a simple device, the number of arrests carried out since the beginning of the war.

Prisoners since released from 28 different camps have collated their experience about the extensions made in those camps. To-day the camps are crowded, twice and three times the number of prisoners normally allocated to the small spaces of huts and barracks have been brought in.

There are to-day over 600,000 Germans kept in confinement.

They are guarded by companies of the Death's Head Police, an extensive corps of the most ruthless S.S. men in the Nazi Party. Their force soon became too small to fulfil its hideous task. And by the end of 1939 every Nazi newspaper carried appeals for volunteers for the Death's Head Brigades. Minimum age of applicants, as I have said in an earlier chapter, is 17. Boys who are too young yet to be sent to the front are now placed in charge of Germany's German prisoners.

In Munich beer-houses you can see these boys, already in their uniforms. They are not quite so smart now because they are produced from inferior materials. You can hear them boasting and telling the hair-raising tales of how they deal with the "scum" under their care. The

darkest chapters of the British White Book about the concentration camps do not give even a faint picture of what life in a Nazi war-time concentration camp is like.

There is one instance which has come to my knowledge in all details. In a concentration camp in the South of Germany even the Death's Head S.S. guards complained about the food. The quantities handed out to the warders were insufficient, so you can imagine what the prisoners received.

But one December day the prison administration did not receive the week's supplies in time and both guards and prisoners alike were faced with a day without food. It was not a big camp, only 3,000 unhappy suspects were confined there and 45 Death's Head S.S. men had the task of watching them.

In the chief's office six officers from among the guards were deliberating about the position. Both guards and prisoners had to be dealt with. No food—that meant, according to their old instructions, some other distraction. "Take their minds off topical problems and you will have solved those problems." That was the practice to be employed in any critical situation. The scene does not lend itself to detailed description. I will tell only the result of the S.S. officers' deliberations.

"Every tenth man among the prisoners is to be shot."

The command was issued. It spread soon to the camp. A few minutes later the prisoners were standing to attention. S.S. youths, grinning in expectation of the spectacle, ordered every tenth man in each row to step forward.

About 300 men, shivering in their prison clothes, were shepherded into a corner. A squad of thirty S.S. men faced them with automatic guns under their arms. Another command rang out. The automatic rifles poured out their

hail of lead. It was all over in a few minutes. Even the S.S. guards did not think of food any more.

The rest of the prisoners were kept busy for fourteen hours burying their unfortunate comrades.

Similar scenes were enacted in many other concentration camps in Germany as cold and blockade produced drastic effects on prisoners and their young guards alike.

Such events had their effect on the most apathetic and hapless victims of Hitler. Even the inmates of the concentration camps began to rebel. What was their life worth? How long would they live anyway? What worse could happen to them than the daily torture and the final bullet in the end?

The Nazis themselves admitted a number of cases in which revolt seethed in concentration camps. The unexpected had happened: the prisoners hit back at their tormentors.

Suicide squads who preferred death to a prolongation of their sufferings sacrificed themselves to enable their comrades to escape. The "Schwarze Korps" describes one of these incidents.

"On November 25, two prisoners in a concentration camp, Franz Broenner and Anton Kropf, attacked an S.S. guard and injured him severely.

"They tried to escape, but were recaptured after a short time.

"Both prisoners were hanged inside the camp on December 9."

That this is not an isolated instance is made clear when the "Schwarze Korps" comments:

"May this news remind the German people that the front against Germany's enemies is not restricted to the West and the sea coast.

"Many thousands of prisoners in concentration camps are dangerous enemies of Germany, too.

"They are the same people who broke the home front in Germany during the last war, either by communicating with the enemy or else by sabotage."

Before the outbreak of war concentration camps were never mentioned in the Nazi press.

"Schwarze Korps" sympathises with the warders in their "responsible and difficult task".

"There can be no doubt," it concludes, "that the outrages by prisoners against their guards have revealed the concentration camp as a real front in this war."

But the S.S. and Gestapo are not only let loose against the mass of defenceless German people. Himmler will forgive me if I draw attention to an incident which filled every front page in the newspapers of Germany and the world for a few days and which he would now rather have forgotten.

I refer to the bomb attempt on Hitler in the Munich beer-house on November the 8th, 1939. Up to the present day no official explanation of this has been given by the Nazi authorities. I shall substitute for this missing explanation a report from the representative of a neutral power to his government. It was accepted as representing the facts. Here is a summary of the report:

"From investigations carried out confidentially among high officials of the Party, it now appears that the preparation for the Munich attempt on Hitler in the 'Buergerbraeu' was placed in the hands of six members of the S.S. Every one of them belonged to the immediate staff of Field-Marshal Goering. Their former duties were the guarding, together with 44 comrades, of Goering's personal safety.

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"They visited the Buergerbraeu every day during the week before the 8th November and were admitted by the two Gestapo detectives who are always on guard in the building for weeks before a Nazi meeting is due to take place. The big hall of the Braeu was occupied every day by the usual crowd of beer-drinking visitors, a number of whom, of course, vividly remember the work going on around the orchestra's dais where the Nazi Old Fighters would be sitting on the 8th.

"Musicians were frequently disturbed by the noise of hammering upstairs. Complaints about it were ignored. Work was being undertaken on orders—that was the only explanation offered.

"On the day of the meeting, the six men had returned to Berlin where they were shown into Goering's office and received by him. No one knows, of course, the details of their conversation. From Goering's office they were led away under arrest and have not since been seen. Their comrades were told that they had died in the execution of a special task for Leader and Party. But rumours about their death and its circumstances were rife among the members of Goering's special bodyguard for weeks after.

"Goering himself cancelled preparations for his journey to Munich on the morning of the 8th. Representations by his secretaries about the effect his absence would have on public opinion were brushed aside with the order 'See that it is as little noticed as possible, but do not issue any special instructions'.

"In the meantime, the old fighters flocked to Munich, Hitler, Goebbels and their bodyguards went to the Buergerbraeu, but the special search which is usually made of any building which Hitler is about to enter was not carried out this time by Hitler's own men. Sepp Dietrich, the commander of Hitler's bodyguard, was assured that

a thorough search had been made. The man who gave this assurance was Captain Albrecht, one of Hitler's new A.D.C.s who had been recommended to him by Goering.

"Hitler entered the building in his usual way. He mounted the platform and began to speak. Albrecht, standing near to him, was seen to go pale and then red. An inner struggle seemed to be going on in the mind of the young A.D.C. Suddenly he slipped a note to Christian Weber, the president of the old fighters, who audibly called out to Hitler: 'Finish quickly.'

"Hitler looked up sharply. Within three minutes he finished his speech and turned to Weber who pointed to Albrecht. Hitler called Albrecht to his side, and after shaking hands with three of his old friends he hurried off.

"We have also received a reliable report that Hitler spoke to Goering after his return. He was highly suspicious of the Field Marshal, but was induced to believe that the thing had been planned to increase his popularity and that, for obvious reasons, he had not been told about it.

"Although Hitler is said to have accepted this explanation, he has remained suspicious of Goering, and the relationship between the two men has deteriorated rapidly.

"The next step was to launch a propagandist campaign. The only difficulty was that Goering had not let Goebbels know about his plan. The propaganda had to be improvised so hastily that there were many flaws in the official explanation which incriminated Otto Strasser, the British Secret Service and an individual called Elsner, who is known to have spent the last three years in Sachsenhausen concentration camp.

"The deduction to which we have come is that Goering has played a clever double game, instigating the attempt on the off-chance that it might succeed—which would place him in power—but carefully preparing evidence that

it was done with the best intention to provide a basis for a new pro-Hitler propaganda campaign and to demonstrate to the world the charmed life of the invulnerable Fuehrer.

"It is not possible to establish whether Albrecht was an accessory to Goering's plan and lost his nerve and warned Hitler in time, or whether, as Himmler later claimed, one of his skilled agents had heard the ticking of the bomb, warned Albrecht and asked him to get Hitler away."

So far the version of an observer who would not lightly accuse leading members of the Nazi government without reason. His theory finds support if we compare the extremely clumsy work of the Nazi propaganda machine, following the attempt, with the far better prepared and better organised Reichstag fire in 1933 of which Goering was also instigator and chief organiser.

In any case the whole affair, as was to be expected, was quickly transformed into an anti-British campaign and used as well to hit out against Otto Strasser whose friends in Germany, as we shall later see, are worrying the Nazi authorities.

A purge on a small scale followed. Arrests were carried out but it was very significant that few of the arrested people could possibly have had anything to do with the attempt. The event in Munich simply served as an excuse to get rid of a number of people in higher positions who could not otherwise have been removed without it leading to queries and awkward consequences.

A further proof that the whole thing was a flop from every point of view was the surprisingly long lapse of time without any trial of the alleged culprit. Elsner was brought from the concentration camp for the purpose of being tried *a la van der Lubbe*. He was to be drugged and made incapable of refuting any accusation—but it soon

dawned on the Nazi inner circle that the world would not accept such an exact copy of the Reichstag trial, which incidentally also failed to fulfil its purpose adequately.

The Munich attempt was the subject of a conference on November 11th in the Prinz Albrechtstrasse, headquarters of the Gestapo.

The details of the conference have never become known. But from the activity which ensued in the Prinz Albrechtstrasse and from the orders circulated to the police chiefs in many parts of Germany the subject discussed could easily be gauged. It can be summed up in the word—Purge.

What were the names on the new list? Who were the men who were regarded as dangerous and had to disappear? How was the new purge to be carried out?

We find in the Nazi newspapers of the months following November a curiously large number of death announcements such as German families insert to inform the world about the decease of one of their beloved. Almost invariably the announcements contain a reference to the "sudden and unexpected death" of a father, brother or son. But these men had not met sudden and unexpected death on the battlefield. They were not in the same category as other war victims, of whom announcements stated that they had been killed or had died as a consequence of wounds received in the Polish campaign.

The men to whom I refer had received visits from some of the mixed Gestapo and S.S. shock squads. Their homes were occupied some early morning like the camp of an enemy. The house was searched and members of the family were taken away in lorries to police headquarters for interrogation. When they were allowed to return the head of the family was dead.

Their number is not very great for a country where purges usually affect thousands. But careful investigation

has convinced me that the shock squads have done away with between 50 and 70 big merchants or industrialists who were regarded as inimical to the regime.

The bewildered families were permitted to insert the death announcements and found a way to communicate to their friends and the outside world a hint of what had happened. "Sudden and unexpected death" reigned in many German towns."

The most prominent victim of the shock murders was Joachim Albrecht, Prince of Prussia, a cousin of the ex-Kaiser, whose death was to serve as a warning against the still too popular Hohenzollerns.

VIII

IF THERE WERE NO HITLER. . .

THE MOST FREQUENT questions asked outside Germany especially by British people, who even to-day fail to realise the full extent of the terror reigning in Hitler's Nazi land, are:

Can such methods hold the German people down?

How long, in war-time, will the Nazi party and its instruments of terror be able to suppress the wave of feeling sweeping Germany from one end to another?

It is not easy to reply to these questions. No honest and true picture of the effect of the terror can be gained unless it is admitted that there is still a big section of the German population, genuinely and truly devoted to Hitler and Nazism.

The Nazi-Soviet Alliance may have produced doubts in many honest men and women with Nazi convictions. Disappointment over Hitler's failure to fulfil many of his campaigning promises and his supreme failure to preserve the peace must have reduced the ranks of the millions of Nazi voters of 1933. It has raised doubts in thousands of others.

But I would be utterly failing in my intention to give a true picture of public sentiment in war-time Nazi Germany if I did not challenge statements made by respected neutral observers who insist that 75 per cent of the German population are to-day anti-Hitler.

A careful scrutiny would perhaps justify one in putting it this way: only 25 per cent of the German people accepted war as the Fuehrer's decision without grumbling. These

25 per cent are prepared to follow their leader blindly. The younger ones are even imbued with the national sense of sacrifice which Hitler is now forced to demand from the whole German people.

The rest, the other 75 per cent, go through the days of war grumbling, dissatisfied, disillusioned. They hate their present fate but they are not driven so far yet as to hate the man who has brought it on them. They are not anti-Hitler.

If Hitler counts his sheep he will still find a ring of good Nazis holding the greater part of the nation in a patriotic block. Many of them are simply the patriots. After six months of war they have forgotten already—chiefly because of the influence of propaganda—how it started. They have not suffered enough yet to put the question to themselves again.

Only a very small proportion of the German people is actively working against Hitler. Who are the people who make up this proportion and how strong are they?

You will remember that after the big Nazi purge of 1934—when Roehm and many prominent S.A. leaders were killed—some of the purgers or their accomplices were found dead also.

A group of S.A. men, faithful to Roehm and to his principles, united to avenge his murder. They took local Nazi leaders for a ride in cars at night. Next morning their victims were found shot. The letters "R.R." were branded on their chests.

Ever more corpses of provincial Nazi executives were found. The "R.R." on their chests pointed to the same hand. The murderers kept clear of big towns in which they had too much to fear from swift police action against them. They found their victims in lonely country

villages and chose them only according to the rank they held in the Nazi party hierarchy.

"R.R." soon became a feared organisation, and although the number of murders which its members committed in the months following the Roehm purge did not exceed one hundred, they spread fear among Nazis in all German rural districts.

People soon discovered what "R.R." stood for. It meant "Raecher Roehms" (Revenge for Roehm). Only a few of those who took this revenge were caught before the murder wave died down.

The war has brought the organisation into action again. Soon after war broke out a series of "R.R." murders were committed in the same way as those carried out by the old friends of Roehm. Are the 1939 murderers the same as those of 1934? Do they believe their time has come to strike once more against Hitler, whom they hate?

They were Nazis in 1934 and I have no doubt that they are Nazis to-day. But they are among the thousands of anti-Hitler Nazis, the opposition which Hitler fears most.

He fears it as much as he fears to face most of the Old Guard of Nazism. In the ranks of the old fighters Hitler has lost every grain of trust and friendship. Most of these men, some of whom devoted all their youth to the struggle for Nazism, were disappointed on the day Hitler assumed power. From that day to this these valuable revolutionaries have been a burden. Their staunch and inflexible Nazi principles are a worry to Hitler to-day.

Every day brings reports about discussions in some of the many private circles in which the old fighters are united. Gestapo agents take great pains to penetrate these circles and compile reports about them. They are submitted

to Himmler who often has to stop the course of his own law in the case of these offenders.

"Werlin too?" he was heard to sigh when an astute agent handed over his report of a conversation which he had overheard in Munich's fashionable Hotel Vierjahreszeiten.

There, in a private room, Werlin, the manager of the well known Mercedes Benz motor car firm, was overheard by a waiter-spy to lash out furiously against the Soviet pact. Werlin helped Hitler to escape after the Beerhouse putsch in 1923 and has since been one of the Fuehrer's closest intimates.

In the meantime Hitler has rewarded him by ordering thousands of Mercedes cars. Through this Werlin has become a rich man, But as a rich man he fears the Soviet alliance and so do his industrialist friends. They are united in a firm block and as they control important sections of the war industry Hitler dare not strike against them.

Werlin and his friends are Nazis themselves. They are radical and determined. They will go on working against Hitler and will try to force their own policy on him. Their activities will not help the Russian alliance.

Does Hitler know these enemies? Himmler surely has not passed on these reports to his Fuehrer. He knows Hitler's reaction to such news: the outcry of annoyance and horror because dear friends do not follow him any longer and the outburst of fury in which he signs their death warrants.

It is easier in war time to keep the small people under the whip than to start purging influential members of the old Nazi hierarchy. And while the man in the street cannot imagine Nazism without Hitler, some of the anti-

Hitler Nazis are determined to preserve Nazism, their own ideal, even against Hitler.

Reports from many sources confirm a curious effect produced by the proclamation of the Allies' war aims. Every Nazi paper to-day tries to discredit the assertion that this war is not being fought against the German people but against the present government. They describe it as a fraud, designed to cheat the German nation into surrender.

For the time being this Nazi propaganda is effective among the mass of the people among whom anti-Nazi tendencies are not yet widespread.

But in the higher Nazi quarters the "war against Hitler or peace with Germany" idea has resulted in a whispering campaign such as would have been unthinkable before the war.

"If there were no Hitler . . .?"

This question cropped up in a conversation among Nazi functionaries, and the topic was discussed at some length:

"Impossible" was the first reaction of everybody present. "Impossible?" soon became a query and "Who else?" was the next question openly asked.

"Would there be war if Hitler died to-morrow?" The problem thus appears in its next stage. Many well known Nazi leaders have replied with a firm: "No!"

And every one who says that there would be no war without Hitler, who says either that the war would not have broken out or could be ended without him, is a potential enemy of the Fuehrer.

All over Germany to-day there are these intimate Nazi circles in which Hitler's fate is discussed. As propaganda concentrates ever more on presenting Hitler, the

genius, as the chief hope for victory, the intimate Nazis get more and more doubtful.

It would be wrong to regard these sentiments as organised opposition to Hitler. But, for the first time since he killed Roehm, Hitler does face powerful individual opponents within the ranks of the Nazi Party.

Some of these opponents are quite prepared to sharpen the revolutionary dagger again and load the pistol with which they shot so many Reds in the early days of Nazism. Most of them have served long prison terms for killing and wounding in the Nazi struggle for power. The old fighting spirit is still alive in them. They have not been called to join the Nazi Youth in battle at the front and they feel no desire to wage that kind of war. They are more accustomed to plotting.

Why, do you think, was Otto Strasser named by Nazi propaganda as one of the supposed instigators of the Beerhouse bomb attempt against Hitler? He had little enough to do with it personally although the Nazis claimed that he admitted in a Paris paper that he had played some part.

The Nazis themselves have betrayed their reason for branding Strasser as a murderer, for holding him up before the German people as the perpetrator of a crime against Hitler which can only be avenged with death.

Here is how the "Voelkische Beobachter" depicts Otto Strasser for the Germans of to-day:

"Otto Strasser's life history gives a clear picture of this emigrant without character.

"He was born on the 19th of September, 1897, in Deggendorf, in Bavaria, and is the brother of Gregor Strasser." (Here I would like to remind the editor of the "Voelkischer Beobachter" that Gregor Strasser was

Hitler's best friend, one of the co-founders of the Nazi Party. Up to 1932, when he broke with Hitler, he was Nazi Number Two, taking precedence over Goering, Goebbels and the rest. For his breakaway, which caused Hitler to burst into tears, he was later "punished" and fell as one of the victims of the 1934 purge. His brother Otto escaped abroad.)

"The beginning of Otto Strasser's political career," continues the Nazi newspaper, "saw him as a convinced Socialist who carried on a Socialist news agency after a short study of economics.

"In his development as a national revolutionary he joined the Nazi Party in 1925.

"As the revolutionary Socialist could not achieve a position in the Party, he tried at first only to avoid exclusion. Then, after making the well known theatrical declaration about 'Socialists leaving the Nazi Party' he left the Party and founded a fighting unit of revolutionary national socialists.

"When he emigrated to Vienna in 1933 he left behind a skeleton of individual lone horses. At the same time his organisation in the Reich was dissolved."

For the first time in the history of the Nazi movement the existence of an oppositional "skeleton" is here admitted. This skeleton has taken on flesh and life since the day the war started.

It is easy for Otto Strasser to remain in touch with his friends inside Germany. Many of them are in the ranks of the S.S., in the army and in the Nazi Party. They remember the dead Gregor Strasser as the most unselfish Nazi ever, as the man with cleaner hands than any of the present Nazi leaders. They believe that his brother has the same qualities. The name of Strasser is certainly a draw among dissatisfied Nazis.

In whose name should these disgruntled elements go out against the system save in that of a man who was once one of them and whom they know to be violently opposed to Hitler now.

Late in 1939 a series of explosions near Friedrichshafen mystified the world. Reports from Switzerland suggested that the British R.A.F. had made a raid on the Zeppelin works there. The Swiss thought that bombs had caused the roar which could be heard across the Bodensee and the German-Swiss frontier.

The British authorities denied that any raids were made on Friedrichshafen. But the explosions occurred all right.

Gestapo men in great numbers were rushed to the aircraft plant. They arrived by air from Berlin, by motor-car from Munich, they covered the town with a gigantic web of supervision. Thousands of workers and ordinary citizens were interviewed. Close questioning went on for days.

But all the Gestapo took back to Berlin headquarters with them were two workers of the Zeppelin plant who had been talking with a couple of men recently brought from other parts of Germany as unskilled labourers. These two men had mentioned in conversation the "Black Front" and the name of Otto Strasser.

Where were these men now? They had disappeared. Had they ever existed at all? The two unhappy workers who had dared to mention the rumour about the Black Front and Otto Strasser were, of course, retained as suspects. There was not the slightest evidence on which to base any accusation against them, but they disappeared and were never heard of again.

Similar incidents occur wherever anything goes wrong. It is extremely difficult to obtain a clear picture of the

origins of the many acts of sabotage which harass Nazi Germany these days. I could not, on the strength of evidence before me, say confidently that they are the work of followers of the Black Front. But it cannot be doubted that the Black Front has followers.

I hesitate to-day to believe that more than twenty per cent of the sabotage cases which have been reliably reported to me were really acts of sabotage. There are strong signs that the cracks in the industrial life of Germany, the failures on the railways, explosions in factories are now explained away in higher Nazi circles as acts of Strasser and his followers—just as the accidents in Russian industry were put to the credit of Trotsky and Trotskyism.

But unlike Russia, where "Trotskyism" was held up to the mass of the people as the cause of all the trouble, Nazi Germany does not tell the people about any oppositional force working against the regime. The "dope" is only used for high Nazi quarters to whom responsible authorities do not want to confess the real cause of accidents, disasters and deficiencies. For the purpose of self-deception in which Hitler and many of his intimates indulge, Strasserism is an admirable device to explain away the rot in the structure of Nazi Germany.

On the look-out for stronger and more easily discernible oppositional forces in Germany my way must take me again to Munich, to the Domplatz, the square where the cathedral stands. Although what I am going to describe happened before the war started, it has a strong bearing on conditions in Germany to-day.

The whole square is full of people, crowding shoulder to shoulder and standing quietly and devotedly in front of the church. Not a sound of the full and melodious voice of the preacher in there reaches the crowd. But they

know that he is speaking and though they cannot hear him they look towards the simple Gothic building with its famous turrets.

In the cathedral pulpit stands a tall dignified figure, with sharp features. Soon he will emerge into the square and when he passes through the crowd giving his blessing, the people will fall to their knees and pray.

As sure as anything the priest—it is Cardinal Archbishop Faulhaber—is preaching from a Bible text and every man, woman and child, every listener in the church knows that his carefully chosen words are another indictment of the Nazi regime, its methods and its leaders.

Although it is the seventh year of Hitler's rule, the Cardinal warns his flock unwaveringly and incessantly against the blind tyrants, against men who deem themselves to be gods, against the persecutors of the true Christian faith.

Since the outbreak of war Faulhaber has not preached. But the many millions of words against Nazism which he has said during the last seven years live in the memory of his huge flock. Only those who have seen the moving spectacle on the Domplatz and the venerable figure of Cardinal Faulhaber can realise the force that lives in this man and the faith which emanates from him.

It is not only the attractive splendour of Catholicism which has won over so many minds—it is the power of truth and uprightness which holds its own in the midst of barbaric chaos.

Everyone who listens to Cardinal Faulhaber is a potential enemy of Hitler. Bavaria has produced strange characters who find it possible even to-day to unite their Catholic upbringing with their Nazi conviction. But

Hitler knows that he cannot rely on his Catholic followers. He knows that in their hearts they have an alternative, their eternal God, if the clay feet of the Nazi god should crumble, or even show signs of cracking.

There are twelve million Catholics in Germany still, in spite of the violent anti-Catholic campaign, in spite of the great number of believers who were forced to leave the Church in order to retain their jobs.

Since the outbreak of war the churches of Germany have been crowded. Fear and uncertainty drive Catholics into the arms of the Church again. The first realisation that the realm of the Church may be more durable than the "Thousand Year Reich" of Nazism has come with this war.

Catholic Nazis can be heard arguing that if they lose the war and lose Hitler they want at least to keep their God.

Would you call these Catholics an opposition? They are certainly no organised body of violent and determined anti-Nazi fighters, but there are among them heroes whose work for God helps to dig the ground from under Hitler's feet.

Almost unknown in Britain are the young Franciscans, the Jesuits, the Benedictines. They are all fine scholars, but they are young and brave men of action at the same time. They were driven from their old monasteries before the war broke out and wherever S.S. squads came in time they stole the art treasures and carried them away. Nobody knew what happened to these things until the most valuable pieces were seen later proudly exhibited in Hitler's, Goering's, Goebbels's, or Ribbentrop's home or in the home of some local Nazi leader.

Trust the Catholic monks of Germany and Austria! I know of some Franciscans—I cannot mention the
Hw

I like to think of the route the two monks took as a life-line of opposition against Hitler and his Nazi plunderers, a line of revolutionary powder that need only be lighted one day to carry the flame right into the heart of the Nazi powder dump and blow it to pieces.

IX

HOHENZOLLERNS, COMMUNISTS, REFUGEES

POTSDAM, CHARMING AND stylish little town—it could be regarded almost as a suburb of Berlin—is the home of aristocratic families whose names are cornerstones in the history of Prussia.

If you meet these people to-day you would not believe that their ancestors were responsible for turning Prussia into the most hated country in the world.

The war has done away with most of the specific characteristics of these aristocrats. At their homes they still revel in the memories of days that seemed to them better ones; and if we speak of the Prussian tradition, we must accept them as the banner bearers of this tradition.

But personally they are pale, unimportant figures. They have lost most of their money and the influence they wield is based only on the old spirit of caste which links them together on their downward path. The memory of Imperial Germany, however, is their closest link.

As they pass the Sanssouci castle of Frederick the Great on their daily walks in the fresh air they think of the soldier-emperor. However hard they may try they cannot acclimatise themselves to the new Germany of brown-shirts and S.S. generals—their Germany ruled by a corporal.

To the thousands of counts and barons and knights there is, to-day, only one ruler of Germany—the image of German monarchy, the old Kaiser whom the despised mob of Berlin and Hamburg drove from the country.

As he cannot be with them they pay reverence to his son, the ex-Crown Prince, who lives among them in Caecilienhof castle, named after his wife. As he passes along the streets in his open car passers-by raise their hats, greet him affectionately. Even the Potsdam storm-troopers, grown up in the atmosphere of this imperial town, raise their arms in the Nazi salute.

The Hohenzollerns made their peace with Hitler early. Even before Hindenburg gave way to the pressure of his son and appointed Hitler Chancellor, August Wilhelm, the ex-Crown Prince's son, better known as Auwi, wore the brown shirt of the stormtroopers. Hitler held him out as a bait to many doubtful German aristocrats although he considered him to be weak and unintelligent.

Other member of the Hohenzollern family followed Auwi's example. Others proclaimed their submission to Hitler by joining the army and taking the oath to this successor of their royal ancestors.

But it was an uneasy companionship from the very beginning. When the first hope that Hitler's Nazi movement might lead Germany back to the monarchy had died away, economic opportunism alone dictated the friendly attitude of the Princes to Hitler. Their father's and their own valuable property were inside Germany. They wanted to live, and live well, and they promised the old man in Doorn that they would do nothing to annoy Hitler.

The ex-Kaiser received in exchange—in foreign exchange—permission to export part of the interest on his capital and thus he was able to support his big household across the frontier in Holland.

When war broke out, fourteen young Hohenzollern Princes donned the uniform of the Reichswehr and went where their regiments were stationed. But the older ones,

among them the ex-Crown Prince, received the news of the declaration of war with mixed feelings. They were still imbued with patriotism, they still loved their Germany. They were not so sure, however, about their feelings towards Hitler's Nazi land. If Germany wins this war, they asked themselves, will not Hitler be greater than ever before? A Nazi victory might once and for all seal the fate of the Hohenzollern dynasty. They have by no means resigned themselves to that.

And if Germany loses? She need not actually lose the war, only get into difficulties—then Hitler and his Nazis would fall. Would not that bring the chance of a life-time, the chance for restoration of the monarchy?

One does not express such thoughts in so many words in Hitler's Germany. But the mere existence of people who would so obviously profit by his failure stings the Fuehrer.

"They cannot be my friends," he said long before the outbreak of war. "They must hope for their own return to power. Watch them. . . ."

Since the outbreak of war this watch has been intensified. A number of Gestapo agents moved into Potsdam to supervise the activities of the Hohenzollerns and their aristocratic friends. Not that they had much chance to discover any plotting. But they stared as they saw the people of Potsdam cheering "Little Willie"; as they noticed the veneration with which members of the former royal family were treated wherever they went. They heard many references to the "Kaiser" and were impressed by the quiet, but solid support which the Hohenzollerns enjoyed in their own sphere.

They reported back to Berlin. What they had seen was a little Kaiser's town without a Kaiser, but with a hundred pretenders to the throne of their Fuehrer. They

interpreted every sign of sympathy for the Hohenzollerns as opposition against Hitler. Wasn't that cheering provocative? Did not passers-by ostentatiously cross to the other side of the road when a high Nazi official passed? Did they not stand on their toes when they saw a Hohenzollern or another of these degenerate aristocrats? There are things going on in Potsdam. . . .

One of the visitors to the Imperial Colony was General Hammerstein, a staunch defender of the old Kaiser and of his conduct of the last war. For Gestapo agents such a visit in time of war could have only one meaning: the Hohenzollerns were plotting with the generals.

After the Munich bomb attempt, Heydrich thought it best to inform the Fuehrer about the position in Potsdam. He dismissed the suspicions which his subalterns pinned on Hammerstein, who had already been falsely accused of plotting against the Nazis in 1933.

But he could not let Hitler remain unaware of Hohenzollern activities. Hitler raved. Then he sent for Count Wilhelm Wedel, the S.S. Police President of Potsdam. Hitler wished he had not let himself be persuaded into agreeing with the appointment of a Potsdam aristocrat as Nazi watchdog of Potsdam. The man must have a double allegiance. And Hitler tolerated only one allegiance—to himself.

Wedel left the Chancellery in Berlin with hollow eyes. He seemed more dead than alive. Three days later he was dead and the funeral arranged for him by Potsdam Police headquarters did not hide the fact that he had died in disgrace. The sudden death of this strong and comparatively young man caused many rumours.

As for the Hohenzollerns, there seemed only one way to deal with them. If the people cheered them instead of cheering Nazi leaders then the people should not

see them for some time. By Hitler's orders "Little Willie" was kept indoors, under house arrest. The same fate befell other members of the royal family.

A few days later one of Hitler's secretaries had a difficult time trying to prevent 14 strapping officers of the German army from seeing Hitler. Every one of them had distinguished himself in the Polish campaign. Every one of them had been given leave by his regimental or divisional commander. Every one of them bore the name of Hohenzollern.

They had come to protest against the treatment of their relatives. They pointed to the fate of one among them, Prince Oscar, the ex-Kaiser's favourite grandson, who fell in action in the front line. They cited their superior officers as witnesses for their own patriotic participation in this war. They asked Hitler to pardon, in fact to release the Crown Prince.

Although Hitler never received them he complied with their wishes. But he used his victory for his own propagandist ends. Auwi, no longer in Nazi uniform, was dragged to the Ministry of Propaganda and obediently he denied to foreign journalists all the "rumours" about the Hohenzollerns. He testified to their loyalty to Hitler, the leader of Germany.

Not content with this public submission, Hitler ordered a warning to be sent to the ex-Kaiser. He threatened that if there was one more sign of this independent Hohenzollern spirit his allowance would be stopped. Hitler received assurances. I heard that he enjoyed his victory over the Kaiser even more than his success in Poland.

This was one of the mock battles between Nazidom and an opposition group. Most of the battles look like this. There may be the spirit of opposition alive in a group or in some organisation—but it is crushed before it

becomes apparent, long before it can start working actively. There is no chance of any really organised opposition.

But what about the millions of Communists in Germany to-day? Must I remind those who ask this question of the collaboration between the Communists and the Nazis in 1932? Those who never heard of it or have now forgotten the tram strike in Berlin in the last year of the Weimar Republic, should know that there is little difference between the original German Nazi and the original German Communist.

I cannot enter here into an argument about the likenesses and differences between Nazism and Bolshevism, but I know that in 1930, in 1931 and in 1932 it was nothing but chance that led a German worker into the arms of the Communists or into the ranks of the Nazi Party. When a strike was called on the Berlin tramway system, Nazis and Communists joined in their fight against the police, who had, in the end, to call on the assistance of the military authorities to quell the ensuing riots.

Since those days we have seen how thousands of Communists have been sent to concentration camps. We know that many of them have died under torture and others will never forget their tormentors and will try to avenge themselves one day.

But we have also read the official Nazi reports of the private parties which Streicher gave for selected Communists. The example which he set was followed in many parts of Germany. Even in the months before the war, Communists, some of whom had been in concentration camps for years, were picked out and submitted to a close examination:

"Have you reformed? Do you want to be free again?"

Many thousands replied "Yes". Their reward was instant release and a reception organised by the local Nazi leader to celebrate the return to respectable Nazi society of the lost Communist sheep. Streicher himself enjoyed these parties immensely. He could listen for hours to the tales of the ex-prisoners and their description of tortures inflicted on them and their fellow prisoners.

"So you are glad to be here, are you?"

Most of them were genuinely glad. They were careful not to resume their former political connections. They dreaded nothing more than to be sent back to the hell of the camps.

On the day the Nazi-Soviet pact was signed 6,000 Communists were released all over Germany. Among them was Herr Thaelmann, former Communist candidate for the Presidency of Germany. After his release he left Germany and went to stay in Moscow where he is now holding the position of an adviser on German affairs.

Many of his former followers expect far-reaching political developments in Germany. I wonder whether these expectations will be fulfilled. Neutral observers have been told that there are thousands of Communists in Hannover, many more thousands in Hamburg, others here and there.

They may be there. But I doubt whether they will ever take action or, if they do, whether their action will be directed against Hitler. I cannot foretell the future development of relations between Hitler and Stalin. But I do know that Communist emigrants from Germany all over the world are faithfully carrying out Stalin's orders, exerting their influence and directing their activities to support both sides of the Nazi-Soviet alliance.

It is not much different inside Germany. Communists who have resumed connections with Moscow are at present willing tools of both Stalin and Hitler. If they bear any resentment against their former Nazi jailers it is too weak a force to be classified as opposition to Hitler. At best it represents an addition to the sum of hatred which the Hitler tyranny has piled up in millions of German people, Nazis and non-Nazis alike.

That Hitler should dangle the Bolshevist danger before the eyes of his Western enemies was to be expected from the man who rose to power by the same trick. It cannot to-day deceive the people who fear a Communist Germany because they know that worse than anything is the pseudo-Bolshevism towards which the Nazi dilettantes are steering.

For the outer world it cannot make much difference even if Stalin changes his mind, or if in the back of his mind there lurks the intention of winning Germany for Communism. Any change that any opposition could bring about in Germany to the advantage of the world must have nothing to do either with Hitler or Stalin.

The loudest German opposition is not necessarily the most active. There is one so loud that I have reason to believe that it is really not active at all. Many doubt whether it really exists—as a German opposition.

I refer to the group or groups who are supposed to operate the German Freedom Station. Several of these groups have representatives abroad. All of them claim the mystery radio station for themselves.

So far as my investigations have dealt with what is going on inside Nazi Germany I have obtained no proof that the Freedom Station actually works on German territory. I cannot trace a single person who can assure me with adequate proof that the voice that used to come

over the ether on wavelength 29.8 metres, and during the first few months of the war on wavelength 30.8 metres, really operated from inside Germany.

There was a time when I convinced myself of the existence of a German Freedom Station. It had its headquarters in a little village near Prague, and its operators succeeded in taking the transmitter dangerously far into German territory.

That was in 1935 and the engineer who organised it was a friend of Otto Strasser, a man named Formis.

The station was well-informed. It issued news in attractive presentation. It was a thorn in the flesh of the Nazi regime.

Hitler sent out his henchmen. In a daring raid they attacked Formis on Czech territory and shot him dead. It was one of the many murders committed by the Gestapo foreign organisation. The station was silent after Formis' death.

The new Freedom Station was active during the Czech crisis last year. Sometimes it addressed Hitler personally:

"Listen, Adolf . . ." it used to say and the announcer went on to give anti-Nazi news. But soon interest in the transmission palled by the side of the many officially organised transmissions in German from foreign countries. Russian abuse of Hitler even sounded more convincing and, after France took up broadcasting in German and permitted clever German and Austrian emigrants to use the microphone, the so-called Freedom Station lost any charm it might once have had.

Great names are associated with it. But to-day it does poor work, aimed chiefly at attracting the attention of foreign newspapers and their correspondents.

If we want to consider opposition parties in Germany, political parties on the lines of those that existed in the

pre-Hitler period, we can rely only on two groups. They are divergent but they are constructive. The political Catholics and the Socialists.

Most of the followers of the old Catholic parties in Germany, the Centre and the Bavarian People's Party have joined the Nazis. They have submitted for many years now to Hitler's orders, but they have never ceased to work against him. Catholics have filtered into Nazi life successfully in many spheres. Some are members of the Gestapo. But even in war-time they keep in touch with the emigrants from their ranks. Others wear the uniform of German officers, but they are waiting only for a signal to turn their regiments against the Nazis. They sit in Party offices, but they faithfully report happenings in their sphere to the leaders of the German political Catholic movement who live abroad. They work slowly but persistently. They avoid attention but they build a basis for the future.

Do you remember the Catholic Youth Organisations in Germany? They marched like the S.A.—all Germans love marching. Their physical education was excellent, but their spiritual guidance was not neglected like that of their brown-shirted comrades.

With Hitler's advent to power many of these organisations were dissolved. Many groups were incorporated in Nazi units, into the Hitler Youth or the S.A.

One could give instances of the unchangeable spirit which to-day, after seven years, fills these men and boys. Not much can be said about them in these critical days. But when the time comes they will speak for themselves.

So will the German workers, united in cells of six or eight, who cling still to their Socialist convictions.

One of the prisoners in a German concentration camp is the well-known German Socialist M.P. Heilmann.

He is the great attraction of the camp. Many Nazi leaders have visited it and the commander of the camp has never failed to show them Heilmann, his star-prisoner. Even Himmler, the lord over all Nazi concentration camps, the advocate of the torture chambers in Nazi-land, has met Heilmann personally.

And on every occasion when Heilmann is exhibited for the benefit of a Nazi leader, the same incident is staged.

"Heilmann," the camp commander shouts, "Heilmann, step forward."

Heilmann steps forward, his back not bent, his hairless head erect.

"How long have you been here?"

"Since 1933. . . ."

"Have you not come to the conclusion that National Socialism is the greatest blessing for Germany and the German people?"

"I have not come to that conclusion."

The questions and answers are always the same. Proudly Heilmann sticks to his opinion. Nothing much happens to him. Do the Nazis respect his firmness, his unshakable antipathy which results in his continued confinement?

All the camp leader does is to hold up Heilmann as an example of the incorrigible criminal against whom the Nazi State must be on guard:

"Heilmann justifies our watchfulness." That is the conclusion to which the camp leader comes once every few months. In the meantime Heilmann carries on with the hard work and bears the treatment which is the lot of all prisoners of Nazism.

There are thousands of German Socialists as brave and as incorrigible in their antipathy to Nazism as Heilmann.

The only difference is that they are free. The German Socialists are not using up their strength in a romantic but fruitless struggle against the ruling Nazis. They work quietly to organise and extend their units.

Their plan is to be ready when the Nazi tyranny falls, to present the successors of Hitler with a strong and trustworthy organisation on which to build a new State. They want to help Germany in the hour when chaos threatens.

British and French Labour leaders often hear from these undaunted German Trade Unionists. Their messages come regularly. They give reliable information and valuable pointers to the weaknesses of the regime. They keep the world informed about the spark of freedom which still lives in Germany. One day they may kindle this spark and it will burst into a huge flame.

Can they do it by their own efforts? We shall have to examine later from which section of the German people they may expect help. I see the importance of their activity rather in the help which they will be able to give to the German people one day.

The German opposition cannot count on a Lenin. When the old Boshevist leader was taken in a sealed train through Germany into Russia, a gift of the German reactionaries to the Russian enemy, the hour of the Russian revolution struck. Whom could one send to Germany for a similar purpose?

Among the spiritual German fighters against Nazism one personality stands out: Thomas Mann. His name means something among the German people, but I doubt whether he will be there when the curtain falls on the Nazi stage.

Dr. Bruening, the Catholic Reichs-Chancellor of Germany, Dr. Wirth who also once sat on Bismarck's—and

Hitler's—place, Braun, the Socialist, Treviranus, the ex-minister?

I fear the German people have forgotten them. They are valuable supporters of the Allies, who have now taken the burden of this war on their shoulders. Their voices should count when a victorious Britain and France pass judgment on a defeated Hitler-Germany. But will they return to power in Germany? I wonder.

Nearest to my heart are the men of the German opposition who to-day proudly wear the uniforms of France and Britain. They are the victims of Hitler's oppression who have suffered in concentration camps and later made their way out of Germany to foreign countries against heavy odds.

The war has given a new purpose in life to the refugees, the unfortunate men and women who were splendid citizens of Germany but whom emigration reduced to useless, worthless receivers of charity. It has restored to them the hope that one day they will see their Fatherland again.

Moreover, they have proved beyond doubt that they were worth the attention, the patience, the help and the sympathy which they have received in their adopted countries. At the first sign of crisis in 1938, and again in the weeks before the outbreak of war, they offered their services to the British and French nations.

At last these services were accepted. The refugees were enrolled in the British and French armies where they now form true freedom corps and work and fight for the liberation of their country.

I think it must be inspiring for both the British and the French people to know that the refugees are with them in this struggle. How better could it be proved that this war is not conducted against the German people than

by the fact that Germans are fighting against the enemy, Hitler.

Once that enemy is defeated the refugees will take off their British and French uniforms. They will go back to their homes in Breslau and Berlin, in Hamburg and Munich. They will be the messengers of goodwill, the links between the Allies and the new Germany. They will be the guarantee that any wave of resentment in Germany against the victorious Allies will not mount to a dangerous wave—as it did after the last war—a wave on which a new Hitler could be carried to power again.

DANCING ON RUINS

ARE YOUR NERVES strong? Then join me on a tour of Warsaw in January. We are standing in front of a large building. Looking upwards, we see that it has no roof. But here is an entrance and through the doors we can hear a band playing tunes which are as popular in London as they are here.

Entering through the doors and passing along a dimly lit corridor we find ourselves, although it is quite early evening, in a "night club". It is a large room with lights that must once have shone brightly, but Warsaw's electricity in January, 1940, is not what it used to be.

You would expect a night club in Warsaw to be empty these days. It is not. It is crowded with men who try in vain to make a good impression, with women whose hysterical laughter betrays their artificial gaiety as an expression of despair.

Warsaw is dancing on ruins. It is a ghastly spectacle. The spectacle of a few hundred Poles whom a miracle saved from death. Is this really a night club? It could just as well be a lunatic asylum, for every one of the men and women present would be certified insane by any brain specialist in the world. The men are Poles on whom the instinct of self-preservation has played a cruel trick. They have submitted to the Nazi invaders in horror and fear of the fate that has overtaken thousands of their brethren. Those others have either been led away into German slavery or huddled together on one of the public

squares and mown down with machine-guns by cynical S.S. executioners.

That woman over there, in an evening dress of latest Parisian design, is drinking champagne like water. For days she has not eaten, and her dead eyes and hollow cheeks are the outward signs of the crazy search for husband and children which has kept her alive for weeks now. Her home is in ruins. The evening gown is the only garment which she can call her own. If she had only the courage to die. . . .

Now she is here and joins fifty or sixty others, all suffering unspeakable mental anguish, but drinking, dancing and singing. To-morrow, perhaps, they will all be crazy or dead. Or they will be walking along the ruined streets, or waiting at Gestapo headquarters to ask about husbands, brothers, fathers. Their questions will never be answered.

The inevitable Nazi journalist arrives on the scene. He surveys the picture and cruel satisfaction is reflected from his searching eyes. What a spectacle! What a story! He hurries to his headquarters and writes his dispatch:

"The German administration has left the light-hearted Poles with one escape from reality: night life in Warsaw. Streets are being cleared at eight o'clock, establishments and restaurants are closed. But, however fantastic it may sound, the *jeunesse dorée* of Warsaw has rebuilt its life of pleasure in the dark winter afternoons. They are Poles among themselves.

"There are in Warsaw a number of very smart night places with high prices for drinks and coffee. Every table is taken. If you come from outside, with the picture of the crippled building still in your mind, you cannot believe your eyes and ears when you are suddenly surrounded by an atmosphere of dance music and lively conversation.

"It is just like the Poles to slide from death to dancing. On the small dancing floor crowd elegant women and smartly dressed men. They are dancing well. Not demi-monde. You can see the faces of people who used to be popular in St. Moritz or in Nice."

The German language has a facility for crude expression that has been developed to an art by the Nazi illiterates who know nothing of its more beautiful subtleties. Just as no translation can interpret the vulgarity of every one of Hitler's speeches, so is it difficult to convey the full meaning of Nazi reports about defeated Poland.

But I want to show German-occupied Poland as seen through Nazi eyes. Only the reproduction of Nazi impressions of Warsaw can complete the picture which hundreds of other reports have given of the first modern city to be destroyed by air bombardment.

"Here in Warsaw," another Nazi journalist wrote at the end of 1939, "they did not understand the unmistakable language of the Fuehrer.

"But then, in a few hours, not only heavy stone buildings, and reinforced concrete, but also heroic poses of vanity, megalomania and hysteria collapsed under the iron massiveness of the German bombardment.

"This inferno of a two days' bombardment wiped the powder and rouge off the face of Warsaw. Equally the people who survived this bombardment acquired that terrified expression in their eyes and the terror of their experience taught them to realise reality."

The writer is a great author of the Nazi school. How else could he, in so few words, make every report in British or French newspapers about the inhuman treatment of the Poles by their German conquerors look pale.

In every line that Nazi writers penned about the conquest of Poland this spirit of "Schadenfreude", this

cruel, insulting, overbearing attitude, manifests itself with terrifying clarity. The shooting, the torturing, the plundering which the other men of this same breed commit are only the natural outcome of this general Nazi attitude.

Dr. Ley, the Nazi Minister, in a declaration made at a recent mass meeting of Germans in Lodz, said:

"You must remain hard. Then the wish of the German Fuehrer will come true here—that in 50 years this will be a flourishing farmland, in which there will be not a single Pole or Jew. We shall keep this land for all times."

Forster, the Nazi Gauleiter of Danzig notoriety, now overlord of the Poles in Western Poland, has promised to quicken the pace of Germanisation in his district: "Within the next six months," he told listeners in a recent speech, "you will not be able to find a single Pole in my Gau (district)."

Apart from the survivors of the Polish army, who are kept now as war prisoners in Germany although the war between Germany and Poland was over in 18 days, a million Poles have already been taken to the Reich as labour slaves.

Thousands were arrested in every town, peasants were taken from their farms, businessmen were evicted from their shops. Their property is now the loot of the most gigantic burglary ever committed.

Imagine the position in which a Polish farmer's wife finds herself six weeks after the outbreak of war. Her husband has joined up and she has not heard of him since. One morning she receives an official notice with the following text:

"The owner of this farm deserted his property during the war without pressing reasons. According to the order of the civil administrator attached to the military commander, I herewith confiscate the property of the fugitive

and the property of members of his family on behalf of the German Reich."

The wife and children are ordered to leave the district within twenty-four hours of the presentation of this order.

Following on the heels of the Gestapo man who executes the order comes a complete family of Baltic or Latvian German immigrants. They take possession of the farm. Others, in the same way, get houses, flats or shops.

The pitiful state in which the evicted persons, chiefly women and children, find themselves, is best revealed by the enthusiastic letter of a German woman from Latvia, who wrote to her Latvian local paper that in her new home she found everything ready for the household, including toys for her children.

German doctors transferred to Poland from the Baltic States stepped out of the horse-drawn carts which brought them from their old country to their new homes, and entered fully equipped surgeries, fully furnished flats with valuable pictures, libraries and so on.

Tens of thousands of Polish families have been evicted from their homes. During the winter they wandered about in the freezing nights, dragging their children behind them. They were modern nomads, hunting for food, starving and thirsty. As they marched along the dark roads they stumbled over the bodies of hundreds of their countrymen shot and left unburied for weeks as an example to any Pole who might find courage and strength enough to revolt against his tormentors.

I shall never forget the expression I saw on the face of a Polish girl who went through all this. She had escaped via Roumania and found her way to London. We were talking about the latest news which gave the estimate that 18,000 Polish scientists, noblemen and political leaders had been shot.

When somebody said "How terrible," the Polish girl looked up in surprise. "Eighteen million Poles envy those dead men to-day," she said. "You cannot imagine what it means to be alive in Poland."

How futile it seems that Poles must to-day step from the pavement into the roadway if a German officer or Nazi in uniform passes them, that men must take off their hats to him, that in shops, cafés and restaurants Germans must be served first whether they come later or not.

Try and think of the Polish women and children who in the icy cold winter months of 1940 have had no roofs over their heads, nowhere to go and nowhere to stay.

Think of the Polish Jews who have grown up in conditions of poverty and suffering worse than any other race could bear. To-day they are in the clutches of their deadliest enemies. Are they afraid? Do they run and hide when they see the Nazi rowdies storming their villages on the look out for fun and a chance of murder?

"They have the cheek to come out of their holes," writes Emil Strodthoff, the special investigator of the "Voelkischer Beobachter", in the Jewish villages of Poland. "They hang about on street corners as German soldiers pass.

"These Jews hate physical work even more than the proverbially lazy Poles. But we do not care a damn about this peculiarity of their race. Disregarding their weak excuses that they have something else to do, we go round the street and collect them in groups. If any dares to resist or hesitates he is soon taught to obey. We have all sorts of ways and means of forcing our will on an obstinate Jew. In the end we actually enjoy our success in putting them to work."

It is not difficult to imagine what these short sentences

of the Nazi investigator meant for the Jews whom he "put to work". The same thing has been happening in every part of Poland. But even the Nazi expert found it difficult to deal with Jewish children, who begged cigarettes and pieces of chocolate from the German troops and sold them to starving Poles.

I am not going to repeat the Vatican's broadcast about the treatment which the Polish priests suffered at the hands of the Nazis. That hundreds of them were put against walls and shot, that other hundreds were taken away to camps and forced to do menial work is quite in keeping with Nazi practice in conquered lands. Churches were transformed into dance halls for the German troops, to provide entertainment for them and their female companions from the "Bund Deutscher Maedel" (German girls' association) who followed the troops everywhere in Poland. Their task was to keep the German soldiers away from the Polish girls. Church valuables were carried away by special search squads of the S.S.

There are 5,000 priests living under indescribable conditions in barracks in Gdonska alone, and the few at liberty who venture out to fulfil their spiritual duties are liable to be subjected to shocking treatment. When one of them, Father Dobrzynsinsky, was taking the Last Sacrament to a dying man in Znin, his vestments were stripped from him by a Nazi labour gang and the Host was stamped on.

Father Jakubowsky who was forced to watch mass executions of his flock in Bydgoszcz cursed the executioners. He was beaten to death and died praying for his tormentors.

The Nazis themselves admit some of their crimes. They make these admissions in their attempts to cloak

at least some of the horrors which they perpetrate under the mantle of legality. Not satisfied with the wholesale murders of the Polish population by the S.S. and the Labour Gangs, they even stage trials against Polish prisoners who have survived their capture.

"Several Poles," says one of many similar reports in a German paper, "were accused of cruelties against members of the German armed forces."

It does not matter how many Poles were accused, it really does not matter either what their crimes were—whether they were Polish policemen trying to maintain order behind the lines, or Polish soldiers who captured or even shot their German opponents—the accused are always found guilty and sentenced to death.

Death for stealing, death for resisting a German officer, death for refusing to leave house and home, death for failing to stay at home after curfew, death for selling food, death for trying to buy food, death through starvation, death, death, death for the Poles is recorded on every page of a German paper on which you set your eyes.

And they dare to speak of malicious atrocity stories. They make a parade of the words of Hitler's "Mein Kampf", where he wrote that the German people would expand towards the east but would respect the "holy rights of men". Now they have transformed "German Lebensraum" into "Todesraum" for the Poles.

I have been asked often how the German people, how citizens of this nation that was once called a nation of thinkers and poets, can stoop so low. Bewildered Englishmen who have been to Germany and have met quite decent people there fail to understand the mentality of the brutal Nazi hordes who trample on Poland and the conquered Poles.

The first reply to this question is based on authenticated declarations by Hitler and Himmler, his chief instrument of destruction. There is a good reason why Himmler, the chief of the Secret Police and the S.S., has been placed in charge of a task which, on the face of it, seems to have so little to do with his normal duties. Himmler has been made special commissioner for the "Return of Foreign Germans to Germany". Why?

Only a policeman, backed by a force as ruthless and as cruel as the S.S., could achieve this task. It meant that new thousands of people had to be drawn into the German Lebensraum, which is almost as crowded as Hitler says. Every newcomer must crowd out somebody who was already there. For the homecoming Germans, room had to be found in Poland where the Poles were.

In Nazi logic that meant that the Poles had to disappear, that they must be crowded together like sheep in a ring, that a great percentage of them must virtually be exterminated. The use of Himmler for this task was made in the full realisation that it would be his job to decimate the Poles by the same methods by which he puts Germans into concentration camps or hustles them under the axe of the executioner. The Polish massacres, the expulsion of Polish women and children from their homes, the driving away of the Poles to Germany as if they were cattle or slaves, is a premeditated action, based on plans which were worked out long before the first shot was fired across the Polish frontier.

The spirit of the men who decided on this plan is known to-day all over the world. Nobody can be surprised that the whole idea originated in the maniacal mind of Hitler himself. That Himmler is the man chosen to carry it out is even less astonishing.

The men who actually do the work are the same S.S. Death's Head Brigade who for years have tortured even more defenceless victims, the inmates of Nazi concentration camps. They are the same men who amuse themselves by flogging Jews, whom they first hang on trees; the men who are careful to shoot their victims before they lose consciousness. Hitler and Himmler have educated these men to be ruthless, cruel, inhuman—in the name of Germany and the Fuehrer.

Scores of German army officers have turned away in shame from the sights they have seen in Poland.

XI

STANDING UP TO THE TERROR

I DID NOT BELIEVE it when I read, in a January, 1940, issue of the "Schwarze Korps", an article entitled "Enemies of the State wiped out". Who are these enemies of Hitler's State, I asked myself? But when I saw the names of a few prominent Prague university lecturers I said to myself: "The poor Czechs again!"

I was wrong: the enemies of Hitler's State, the victims of the latest Nazi purge, were not Czechs. They were the most prominent figures of Sudetenland's cultural life, the originators of National Socialism.

"There have been so many arrests," the "Schwarze Korps" wrote, "that only a few names can be mentioned." But these names included what were regarded as the pillars of Nazism. These were the banner-bearers of the early Nazi tradition which had its roots in the Sudetenland. A "Deutsche Arbeiter Partei"—a "German Workers' Party"—was founded there even before Hitler received his Number Seven Membership Card of the German Workers' Party in Munich.

The old Nazi purge recipe was employed against the Sudeten victims of this latest purge. They were accused of immorality, just as Roehm and his friends were in 1934.

It is easier for Hitler to purge his faithful Sudeten Germans—because he must go on purging somewhere to maintain his authority—than to deal with his most dangerous enemies: the Czechs.

To-day it is possible to see wisdom in President Benes' decision to accept Munich rather than sacrifice the

whole Czech nation in a hopeless struggle like that which has brought the Poles into the abyss. Because, as one man, the whole Czech nation to-day stands ready for revolt.

The oppressive measures which Hitler's henchmen carried out in Czechoslovakia could easily form the subject of another chapter in the history of Nazi atrocities. It would have the same features as all the others. As soon as the Nazis and their Gestapo men entered Prague, the first trains filled with Czech prisoners left for German concentration camps.

More than 100,000 Czech workers have been taken to Germany as labour slaves. Those who remain in the "protectorate" are under the close supervision of their Nazi overlords. And yet . . . I believe the Nazi observer who wrote that for a long time Polish nerves will be unable to withstand another bombardment. But the nerves of the Czechs are untouched, their spirit is unbroken.

Their organisations are intact. However many key-men of the Czech national life have been murdered or taken away to Germany, their first, second or third deputies are in their places. I have no doubt that, when the time comes, the spectacle of 1918 will repeat itself and, once again, the Czechs will give the signal for the overthrow of their tyrants.

It is not an idle prediction. The Czechs were the first to stand up against the Nazis in open revolt. Only those who have lived under the Nazi terror can realise the heroism which it needs to defy the tyranny of the Gestapo and the S.S.

Those who are watching and waiting for the German people to turn against Hitler should study the events of September 17th and 18th in Bohemia and Moravia. I regard them as historic events.

I was sitting in the Putney study of Dr. Benes, the Czech President, as news about a Czech revolt came over the wireless and through diplomatic channels. As I listened to this man who had once before led the Czech people to liberty and independence, I realised that here was a personality who would again achieve for himself the noble status (which has been misused too often and despoiled in Hitler's mouth) of a true liberator.

The reports from Prague said that Czech women had used boards studded with nails to attack the Germans. The Prague outbreak had been preceded by Labour demonstrations which developed into serious clashes between the people and the German authorities, chiefly the S.S.

During that week end, riots took place at Pardubice, Pribram, Pilsen, Tabor and Pisek. Later the revolt spread to a number of Slovak garrison towns.

The report added that violent repressive measures had little effect on the determination and courage of the Czech fighters. Those who had no firearms seized any obtainable weapon. The fight was described as relentless and grim, no quarter being given by either side. Bridges on important railways and roads were demolished, fire stations were put out of action, railways rolling stock and material damaged, workshops of factories were bombed and machinery destroyed.

After many thousands had been either shot or arrested, the revolt was crushed. But in those early days of the war, Hitler was forced to rush 60,000 S.S. men to Prague, among them the notorious, picked Hitler Standarte, his own regiment of ruffians.

We shall read similar reports from all over Germany one of these days. That is why I consider it important to look closer into this outbreak of revolutionary spirit among Hitler's victims and learn something from it.

Did the Czechs revolt on a given sign from their legal leaders outside Czechoslovakia? Did Dr. Benes give the signal for this revolt? The Nazis suggested it in their attempts to discredit the men who work for the liberation of Czechoslovakia. But a skilled oppositionist like Dr. Benes would have been the first to recognise that the time was not then ripe for revolt.

Thanks to him, the inner strength of the Czechs has been preserved and is being strengthened so that it will be effective at the proper time. Benes, at the time of the abortive revolt, admired the courage of his countrymen and perhaps regarded the outbreak as a sign that he can count on them when he chooses the moment. But at the same time he expressed consternation that so many valuable Czech lives should have been lost in a fight that was so premature and hopeless.

Did the Nazis themselves, did their agents provocateurs, the treacherous Czech Fascists, together with disguised Gestapo agents instigate the revolt? They had a good reason for doing so. The very reason which prevented the Czech leaders from giving the signal, must have been an incentive to them. They may have seen their chance to lure the Czech people into revolt so that they could swoop on the leaders, so that they could slaughter the most courageous Czechs and put hundreds of others into concentration camps.

Apart from these two possible origins of revolt there is a third, a more powerful motive which is much more dangerous for the oppressors. It is the unflinching spirit, the will to regain freedom, which fills the Czechs and will make them rise from time to time even against the heaviest odds.

Hitler knows that and he fears it. But the Czechs, even to-day, are too strong to be treated like the scat-

tered Poles after a lost war. The Nazis turn the screw on Czechoslovakia pretty hard, but they dare not overdo it, lest again the other victims of Hitler are presented with the example of a people in revolt. There are, to-day, limits to Hitler's power over the Czechs.

Some Czechs comment on the fact that conditions in Czechoslovakia have as yet not reached the well-known limits of Nazi oppression technique. They attribute this to the moderating influence of the "Protector", Baron von Neurath, over the policy of the Nazi bully Frank, who is the representative of the Nazi Party in Prague. I have my doubts about the division of Nazis into moderate and radicals. In every sphere of Nazi life this supposed division has been used as a smoke-screen for some purpose or another.

On the strength of many reports from Czechoslovakia I do not accept either a second explanation, which says that there are still important industries and factories for war material on Czech territory and that the Nazis are afraid of the effect on the production if unrest in Czechoslovakia takes on too violent forms and repeats itself too often.

Such consideration does not fit in with Nazi ideas of treatment of their subject peoples. Nazis themselves have admitted that Czechoslovakia is a powder magazine, but in saying this they do not think of the Skoda works and other armament factories, but of the explosive elements in the Czech character.

They can carry off the plants of big factories, as they have done from industrial centres of Czechoslovakia. They can plunder and take away the stores which the nation gathered in preparation for possible war in 1938. In thousands of cases they can persecute, arrest, sentence, condemn, Czech men and women, soldiers and

priests. But they have to watch their steps every day and every hour. They must go slowly.

So it happens that in Prague, according to a Dutch traveller whom I met, you can still get a four course dinner in every restaurant while the German Reich eats one-pot meals. There is more to eat in Prague to-day than in any other part of Germany.

The Czechs' power of resistance and their unequalled skill in opposition enable them to carry on under the eyes of S.S. and Gestapo at least some form of national life. Nowhere else but in Prague would it be possible under such rule to organise and maintain clandestine political work and to resist the attempts of Hitler's cultural agents to impose German culture. For Prague is a centre of real European culture.

Nazi propagandists will claim my statements as proof of German respect for Czech culture. But I would only be playing into Goebbels' hands if I suppressed the truth, for fear of how he might interpret it.

If Czech national life still exists to-day, it is not by the grace of Hitler's administrators but in spite of their attempts to suppress it.

As you walk along the Graben, in Prague, you can watch the Czech people as they pass each other, looking into each other's eyes with that wistful glance that means "Here is a friend". Two Czechs who have never met in their lives, never exchanged a word, are and feel united against Nazism. In the word's truest sense they extend that union "in passing", build it up into a chain, into a brotherhood of the whole Czech nation.

It was still warm in Prague when the war began. The autumn sun shone over the old roofs of Prague's Kleinseite, Czech girls still wandered arm in arm along the narrow streets of their old town.

Sturdy S.S. men sometimes followed them. A smile, an invitation . . . I wish I could describe the girls' reply. They did not say a word, they just expressed their feeling with a look. And the Black Guards, who are hardened to the sight of mutilated bodies, whom neither the tears of a woman nor the cries of a baby can move, turned on their heels and disappeared.

All the proverbial obstinacy of the Czechs, all the stubborn spirit which they can muster, all the hatred of a down-trodden nation, was concentrated in the eyes of the Czech girls. If glances could kill, all the S.S. guards of Prague would have fallen dead long ago. It is a Czech national victory to see them retreating from those scornful, blazing eyes.

All over Czech towns and villages you can observe the same deadly look on the faces of Czech women. Before this cold winter broke over Europe, Czech girls froze their Nazi oppressors out. I know of Reichswehr officers, of S.S. leaders who begged their superiors to transfer them from Czech territory. The tormentors were suffering under the cold boycott of their victims.

Without a grumble, but with the same dogged determination the men of Czechoslovakia bear their fate. The Germans treat them as an inferior race. But visitors have described it to me as a hearty experience to see how cleverly the Czechs show that they feel the same way about the Germans. Their conviction that the scum of Germany has been put into uniform to play at soldiers on the home front, to present a caricature of modern civilisation, makes them laugh under their tears. They fear the monster, but at the same time they despise it.

It does not need special exhortation to lead half the population of Prague on any day towards the grave of

the Czech unknown warrior. This people has a sense for casual opposition which drives the tormentors to despair.

No agitators need draw the attention of Czech students to the coming round of the day on which the Czechs celebrate the anniversary of their independence. The older men may be under the yoke of the terrorists, but the younger ones are ready to pay homage to their country and their country's heroes. So it happens that within a few weeks of the suppression of the Czech fighters for liberty, Czech students gather and sing their national songs, wearing on their jackets the little flags of their country and celebrating an anniversary of the days gone by.

And across the road members of the Nazi Security Police keep watch. Try to imagine the picture of Prague university on the 28th October last, the 21st anniversary of Czechoslovakia's independence.

On one side students of Prague, on the other the S.S., men from Dresden, Hamburg, Leipzig. The latter, armed to the teeth, have been sent to Czechoslovakia because they have passed their examination in ruthlessness.

The youths up there on the steps of the building sing their national songs. The others across the road watch grimly. They have never learned to fight in that way. And when they are confronted with those who fight with their heart and soul they know only one reply: the bullet. A short command, the clatter of the rifles. Fire! And the brave young men of Czechoslovakia lie dead.

But the hounds are out for still more game. From the running, shouting crowd of boys they pick out five, ten, a score and take them away. German justice intends

to deal with them in a legal way. They are tried, sentenced, executed—decent people would call it murdered.

And on that same day, Baron von Neurath, one of the greatest weaklings who ever turned himself into an instrument of Nazism, sat at the "German Theatre" in Prague. As Herr Reichs-Protector of Czechoslovakia, he watched one of those magnificent performances which the Nazis had sent to the Protectorate as a sign of their culture.

It was an excellent performance, true enough, but a neutral journalist friend of mine who attended it confessed that he could not concentrate on the performance because all the time he was thinking of those dead and wounded Czech youths who had been sacrificed that same day for no real reason at all.

Just about the same time I read in the "Voelkischer Beobachter" a big story on the front page with an enormous headline announcing: "Reconstruction and prosperity in the Protectorate."

After that anniversary outrage, Prague was dead, for a few days. Thousands had been arrested. Ever new motorised divisions of S.S. poured into the city and the Nazi missionaries of culture closed one school after another to accommodate the occupying forces.

The Czech universities and schools are still closed. But the students found themselves together again on the day when their murdered colleagues were buried. Again the S.S. swooped. All over Czechoslovakia they hunted down the youths who dared to appear in mourning. None of them was over eighteen. And here is one report of how they were treated. I will give it as it reached London a few weeks later:

"In Brno, the capital of Moravia, more than 600 students were arrested by the Gestapo. They were tied

together in fours, loaded into trucks and taken to concentration camps.

"Some of the students were released later and allowed to go home. They had been so brutally treated that they were incapable of working. In some cases parents could not recognise their sons. Their faces had been so terribly mutilated. Many others were crippled for life."

The Nazis have devised their own method of substituting new children to take the places of those they have murdered and crippled in Czechoslovakia. When the S.S. and Gestapo forces were able to report that they had the Czech situation under control and that no new rising need be expected for some time, Hitler gave the order for unborn babies to be sent to the land which suffers under his protection.

Expectant German mothers? . . . How can one make use of them? That was Hitler's problem. He decided to send some of them to Prague so that their babies would be born on Czech soil. They would help him and his henchmen to Germanise the land. Their German children, in his idea, should be rooted in Czech soil.

I wonder whether these mothers, by now, are not cursing Hitler just as much as the Czechs do.

The Czechs curse Hitler and wait. On one particular Sunday they go and watch a football match. That Sunday is a great day for Prague. The winning team will receive a cup as prize. It is a cup which was presented originally by a Czech named Svoboda. Thousands of spectators shout, as the game goes on: "At zije (long live) Svoboda!"

Have they forgotten their misery, their oppressors, the Nazi slave-drivers? They have not. Svoboda happens to be the Czech word for Freedom.

XII

EVIL COMMUNICATIONS . . .

A SLIM, TALL, BLACK-MOUSTACHED man in the middle thirties enters the room in which Metternich once used to whistle the tune to which the Congress of Vienna danced.

He wears the uniform of a Group Leader of the S.S. which can be seen so frequently in Vienna now, although it does not seem to harmonise with the surroundings of the Ballhausplatz, age-old centre of European politics.

The S.S. man is a wellknown figure in Austrian political life. Austria's last Chancellor, Dr. Schuschnigg, picked him out from among fifty odd Catholic students and made him an official of his Fatherland Front and later his own private secretary.

To-day the spirit of Metternich is banished from the big room with the high white windows which overlook the Volksgarten and its monuments to Prince Eugene and other heroes of old Austria. The S.S. man clicks his heels, stretches out his hand in the Nazi salute and with a "Sieg Heil" greets his present chief, Herr Buerkel, Hitler's Gauleiter of the "Ostmark", as Austria has been renamed.

I know this S.S. man particularly well. His name is Baron Froehlichsthal and he comes from an old Austrian family. He has often shown me into the same room, Metternich's room, from where in my life-time Hungarian aristocrats, Austrian Imperial Prime Ministers, a Socialist Chancellor, the Catholic priest Seipel, Dollfuss and Schuschnigg have directed the affairs of Austria.

The last time I saw Froehlichsthal was in Schuschnigg's presence. I was particularly impressed by the warm and sympathetic glance which the Austrian Chancellor turned on his secretary.

But at that time this secretary had already sworn allegiance to Hitler. He was one of the thousands of secret, illegal Nazis who worked in the Austrian offices of State, industrial centres, newspaper offices, business and cultural institutions.

Schuschnigg did not know that he was entrusting his closest secrets to the Nazi enemy's emissary in his camp. He could not have guessed that on the day when he would be sent to a Gestapo prison his trusted secretary, Baron Froehlichsthal, would simply put on S.S. uniform and perform his old secretarial duties to the new Nazi leader who would step into Schuschnigg's shoes.

Only after Nazism had swallowed up Austria did we realise how deeply into the roots of Austrian life Nazism had grown. It has taken the most hard-boiled and suspicious politicians many months to recover from the shock of discovering that their dearest friends were secret Nazi agents, that they had been spied upon day and night, betrayed a thousand times. Thousands, hundreds of thousands, found they had been living in an atmosphere of political and personal falsehood which probably has no parallel in the history of the world.

Now the tables are turned. The Nazis are in control in Austria, but their administration is undermined by enemies of the State, this time by enemies of Nazism.

Buerkel does not trust Baron Froehlichsthal. He knows that this man has already betrayed one friend and superior; he can see from his whole manner that he is not happy with the present state of affairs although he contributed so vitally towards it.

Froehlichsthal, in his turn, does not trust his brother who was never an enthusiastic Nazi. The brother cannot trust his maid, who was brought up in the spirit of Socialism, of which Vienna was a stronghold. Such is Austria to-day.

Austrian Fascists have become Communists, Monarchists have sworn allegiance to Nazism, Austrian Nazis have gone redder than red. Socialists who hated Schuschnigg joined the Nazis rather than fight for Austria's independence. Advocates of pan-Germanism resisted the march of Hitler against Austria because in their dreams they saw a different Greater Germany, a Germany respected by the world.

I am not surprised that Austria is the problem child of Europe's most astute diplomatists. Are the Austrians Nazi? How many of them want Hitler? How big is the number of his supporters to-day? Do Austrians want a new independence?

Let us take a look around Nazi Vienna. People still go to the opera and listen to the philharmonic orchestra, although it has been purged of its famous Jewish players. But knickerbockers and soft green shirts, or at best Nazi uniforms, are now accepted among an audience which was once the smartest in the world.

There is nothing left of the proverbial charm and elegance of Vienna. The beautiful Rathaus-Platz, an architectural miracle, is hidden behind hundreds of Swastika flags. Nazism has been smeared over Austria even more thickly than over Germany itself. The Nazi conquerors are not so sure about the Austrians. To-day Austria feels less of the war than the rest of Germany. But it feels more of Nazism.

The purges of Jews, Catholics, Monarchists and Socialists in the first foreign country which Hitler

conquered lie in the past. However terrible Austria's plight in 1938 it has been overshadowed by the sufferings in Czechoslovakia and Poland.

Austrians have the "honour" to speak the same language as their Nazi conquerors. Because they were unfortunate enough to have Hitler born in their midst, they are regarded and treated just like people in any other part of Germany. After two years' hard work on Austria, the Nazi government has now, in war time, completely amalgamated the Austrian administration with that of the Reich.

Unlike Czechoslovakia, Austria has no longer a government of its own. Seyss-Inquart, its first Nazi Statthalter, is a Cabinet Minister of the Reich. His services are no longer required in Austria and he spends his miserable days as second in command to the Nazi overlord in Poland, Frank.

Like Seyss-Inquart, every other Austrian Nazi, having served his purpose and done his job of treason on behalf of the Nazis, has been removed to other parts of the Reich. Hundreds of thousands of Prussians have been sent to Austria to eliminate what is left of the specific character of the Austrian people.

As they sit at their desks in Austrian offices they wonder whether and how they will succeed. Austria, and Vienna in particular, has always been difficult ground for any government. The Viennese have a way of looking at things, of speaking their minds, of taking their own course of action which can baffle even a Nazi oppressor.

Once it was said of Austria that everything there, even dictatorship, was tempered by slackness. But Austria's slackness presents a special problem in this war. The Austrians are dissatisfied. Nazi rule has overwhelmed

them too suddenly after their long spell of precarious but carefree life. Now life is only precarious. Goering has forbidden the Austrians to be carefree.

He cannot forbid them to grumble. And what, in the Reich, is a major crime against the State must be conceded to the Austrians even in wartime.

"The Austrians grumble, of course," writes a Nazi reporter in the "*Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*", with resignation. They grumble plenty.

It is the small things that annoy the Austrian people most. With bitter irony they reflect on the times before their "salvation by Hitler". Times when they could drink coffee in their traditional old cafés, as Viennese have done for hundreds of years.

"The Viennese can still have their water. No Englishman can take it from them . . ." writes the Nazi reporter, referring to an old Viennese custom to make an indifferent joke. Coffee in a Vienna café is served always with two glasses of water.

Viennese swallowed hard when they read this story. Prussian humour does not appeal to them. "Do they mean to make fun of us?" they asked. Even Austrian Nazis resented the joke. "What have we to do with this war against Britain?" was their general feeling.

Vienna papers at first used restraint in their anti-British campaigns. They knew they could not so easily dupe the Austrians, Nazis or non-Nazis. This was even more evident after the leaflet raid which British bombers performed over Vienna in January, 1940.

People in the streets of Vienna looked up at the sky and soon recognised the British bombers. They were not afraid of them. No Viennese expects Britain to bomb his city. Men and women eagerly read the leaflets which were dropped. They were printed in such big type that

nobody needed to violate the law against picking them up in order to read them.

Viennese still remember another British invasion which brought prosperity and helped to save Austria. It was at a time when Hitler, in an attempt to strangle Austria economically, had placed a ban on German tourists to Austria. British visitors arrived instead. They saved Austria's vital industry, tourist traffic, and thousands of Austrians from ruin.

"It is all the fault of the Prussians." Austrians have been saying that ever since the war started. Whether they are Nazis or not they hate the Prussians. If Hitler had had a genuine Nazi majority in Austria in the plebiscite of 1938, he would have forfeited it by sending the Prussians there.

To-day, Goebbels himself admits that there were "only four million" who supported Schuschnigg in 1938. That means that two-thirds of Austria's population was anti-Nazi then, although the four million include Socialists who were not for Schuschnigg, and not for Hitler either.

At the outbreak of war, the Nazis called upon tens of thousands of Austrian veterans of the Great War to enlist in the army for service in Poland. Serving young men in Austrian regiments were sent to Germany and many Austrian units were broken up or "strengthened" with Germans from the Reich.

The German Army High Command was not so sure of these young Austrians and for months they were kept in the background, retained in reserve and not sent to Poland or to the Western front.

But when the liberation of Austria, or at least a plebiscite on liberation, became one of the frequently stated war aims of the Western powers, Hitler grew furious. Young

Austrian soldiers had to suffer for it. They were sent wherever there was most danger and many lost their lives.

Hundreds of young Austrians had to die because Hitler could not bear to hear doubts expressed about Austria's loyalty to Nazism.

Hitler's fury was justified. And disillusionment in Austria is strongest among those Austrians who at one time supported Nazism most enthusiastically.

This disillusionment began only a few weeks after the Nazi invasion when Austria's Nazi youths learned the difference between the catchy Nazi propaganda slogans about "liberation" and the hard facts which this "liberation" brought with it.

The Nazi "heroes", who had been busy inside Austria before the anschluss as bomb throwers, spies and saboteurs, were at first celebrated as Hitler's advance guard. But very soon all of them disappeared into labour gangs. Instead of the Wild-West romanticism of their political struggle, instead of plotting, heckling, killing and dressing up in attractive uniforms, they had now to work in quarries, repair roads and do tasks for their Prussian overlords.

Had they kicked the Austrian Jews out to get jobs for the Prussian foreigners, or for themselves? They asked themselves this question quite openly and when their Gauleiter, the Saarlander Buerkel, decided in favour of the Prussians, they rebelled.

A rebellion against Nazism meant death at that time. Many did die—and those who kept quiet because they did not want to die are not at all happy.

The war has wholly upset the calculations of the Austrian Nazis. It has ended their hope that, one day after all, they might get the chance to run their own country.

It is not difficult to picture these Austrian Nazis who find themselves at war to-day. I have ample proof that in no other part of "Greater Germany" were the people so stunned, so flabbergasted, so desperate about this war as in Austria.

September the 3rd showed the deep cleavage between Austrian and German sentiment. I am told that in the streets of Vienna people were seen laughing when they read the news about Britain and France declaring war. It was hysterical laughter—"Why, it is too funny to be true. . . ." But the laughter quickly changed to tears.

"Why should we go to war. . . .?"

To this day most Austrians, including the Nazis, do not understand what they are fighting for. Their union with Germany is too shortlived to have removed from the minds of even Austrian Nazis the memory of their twenty post-war years, when Austria was a small and inoffensive country, burdened with difficulties, it is true, but outside the range of war.

It seemed utterly impossible to all Austrians that they might have to go to war for a second time in their lives. Then Hitler's shadow loomed over the country.

Only eighteen months separated the anschluss from the war. The Austrian people were not prepared so quickly to accept the sacrifices which Germans had become used to after seven years of Hitler rule.

The Nazi spirit almost disappeared from Austria with the outbreak of war. Not even Party officials in Vienna remained unaffected by the general laxity. The Prussians were subjected to pin-pricks from every side. It was "their war" more than anything: the Austrians cared little.

There were a few attempts at resistance to the Nazi war regulations which strangled Austria's life. But they

were soon crushed. Austria's Nazis, in so far as they have remained faithful to the idea, are more cruel, more vindictive than the German Party people. The Austrian worker is apathetic, but his apathy is enforced by circumstances and it is a permanent danger for the administration.

A few old people dream and even speak of the Habsburgs as possible saviours from the Nazi oppression. But they do not count. What is important is that so many people in Austria hope for some kind of salvation. Communism, which was never successful in Austria, raises its head. Many workers who resent Nazism have become radical reds. They hope that the Hitler-Stalin alliance will crush Nazism.

In the meantime few realise what an important strategic point in Hitler's "European empire" Austria has become; hoping, like the Viennese, that Vienna will never be bombed by the Allies, Hitler has ordered the city to be made the chief storehouse of Germany. Along the Danube quays, huge storehouses have been established with cellars three and four deep. They hold a big proportion of the much advertised food and other reserves of Nazism.

Vienna, alone among German cities, can boast of a trade expansion in the last two years, of increased business activity which is not directly concerned with the war. There are in Austria the Hirtenberg works, the ammunition producing centre now incorporated in the Goering combine. There are the iron works of Styria and the Alpine-Montan Company, where Nazi arms are produced in great quantities. There are also oil wells near Vienna, underestimated by the rest of the world, but useful to the Nazis in augmenting their meagre supplies.

But the main activity in Austria is directed towards

the Balkans. Vienna, door to the Balkans, is the slogan which the Nazis have popularised. Austrians still go to Jugoslavia, Rumania, Hungary and exploit for Hitler the goodwill which their firms still command in the Danube basins.

These firms are under Prussian control already but Austrians are still employed as salesmen or buyers. They succeed very often in doing business where the harsh Prussians would fail.

Are the Austrians doing this to aid the Nazi war effort? I do not think so. It is only their instinct of self-preservation that drives them on. They are working for their own pockets.

Not even in the highest Nazi circles are there parallels for the graft and corruption now characteristic of Austrian Nazi business methods in the Balkans. It is political corruption in a new sense.

Austrian business people grow rich at the expense of the Nazis. They work for them, but they pocket the profits. Lectures about the sacred interests of the German community have no effect on them. Belgrade, Budapest and Bucarest banks carry big accounts in the names of Austrian Nazi trade agents. They all become rich. They all encourage Balkan dealers to charge the highest prices for exports to Germany and accept handsome commissions in exchange.

In their own way, the individualistic, egoistic Austrians contribute to the Allied blockade. Through them the Nazis are forced to pay more and more—into the pockets of their Austrian brothers.

Their bad example is copied by many Prussians who have been transferred to Austria. Instead of teaching the Austrian slackers Nazi discipline, the Prussians in Austria are being corrupted by their protégés.

From political dishonesty the Austrian Nazis have changed to private corruption. Nowhere in Germany can one hope to "fix it up with the authorities" so easily—or so expensively—as in Austria. Nowhere is the "going so good" in the struggle for war-orders, for export permissions, travel-certificates, applications for foreign exchange.

This atmosphere corresponds to the Austrian temperament. Austrians will always make the best of everything. They are doing the same with Nazism.

Nazi newspapers, early in 1940, were jubilant about the versatility and the astuteness which Austrian trade and industry had shown in the years of transition from independence to dependence on Germany. They admit the "unavoidable irregularities" accompanying the process of assimilation, but point out that this assimilation will greatly benefit the German Reich.

I am not so sure about that. Whatever, in normal circumstances, could be said about the business and political methods employed by Austrians in their dealings on behalf of Germany, they are already having a disintegrating effect in the Reich. If I know my Austrians at all, I must say that this process is more likely to spread than be stemmed. The Austrians have a way of sneaking through the meshes of the net of brutality and force. And their method is too subtle, too astute for the crude Prussian Nazis to detect, let alone prevent.

In Austria one can also notice a different kind of anti-Nazi spirit. It is the attitude of the Austrians towards those Jews who have remained in the country. Jewish friends who emigrated to Britain a few weeks before the outbreak of war were staggered when the Nazi passport official in Vienna wished them "God speed" and then whispered into their ears: "I envy you because you are Jews . . . you can get away, but we can't."

To-day, as in the old times of Luegerian antisemitism (Lueger was Vienna's antisemitic Lord Mayor who said "I decide who is a Jew" when challenged to give up his Jewish friends), every Vienna Nazi has his "favourite Jew". He protects him and helps him against the S.S. and the other Nazi authorities.

Jewish doctors, Jewish engineers are at work in Austria again. A leading Jewish chemist, who was near starvation at the outbreak of war, was asked to take a job in a Nazi laboratory. "But I am a Jew . . ." he protested in fear that he might be accused of accepting a job under false pretences.

"We know—but we do not want to know," he was told, and he is now working alongside swastika-decorated Nazi colleagues.

There is evidence that the Austrian "goings on" are known in Berlin. But nobody interferes for the time being, because the Nazi authorities are afraid that harsher methods in Austria might increase popular opposition which is not finding practical expression yet.

It is the general feeling in Austria, among the Socialists who have retained their secret organisations intact, among the Catholics who now flock to church in ever increasing numbers, that they will win if Germany loses the war.

This feeling has been reported as existing in many parts of the Reich. According to my reports it is only incidental and not very frequent there. In Austria it is the prevalent sentiment among the majority of the people.

XIII

PROPAGANDA BY FORCE

A NOTICE WHICH APPEARED in the Nazi press five months after the outbreak of war shows clearly how Nazi propaganda now dominates the life of Germany.

It reports a meeting of Berlin doctors culminating in a speech by the Deputy Gauleiter of Berlin, Dr. Goerlitzer.

What did the Nazi Gauleiter say to the doctors? "War has confronted German doctors with a difficult task. Doctors, more than any others, must be kept informed about current political problems. It is their task to use their great personal influence with their patients politically, as well as advising them on medical questions."

When the Nazis came to power they accused priests of influencing their followers during confession. To-day German doctors are asked to propagate Nazism among sick Germans.

But there appears, too, in the view of the Nazi propagandists, an equally important political platform: it is the small local shop. Dr. Funk, the Nazi Minister of Economics, has therefore explained the duties of the shop-keeper in war-time.

Is it his duty to sell his goods? No—he cannot sell more than the State allows him and often he has not even enough stock to fulfil his customers' rations. Does Dr. Funk ask him to help in consolidating the economic front of the Reich? No—he has no savings; he cannot obtain credit, he is an economic nonentity in war-time Germany.

But he can influence his customers and press the official Nazi view on them. If they grumble, if they

spend their time in the shop discussing the latest news or political problems, then the shopkeepers' task can be summed up in two words: Nazi Propaganda.

The Polish war has brought it home to Dr. Goebbels that Death can be also a beautiful weapon of propaganda. German families have the habit of announcing the death of any member in big advertisements in the newspapers.

What a chance this offered to put the tales about Polish atrocities across the German people and the world. Goebbels argued like this: "If they do not believe what the German Press writes, if they do not trust our statistics about the thousands of Polish Germans who were murdered in cold blood at the outbreak of war . . . let them look into the death announcements which crowd the advertisement pages of every paper in the Reich."

One after another the Polish German families were forced to insert death announcements which read like this: "Our beloved son, Karl Schleger, was abducted from Bromberg by Polish hordes on the 3rd September and was brutally killed. We lose a fine son and the Reich loses an untiring fighter for the ideals of the Fuehrer."

But these individual announcements were not enough. The newly appointed German mayors of Polish towns and villages were asked to compile lists of Polish Germans killed or "abducted" during the hostilities between Germany and Poland. Their names were inserted in huge collective death announcements, some of which gave 30 or 40 names of German Poles supposed to have been "brutally murdered while serving Fuehrer and Fatherland".

This ugly form of propaganda had great effect among Germans in the Reich. It did not occur to them that these Polish Germans had participated in the Nazi

attack on Poland as snipers and saboteurs, and later in armed units.

That the Poles should have replied in kind to these attackers in their rear, and that casualties should result among the Germans as well as among the Poles, was astutely hidden from the German people. They had the impression only that the Polish "atrocities campaign" called for sharp measures from the Reich.

And how Nazi propaganda revelled in the Polish war. What an opportunity to show the world how Nazi Blitzkrieg technique worked. Every phase of the war was publicised over the radio, in the press and in speeches. Every single soldier was turned into a victorious hero.

Under this propaganda barrage the German people, for a short while, believed the boast of the invincibility of the German army. Hitler's genius was demonstrated to them once again.

At that time we did not know how utterly unprepared the Poles were to meet the blows of the Nazi invader. Nobody knew that Smigly-Rydz and his collaborators had neglected the advice of Western military experts on defence measures. The Nazi military walkover seemed like a miracle to many British people. How much more so did it seem like one to the Germans.

As a result of this short war, Nazi journalists could easily adopt a line which is best exemplified by the following quotation from one of the many leaders written about the glorious German people. It runs:

"A people at war, a people under arms, a people in the intoxicating feeling of happiness—that is Germany. Invincible, because God wants them to live. Heaven with its stars above them and the law of decency in them are the guarantees, are the source of German strength."

It makes non-Nazi Germans sick to read it. But this

exuberant, unrestricted self-adulation is undoubtedly the stuff to give the mass of German people, suffering as they do from one of the most complicated inferiority complexes that has ever befallen a race.

Yet one Nazi propaganda expert has realised that there is a limit even to Nazi propaganda.

"A strong government," he has written, "can prevent destructive criticism in parliament, in the press, over the radio. It can close the frontiers, censor foreign letters, interfere with foreign broadcasts. But it is unable to prevent the chatter of the grumblers, the defeatists and the enemy agents."

So to-day, in war-time, Nazi propaganda must rely not only on the skill of Goebbels' experts, certainly not on the strength of their arguments, but mainly on the Gestapo.

The Gestapo has become the strongest arm of Nazi internal war propaganda. And how afraid that organisation is of the leaflets which R.A.F. planes drop over Germany!

A communiqué issued by the Chief of Police, Himmler, forbids Germans to leave their homes for ten minutes after an air-raid warning. Does Himmler want to protect people from straying bullets or what? Before the ten minutes are over, thousands of Hitler Youth boys, between the ages of eight and ten rush out on the streets by official order. From this fact we can guess the purpose of the new measure.

The boys, who can read but who understand little of politics, have been given the task of picking up the leaflets, collecting them and handing them in at the nearest party office.

"They cannot beat us by these ridiculous leaflets," shouts the German press. But millions must waste ten

minutes of their time, which is so valuable to the government, so that not one leaflet may fall into an adult German's hands.

Does the German people stand behind the Fuehrer with unshakable belief in his ultimate success? has it nothing to fear from enemy propaganda? Ask the Gestapo. For the Gestapo can search every German's home at any odd hour to see whether he or his family is listening to a foreign broadcast.

The death sentence is now the punishment for offenders caught listening in to Strasbourg, Paris or London. Death for listening! We have said and written a lot about the "war in the ether". Little did we realise that it would within such a short time claim its own share of death victims. They are the Germans caught listening, many of them shot on the spot, others are taken to prison, tried for the sake of publicity and sentenced to death.

Nazi propaganda, in the meantime, works on. I have picked out a Nazi figure who to me seems to be the personification of this propaganda. He is Nazi aircraftman Franke.

Franke, unfortunate fellow, was promoted to the rank of lieutenant because he sank the British aircraft-carrier Ark Royal. Franke was decorated with the Iron Cross first and second class because he sank the Ark Royal. Franke was photographed by the Nazi propaganda ministry and his picture was distributed to every German paper; every one of them displayed it on the front-page because he sank the Ark Royal. Franke was introduced to Nazi pressmen and to the representatives of the neutral press in Berlin. He was exhaustively interviewed.

Franke gave talks on the German wireless. Translations of his talks were transmitted in a score of languages.

Franke became a war hero whose name the German people could not easily forget.

Yet two months after all this ado the Nazi radio and the Nazi press admitted casually that the Ark Royal had not really been sunk, but escaped with heavy damage. Actually it had been merely rocked by a bomb which fell near.

The German people fall for all this Franke nonsense. The ultimate truth, given little prominence, does not detract much from the pleasure they were given by the original lie. Goebbels may not in the end beat the "grumbler" and the "defeatist". He cannot in the long run explain away all the inner difficulties of the Reich. But he will certainly hold out a long time yet and will continue to paint the progress of the war in rosy colours.

There was no Goebbels during the last Great War and yet in 1918 the defeat of the German army in the field came as a complete surprise to the overwhelming majority of the German people. They were so easy to deceive.

Goebbels is building on this. He knows that millions of Germans will tighten their belts so long as they believe they can help Germany to victory. And the greater the sacrifice which Hitler must demand from the people, the more readily do they believe in the tales of military success and victory in the field.

They could not have otherwise accepted the explanation of the Graf Spee "victory" in the mouth of the River Plate. But the propagandists handled this awkward affair cleverly. One German ship against three; retirement into Montevideo harbour for repairs; refusal of the Uruguayan government to give sufficient time to carry out these repairs; British Navy reinforcements assembled in front of the harbour to capture the Graf

Spee; scuttling by order of the Fuehrer, and the Captain going down with the ship—that is killing himself after fulfilling his task of saving the crew.

It sounds quite simple if you know no more about it. And the German people were not told any more.

This super-efficient propaganda apparatus still works miracles. Listen to the Nazi radio. It takes the German listener right to the front line. For his benefit a huge gun is fired into French territory. You can hear the gunners loading, the officer shouts his command to fire. The thunder of the gun on the Western front roars through every German home.

An air squadron is introduced as it stands on the airfield ready for the flight against the enemy. Officers report about the conditions of their machines. Orders are given. Motors buzz. "Good luck" shouts from the ground crew can be heard. The listener's imagination soars and follows the Nazi bombers on their flight toward England.

Another radio presentation. A reconnaissance patrol on the Western front receives orders to investigate the position of a French machine-gun emplacement. A lieutenant and three N.C.O.'s go, crawling on their dangerous way. "Watch out!" murmurs the officer to his men. Sounds become fainter and fainter. In ten minutes the men return and report complete success, no losses.

How is it done? For the first few months the Nazis were shameless enough to pretend that the microphone was actually following the troops and flyers on their heroic exploits. Later an admission crept into the press that these broadcasts were made from gramophone records taken actually in the front line.

Dr. Goebbels, why not admit the truth? Why deny the existence of the little band of actors and stage noise

experts? Why not give them the credit for their excellent performances?

A special studio has been built in Kaiserdamm, the Berlin B.B.C., and in this studio all the breath-taking war exploits of the German infantry, Air Force, and Navy are performed by a dozen actors.

All this is done for the benefit of German listeners on the home front. It is just one of the radio tricks Dr. Goebbels perpetrates for his people.

Another of these tricks serves the same purpose, to entertain the home front. It is called "Wunschkonzert".

"Wunschkonzert" means that the audience can choose a number of the items which a band plays for them at a concert. Wunschkonzert for the troops are the home front's greatest radio treat. But the troops never hear them. Radio sets are kept away from them. For instance the troops who fought in Poland were so completely cut off from all news that most of them had no idea that Germany was at war with Britain and France as well as Poland.

Inside Germany the Wunschkonzert is a big draw. A clever announcer pretends to read messages from relatives to front soldiers. Actually soldiers do not hear these messages although they are sent to them by relatives instead of letters. The authorities have hit on this way of cutting down the number of letters, thousands of which have had to be confiscated because of their defeatist contents.

German experts writing on the Great War claim that nothing undermined the morale of the German troops so much as the desperate letters which parents or wives wrote to them from home.

According to all the reports I have from Germany it is not true to say that the majority of people there

do not listen to wireless propaganda. Nor do I see any reason why they should not. The presentation of this propaganda is excellent.

Front reports, so long as one does not know that they are faked, are sometimes thrilling, often instructive. The news is, of course, highly coloured and tendencious, but I think this only serves to stimulate interest. The news broadcasts are full of taunts against the Allies. Irony is freely employed in the news presentations.

Almost every evening, an official of the Nazi Propaganda Ministry gives what is called a press and radio review in which he tries to refute foreign statements about Germany. His name is Hans Fritsche. He is a journalist formerly employed by the Hugenberg newspaper combine. Fritsche is certainly an attractive speaker.

When I say that German people still listen to these broadcasts I do not mean that they believe everything they hear. Neither do they, to-day, trust the newspapers any more. This is, for Britain and France, the first victory in this war.

Drastic sentences against listeners to foreign broadcasts are a preventive measure. The Nazis do not try any more to hide their fear of enemy propaganda.

The "Essen Nationalzeitung" still claims that Britain has not only suffered defeats in military and economic fields (whatever that claim is worth) but is also being badly beaten on the third front: the propaganda front.

But, in contrast with this proud statement, the paper goes on to describe in greatest detail the effects of enemy propaganda in the last war. Ludendorff is quoted as writing that most people in Germany at the end of the Great War were unable to distinguish between their own feelings and enemy propaganda.

The so-called "Stab-in-the-back" theory—claiming that Germany won the last war in the field and lost it only on the home front—looms large in the counter-propaganda of the Nazis to-day.

The "Times" claimed on October 31st, 1918, that successful British propaganda had shortened the war by at least a year. The Nazis to-day fear that with the experience gained in the last war the Allies may equally well shorten this war.

British and French propaganda is succeeding in Germany to-day. The Nazi press shows that it has achieved remarkable successes. Gone are the times when the speeches of foreign statesmen, events abroad, everything unpleasant to the Nazi regime could simply be suppressed.

This cold-blooded suppression and the substitution of lies for actual news has been the practice of the Nazi newspapers for seven years. It cannot be maintained any longer. Somehow, from somewhere, the truth reaches Germany day by day. In spite of the death threat, people listen to London and pass the news on. In spite of the ten minutes' indoor rule after every leaflet raid, the leaflets are circulating freely in Germany.

Rumour carries the rest of the news around German towns and villages. The Nazi press is forced to reply. It must explain, it must deny. But denials and explanations make the German reader think.

Out of the polemics which fill the German press to-day grows, for the first time for years, an understanding of present problems; discussion and suspicion follow in the wake of understanding; doubts are raised and the whole edifice of artificial Goebbels' propaganda begins to crumble.

It cannot be said any longer that the Nazi press or the Nazi radio can hide a fact from the German people.

Columns are wasted because the old simple device of suppression does not work.

Expression of this changed attitude of the German press can be found in a remarkably frank article in the "Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung" about the "German mentality":

"It is really a fact," that paper writes, "that our mentality does not find many friends abroad. We shall have to find the cause of this unquestionable fact. Foreign antipathy is not restricted to our policy and our politicians, to our generals and S.A. men. It is directed against the German type. They say our policy from Bismarck to Hitler recognises only force. Even our commercial travelers abroad are accused of a sneering and brutal tone. A German in authority, they say, is overbearing, tactless, unpleasant. As soon as he meets a superior he is humble and lacks courage."

The writer of the article comes to the conclusion that it is the "Prussian attitude" which is meant when these charges are made against the Germans. How right he is!

There is, of course, a reason underlying this apparent candour, apart from the need for counteracting Allied propaganda. The Prussian mentality must be defended at any price because Hitler, these days, regards himself as a super-Prussian and his hope in this war is the re-incarnation of the Germany of Frederick the Great.

"They have a Germany of Frederick against them," he said in his speech at the conclusion of the Polish war. With this sentence he gave a lead to Nazi propaganda for the duration, and it is following this lead. Complying with Hitler's wish, it tries to impress the German people with Frederick's remarkable achievement in building up a strong army in a poor country by devoting

four-fifths of the State's revenue to that purpose. It recalls how, with this army, little Prussia defeated the greater Austrian Monarchy of Maria Theresa. Hitler has felt the lack of tradition ever since he became Chancellor. He feels how little Nazism has its roots in the German character. So he wants to profit from the old soldier king's achievements.

The Polish victory, so efficiently used for initial propaganda, is failing to impress as the war goes on. For months the war has been drab and uninspiring. Where could inspiration be sought and found easier than in the period of Frederick the Great? Hitler now seeks to equal him if not to supersede him in the imagination of the people.

Nazi newspapers find it difficult sometimes to follow their leader. Little enough is left to the initiative of the individual editor, who receives articles and news, ready made, from the Berlin Ministry of Propaganda. But there are local problems to discuss which are sometimes more pressing than the general line of policy.

Before the outbreak of war it was difficult to trace in any one of the many German papers a clear deviation from the common path. War has brought many cleavages into the open.

"Why we?" was the headline of an article in a provincial paper "We" were the soldiers and officers who had served in the Great War and were the first to be called up for the war against Poland. The paper tried to explain that their experience was needed, that it was a distinction for the old fighters to be called again to defend the Fatherland.

But the writer found it difficult to refute the protests of many families whom the first weeks of war robbed of their breadwinners. Maybe the editor knew that

Hitler intentionally kept his young men at home to guard the home front, or to reserve them for the war against Britain and France.

Nothing of that appeared in the explanation, which could only have increased the doubts in the minds of thousands of German widows whose husbands fell in the Polish adventure.

"When shall we win?" This is another question so frequently asked in the Western industrial district that the "Essen Nationalzeitung" is forced to devote an article to it. It does not reflect the real tenor of the question, the fearful doubt which often transforms it into: "Shall we win at all?"

The newspaper simply refers inquisitive Germans to the days of the struggle in Germany when many asked the question: When will the Nazis gain power? They have won power, it goes on to say, and as regards the present even greater struggle it comes to this conclusion:

"The Fuehrer lays down the law of our action. To his command alone we shall listen. His word shall find us ready at any time, whether to-day, in a few months, or whenever he chooses. But then the world will realise that faith is stronger than statistics: then we shall win."

Would an Englishman be satisfied with this reply to a straight question? Not even the German people are satisfied. In spite of the gallant efforts of the best Nazi writers, they go on asking not "When shall we win?" but "Shall we win?" and "How?"

Nazi propaganda must again and again reply to these pertinent questions. So much has been said about Blitzkrieg and Blitzsieg (lightning victory), since the Polish war, that the German people are getting impatient. Editors pressed Dr. Dietrich, the press chief, for advice. They could not leave their readers dissatisfied,

they said. "Tell them that the honour of attack belongs to the aggressor—Britain," he answered, leaving them to work it out for themselves.

Many people waited anxiously to see how Nazi propaganda would deal with what they thought to be its most pressing and awkward problems: the Nazi-Soviet Alliance and the Russian attack on Finland.

The conclusion of the Nazi-Soviet Alliance brought confusion only to the thousands of Nazi party offices in the country. Nazi propagandists had for years been trained in anti-Soviet propaganda, every aspect of which was explained to them in the "Schulungsbriefe", their instructions issued by the propaganda ministry from time to time.

These instructions were simply withdrawn, Nazi officials were asked to hand them over to their superior officers and they were sent back to Berlin to be destroyed—or perhaps hidden away for some future day. New Schulungsbriefe were ready with little delay. The newspapers restricted themselves to short explanations that the alliance was a masterpiece of Hitler diplomacy by which he had excluded the danger of a war on two fronts.

As war followed the announcement of the alliance so quickly, it seemed to most of the people to be a strategic masterstroke. By the time Ribbentrop went to Moscow for the second time the first shock had been forgotten by most of those who felt it at all. Since then the steady stream of small news items about Russia and the announcement of the economic agreement eased many doubts.

When no quick Russian supplies were forthcoming, however, the Nazi government tried to convince the German people of the value of the Soviet agreement by a ruse. It packed Czech margarine supplies in Russian wrappers and thousands of Germans received this "Russian

margarine" and thanked God, and the Fuehrer for his genius.

It was not so easy to deal with the higher Nazi functionaries, whose life work had been devoted to the fight against the Bolshevik danger. "It's only temporary," they were told by members of the Nazi government. "We shall use Stalin for our own ends and then . . ." There were understanding winks all around. But many a Nazi leader went away shaking his head doubtfully. Still, if the Fuehrer thought it was useful. . . .

Hitler employed his old technique with the men of the Nazi Party, the "bit-by-bit" technique which he has so often successfully used against the opponents of Nazism.

If they fell for his first explanation, if they believed him when he said he would cheat Stalin in the end, they would accept the alliance at least as a temporary measure. Later, they would get accustomed to it and would also accept it as the new basis of Nazi war policy.

Compared with the Russian trick, the Finnish right-about-turn was child's play. Too much had happened since the days when the mass of the people had heard the loud professions of friendship between Germany and Finland for them really to worry now.

And if, my dear German friends, you really disapprove of the Soviet Alliance, of the Nazi diplomatic help against Finland, the retreat from the Baltic, and all the rest of it, what can you do?

Read your newspapers, German friends, and ponder over the columns filled with reports of heavy sentences against defeatists; observe how prominently the reports about trials and executions throughout the Reich are being displayed.

Only a few weeks ago you were told that the whole country stood united behind the Fuehrer. To-day you

are treated to the unquestionable proof that there are hundreds, thousands, of Germans who betray their Fatherland, listen to foreign broadcasts, violate the Nazi spirit—and must therefore die.

The German who reads his newspaper to-day will think twice before he expresses doubts about Hitler's policy, not to mention disapproval. He does not speak about it at all. And if he speaks he may be sure that he will soon receive a visit from the most efficient helpers of Goebbels' propaganda: from the Gestapo.

Propaganda by force is the latest Nazi device.

XIV

AGAINST ENGELLAND

AT THE BEGINNING of January there was still an "English Club" in Cologne. The Berlin Restaurant Stoeckler offered "English Porter and Ale" to its customers. I have it on the authority of the "Schwarze Korps", which mentioned these instances among a number of others which were brought to the Editor's notice.

In Vienna the "English Club" is still functioning and in Munich, where many English girls went to finishing and art schools before the war, "English circles" still meet regularly to practise English conversation.

But these are islands in a violent sea of anti-British propaganda whipped up by the wind from the Nazi Ministry in Berlin. And if you think that the Nazi version of Britain and the British is any nicer than British opinion of the Nazis you are mistaken. The history of the British Empire has been searched for black spots. Inevitably many have been found and presented to the German public through Goebbels' magnifying glass. Conditions in Britain are held up as a scandal; the British people are presented as a race of criminals.

The anti-British propagandists should pay some heed to Hitler's opinion about the British Empire. In his book "Mein Kampf" he recalls the anti-British propaganda of the last war and warns the Germans against a repetition of their mistakes:

"It never occurred to the lofty professors," he wrote, "that an Empire of the size of the British has not

been brought together just by underhand tricks and swindling."

To-day, the promoters of a Munich anti-British exhibition do not seem to agree with Hitler. They describe the show as "Robber State Britain" and, according to the official catalogue, its purpose is to demonstrate the blood-stained road of the British Empire through all stages of its history. "Britain's world rule by blood and gold" is the theme of exhibits in one big room. Charts show how France, Spain, Russia, Holland and Germany had to suffer so that the British Empire should come into being.

What Nazi critics call "beautiful statistics" give a list of murders supposed to have been committed by British hands or instigated by British agents. Hold your breath, I will enumerate them all: Paul I of Russia, murdered by agents of the British Intelligence Service; President Lincoln, murdered on British orders; Emir Shir Ali; King Carlos of Portugal; Jean Jaures; King Carol of Rumania (1914); the Russian Minister White; the Irish nationalist Sir Roger Casement; the German Ambassador Mirbach; Field-Marshal Eichhorn; King Alexander of Greece; the former German Secretary of State, Helfferich; Nadir Khan of Afghanistan; King Alexander of Yugoslavia (murdered in Marseilles, 9th October, 1934); King Feizal of Iraq and his son Ghazi; Wilhelm Gustloff and Ernst von Rath (Nazi officials who were killed in Switzerland and Paris respectively by Jewish-German refugees); the Rumanian Prime Minister Calinescu (21st September, 1939).

They have added to this list the attempt on Hitler in the Munich beerhouse, although it did not end fatally.

Visitors to the exhibition also are told that "between 1876 and 1881 six million Indians, and between 1891

and 1900 nineteen million, died from hunger because the British insisted on planting cotton instead of wheat. In 1901, during the Boer War, 125,000 women and children died in 40 British concentration camps".

In short: Compared with the British murderers, Hitler is a benefactor of mankind. This love that Hitler and Goebbels have for sweeping accusations, without any attempt at discrimination, makes it unnecessary to deal with the list in detail. Since the Munich bomb affair, anti-British propaganda has simply to be based on what Nazi papers described unashamedly as "propaganda material issued by the German centre for information".

The historians of the Propaganda Ministry have made a proper job of it. They have written a new history of Great Britain with all details. Here you can read, for instance, that the Orkney and Shetland Islands do not really belong to Britain. They were taken over from the Scots but to this day the islands are really the property of Norway. Why on earth German aircraft concentrate on bombing Norwegian property is, however, not explained.

Malta, Gibraltar, India, Burma, Palestine, the Mosul territory are, of course, not legally British. Neither is anything else that the world has chosen to regard as British for hundreds of years. Not even the two small British Isles!

"Let us look at the map," a Nazi historian writes. "Every student of history and geography knows that Britain was once a border land of the upper-northern part of Germany. That was the time when the Rhine flowed into the Atlantic and when the Thames was just a tributary of the Rhine."

It is really quite simple, isn't it? A matter of a few thousand years do not make much difference for the Nazis. That, even then, geography did not exactly

correspond with their conception is only a matter of minor importance.

A Nazi word about the British people: "They are a curious mixture of emigrants from Lower Germany, Norway and Denmark. With their Roman, French and Celtic elements they have, in their thousand years of seclusion, lost every sense of European responsibility.

"The British are utterly un-European. The Englishman's look is directed towards the outer world. When he looks so far afield, however, the Englishman does not see the blue distance full of romance and adventure. Oh no; he sees only tea plantations in India, or cotton fields in Egypt, or gold mines in South Africa, or pastures for sheep in Australia."

Forgotten to-day is the Nazis' craving for colonies. The days are gone when official Nazi policy directed the glance of millions of Germans in exactly the same direction.

What does a British family think when it meets round the fire place of a home in London, Birmingham or Manchester?

The Nazis tell you that too: "The subconscious knowledge that eight coloured men must work for every Englishman gives comfort to the members of the British family as they sit in front of their fireplace and drink tea or whisky."

But how do they do it, these Britons? This must be explained to a simple-minded, honest Nazi. For the sake of simplicity Nazi propaganda has decided to concentrate on the British Intelligence Service. This is presented now as a sort of international super-Gestapo.

The Gestapo has not achieved such notoriety that any German encyclopædia explains its functions. Every German who finds himself in a Nazi concentration camp or

is beaten up or wounded in a dark street, is left to find out for himself what the Gestapo is. But the Nazis can quote the "Encyclopædia Britannica" for information about the British Secret Service.

They do not, however, stick to this one description. Describing it as "Britain's Fourth Army" they explain in words and pictures that its headquarters are at Number Ten Downing Street; that its chiefs are Sir Warren Fisher and Sir Robert Vansittart and that its star was T. E. Lawrence of Arabia.

The Nazis do not fail to make use of legends about the Service. As one of the most wicked features of it, they say that the chief of the Secret Service has access to the King at all times without the formality of seeking an audience. But whether this is still true to-day, not even the Nazis know. They admit that their assumption is based on a legend that Sir William Clifford had a ring which permitted him to go unrestricted wherever he liked.

Now what is the purpose of this "exposure of the British Secret Service and its long list of crimes"? The "Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung" tells us: "The closer the link between the ruthlessness of the British Secret Service and the ruthlessness of British policy is established in the mind of mankind, the easier can the veils over British policy and the power of the Service be destroyed. The reckless wave of crimes instigated by both under the device 'My Country, right or wrong' will be brought to an end."

The world will be relieved to hear that the Nazi campaign against the Secret Service has achieved remarkable success: "Acts of sabotage by agents of the British Secret Service are no longer denied," claims the "Deutsche Diplomatische Korrespondenz", a Nazi government

agency, referring to the latest imaginary examples of such acts in South-East Europe where the Secret Service is supposed to be murdering, firing, destroying whatever is in its way.

Such things as the Munich exhibition has missed putting on record are written about by the daily press in great detail. Rumania and Jugoslavia are periodically in ferment, Turkey is under the terror of the British Secret Service, the Far East is riddled with its agents and the number of their victims is legion.

The Secret Service, it is explained, does not serve the British people. Although, on the one hand, its "criminal exploits" help every British family to live in comfort in the "knowledge that eight coloured men work for every Englishman", the Service really serves only the British plutocrats.

The British plutocrats!

There are, the Nazis explain in thousands of words every day, about two or three thousand British plutocrats who live in splendour while the rest of the Empire works for them. The Nazis quote the advertisement columns of "The Times" for their evidence of this. "Hotels advertise to say that they have comfortable air-raid shelters. There is entertainment during blackouts in another hotel."

The plutocrats *and* the Jews!

For British public life is directed by the Jews. No British Government would dare to offend the Jews. The word of the Jews is law to the British Government. Who are the principal British Jews or their agents or their servants? Here is the Nazis' "Who's Who"!

The Archbishop of Canterbury. He is filled with hatred of the Germans. He was ready to co-operate with the Bolshevik Beelzebub against the Nazi devil.

To him, if Britain is at stake, Christian and Atheist, Jew and Mohammedan are equally welcome. Every dirty means to an end receives his approval—such as the intended mass murder of German women and children by the British blockade.

Mr. Chamberlain. He goes so far to protect Jewry that he did not dare to offend the Jewish War Minister whom he sacked. Because Hore-Belisha was the representative of British Jewry, Chamberlain took the blame rather than hand it on to the originators of the Hore-Belisha scandal. Chamberlain supports the international Jewish Lords whose representative Hore-Belisha was.

Sir John Reith. He is an ambitious and unpleasant character. Whoever comes in contact with him must subordinate himself to his wishes. He preserves carefully his unpopularity with the press. . . . Sir John Reith is Chamberlain's trump card in the conduct of British lying propaganda.

Lord Lothian. He has lost his head. As British Ambassador in Washington he is the Lie Ministry's chief instrument. He misuses American hospitality. Along with Duff Cooper, Lord Lothian is carrying out a last and desperate manœuvre to win the sympathy of international Jewry for Britain.

Winston Churchill. He supports his son in his pro-Jewish tendencies. Randolph Churchill is a member of the Jewish organisation "Maccabi". (There is no unpleasant activity with which the Nazis have failed to associate Mr. Churchill: adventurer, swindler, profiteer, megalomaniac are a few of the mildest expressions used.)

Lord Burnham (died 1933) and Lord Reading (died 1935) are to-day the chief instigators of the anti-German war policy. They are behind the lying campaign against Germany and are daily attacking the Fuehrer.

Nazi propagandists aver that Lord Rothermere and Lord Camrose are Jews. Reuter serves Jewish interests. The "Daily Express" is directed by the Jewish president of the board of its publishing firm. Cadbury's, the owners of the "News Chronicle", have abandoned their influence in favour of the Jews, the "Daily Herald" belongs to the Jewish International.

I should have thought that these splendid results of Nazi research work into British history and British public life would have satisfied the Nazi leaders. This does not seem to be the case. For they have just decided to create a new institute which will do this work much better, more efficiently and with more detail.

The new institute is a University for "Foreign Science". It will turn out "Masters of Foreign Science" at high speed. Its rector is Professor Six, a thirty years old S.S. man who has published only one essay in his whole scientific career.

This Nazi High School of propaganda will be devoted not so much to teaching as to research into propaganda material. It is only an incidental feature of this new centre of Germany's cultural life that the students must be physically fit, that military training is part of their education and that every graduate must be able to shoot from the hip when he receives his degree.

The leader of the German students, Dr. Scheel, has explained that the State cannot wait now until students have learned something. They must help at once with Nazi propaganda tasks. He has decided therefore to create a "students' war propaganda organisation" with the task of discovering, developing and propagating arguments against Britain.

It sounds like a joke, but it is true that Goebbels has thus mobilised a few hundred thousand youths for his propaganda campaign. Tremble Britain!

The results of all this research work are being brought to the people by "the youngest and most modern propaganda company in the world". It includes journalists, film scenario-writers, cameramen, radio reporters. This company can both fight and write, shoot with a gun and with a camera, handle a revolver and a script equally well.

The "Voelkischer Beobachter", Hitler's paper, has alone contributed 25 reporters to this unit. They write up their own war experiences more or less truthfully. At the same time the company does propaganda work among the troops and explains to the front-line soldier why he must give his life to defeat Britain.

What do all these propaganda envoys tell the German people and the German troops? One of the first German prisoners taken at the Western Front was found to have some of this Nazi propaganda material among his papers. It appears that every soldier in the German army receives a weekly propaganda ration as well as his pay and his food. This propaganda consists chiefly of small leaflets which explain British wickedness in simple terms. One of the propaganda sheets found on the German soldier was a manifesto written by Goebbels (for the troops only) in which he promised to address them from London by Christmas, 1939.

Although he has not kept his promise, German soldiers and the German people are given to understand that they may, one of these days, find themselves on British soil to greet their Fuehrer Adolf the Great. In the Nazi propagandists' phantasy the occupation of Britain presents itself as something similar to the march on Vienna and Prague. Certain balconies in London have already been picked out as suitable platforms for addresses to the British people by Hitler, Goering, Goebbels and, of

course, the new Nazi administrators of Britain. In this connection the generous Nazi propaganda service also mentions the names of the men selected to rule Britain, among them Herr Bohle, the Bradford-born leader of the "Foreign German Association", and Dr. Roesel, a Nazi journalist who was expelled from London in May, 1939.

Neutral observers in Germany have told me that these conceptions are accepted by many credulous Germans in provincial towns. The conquest of Britain is the chief topic of the "Wirtshaus", the German equivalent of the British pub.

All over Germany, anti-British pamphlets go from hand to hand. "How they are lying", is the title of one of the most popular products of this kind.

"Germany is no paradise," is the concluding passage of this booklet, "we too have to cook with water, we too make mistakes, we too have inefficient men, we have occasional difficulties which have not yet been overcome. But—and this is the most important feature of Germany to-day—we are a thousand times better off, we are more honest and more just than the rest of the world".

The admission of "difficulties, inefficient men, mistakes" is something new in Nazi propaganda, which for seven years has not allowed any deficiency or inadequacy of anything German to be hinted at. But the admission made now, to soothe the grumbles of wartime, is coupled with overwhelming evidence that, while things are bad in Germany, they are much worse in Britain.

The men with the brains behind Nazi anti-British propaganda are just those Germans who used to be such frequent visitors to London and Britain before the outbreak of war. The purpose of their visit then was to work for an improvement of Anglo-German relations. They

were, of course, plain Nazi spies and agents and they dropped their masks instantly on the outbreak of war.

There is Baron Rheinbaben who used to represent Germany at the League of Nations and therefore claimed for himself the attribute "moderate". To-day he is pouring out anti-British books one after another and he advises the Nazi "British experts" on the strength of evidence which he gathered on his London visits of goodwill and friendship.

Another leading anti-British German who was fêted in London only a few weeks before war broke out, is Count Pueckler. He is a journalist and author who contributes anti-British tirades to the "*Deutsche Diplomatische Korrespondenz*" and the "*Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*".

Herr von Twardowsky, a German diplomat who has gone through all phases of political opinion from extreme pro-Russian sympathy to violent anti-Soviet conviction, is a third member of the anti-British Nazi crew. He too used to show great sympathy for Britain, but few realised that his anti-Soviet discourses in London were intended to create opposition to any pact between London and Moscow, so that the Nazi-Soviet pact could come into being all the easier.

Twardowsky is at present engaged in the most cynical propaganda game which the Nazis have ever played. He works on Hitler's project to frighten Britain into peace by harping on the danger of Bolshevism coming to Germany. This threatening aspect of his Russian ally is Hitler's favourite subject for foreign ears because he used the same threat to win power inside Germany.

Hitler cannot understand that Britain and the rest of the world cannot be fooled so easily as the German people were. The requisitioning and confiscating which are

going on in Germany, the sacrifices which Hitler demands from all classes, represent a pseudo-Bolshevism of a wicked kind, which will rouse the German people long before the Allies could possibly fall into his trap.

This side of Nazi activity is presented to the German people as Hitler's socialism, but Goebbels is careful to camouflage all internal events as much as possible behind the anti-British campaign. For the time being he succeeds in doing so. The German people may not really hate Britain, but they envy her. The argument of a "have not" nation fighting against the "haves" is popular with the man in the street. He can easily imagine, along Hitler's line, how he would profit by the destruction or annexation of Britain.

Wealthy Britain in the service of German aggrandisement is a tempting idea. "If the money of the British plutocrats could be divided among the German people we would all be rich," is a prospect frequently contemplated in Germany now.

This robber instinct has been fostered by the Austrian, the Czech and the Polish campaigns, which have shown thousands of Germans that they can go and take over a house or a business, which was the property of one of the defeated enemies. In their imagination the process could be repeated in the case of Britain, only the booty would be much bigger.

This, to-day, is the German people's greatest incentive to carry this war to a victorious conclusion.

HITLER'S H.Q.

A FORTNIGHT AFTER the beginning of the Nazi invasion of Poland a little village on the Polish German frontier was occupied by a horde of Nazi Black Guards. The village had been taken about a week before by the German troops so there seemed little for the S.S. men to do. They remained grouped round the little railway station, some of them strolling about as though examining the track. Some time later a train pulled out of the station going back towards Germany at slow speed. Every 100 yards or so an S.S. jumped off and took up his position along the track.

The train went on to Koenigsberg, in East Prussia, where another contingent of S.S. men was waiting for its arrival. A few brief reports and an exchange of salutes followed. Then an S.S. dispatch rider went off to inform S.S. headquarters in Koenigsberg that the line was "safe".

Soon after that six smart special trains roared along this railway line from Koenigsberg into Poland. As they passed, one after another of the S.S. guards along the line clicked their heels and threw up their arms in the Nazi salute.

The first train carried Hitler, the Supreme Commander of the German forces; the others bore the staff of his movable war headquarters. After a fast journey the cavalcade of trains reached the little Polish village where, in the meantime, Hitler's special bodyguard of S.S. men had been assembled.

With the arrival of the sixth train the whole "head-quarters" is complete. It is a formidable organisation.

Let us single out first the Supreme Commander himself—the man who put on the "soldier's coat" the day he gave the signal for the invasion of Poland and swore not to take it off before achieving final victory.

Well, Hitler in the "soldier's coat" looks little different from Hitler in the simple Party Uniform which he designed for himself. The only striking omission from his familiar attire is the big swastika arm-band which he used to wear before on all other occasions. Some people thought it was significant that Hitler never put on a real Reichswehr uniform, but on the other hand took off the Swastika. The generals, they said, would not have either.

But Hitler wears his Iron Cross, First Class, although no-one seems to know where he got it from and how he got it. Even his war comrades who served with him cannot remember what should have been a memorable occasion. Paul Guertler, Hitler's N.C.O. in the last war, now a farmer in Alberta, Canada, said in an interview:

"To me and everybody else who was in the German army it is a complete mystery where and how Hitler won the Iron Cross, First Class."

He was decorated with the Iron Cross, Second Class, which almost every soldier who served at the front received, but not even the Nazi Ministry of Propaganda can put forward a convincing record of Hitler's heroic war deeds.

So it is not surprising that the Nazi press is sometimes in a quandary about Hitler, as a hero. Time after time facsimiles of his certificate for the Iron Cross have been published. But many of these bear different dates.

The "Berliner Illustrierte", for instance, gave the date on which Hitler was decorated as the 4th of August,

1918. But earlier the "Voelkischer Beobachter" had stated that the 4th of October, 1918, was the great day on which Corporal Hitler received the Iron Cross.

Now in any other country this discrepancy could be attributed to a journalist's mistake. But not in Nazi Germany, where every line about the Fuehrer is issued or corrected by the Ministry of Propaganda.

But when this Nazi organisation first tried to put over the story of Hitler's war-time heroism it even put the date of the lower decoration (Iron Cross, Second Class) as later than that of the First Class Cross. It would be a unique case if it were true that Hitler received the lower decoration after having had the higher one for some time.

If you take a closer look at Hitler's headquarters, established in its six trains, in the railway station and in a few nearby buildings in the little village in Poland, you will get an idea of how the Nazi war is conducted by the Fuehrer.

At the same time as the first train came to a standstill, and Hitler, surrounded by his A.D.C.s stepped on the platform, the personal air-squadron of the Fuehrer landed on a field nearby. A cavalcade of motor cars arrived on the roads; almost a hundred dispatch riders on motorcycles jumped from their machines.

No, no!—writes the Nazi press—Hitler's headquarters is never established in a pompous castle far behind the lines. It is brought right to the front line, built up in the smallest possible space. Disregarding questions of comfort, the Fuehrer takes with him only a small personal and military staff, men whom he needs for the execution of his military and political leadership.

Hitler's personal and military staff crowd out of the train and surround the Fuehrer. Here is his closest collaborator,

S. A. Obergruppenfuehrer (Upper Group Leader) Brueckner, his first personal A.D.C. He has Hitler's greatest confidence. Then A.D.C. number two, S.S. Group Leader Schaub, a youngish bully who is more of a bodyguard than an A.D.C.

The military A.D.s, Colonel Schmundt and Captains Bedow and Engel, have the task of instructing Hitler tactfully in military etiquette. They have, also, the difficult task of translating the Fuehrer's rather incoherent military orders into a language which officers and men of the forces will understand.

One of Hitler's personal A.D.C.s died in Poland. It was young S.S. Upper Storm Leader Bahls, who was only 22 when a mysterious illness finished him off. Hitler shed tears when told about his death. Then he appointed Captain Albrecht, his naval A.D.C., in Bahls' place.

An important man in this group is dispatch rider Wuensche, S.S. Upper Storm Leader, who carries Hitler's personal messages. He is a man who can obtain entry, into the studies, even the bedrooms of Nazi Germany's leading men at any time of day or night.

Frequently Hitler sends him out with only verbal messages. But that is apt to cause confusion. Goering, for instance, thinks Wuensche is so stupid that he always sends his own dispatch rider back to Hitler to check up on any messages.

Never missing in Hitler's headquarters is General Keitel, the Chief of the High Command of the Army. Along with General Jodl he receives Hitler's orders and he has the task of obtaining the active generals' approval of these orders. A perfect Yes-man, Keitel admires Hitler for his courage and his initiative in giving orders. Very often he himself cannot muster the courage to pass them on. Jodl is a far more energetic figure.

These two frequently enlist the help of the liaison officers who are attached to Hitler. The most prominent figure among these is General Bodenschatz. He is Goering's right hand man, well known in London's military and political quarters. They call him Goering's watchdog in the Nazi H.Q., and everybody knows that Bodenschatz is quite as likely to bring Goering's orders to Hitler as pass on Hitler's orders to Goering.

Together with four brilliant service men, Bodenschatz also tries to forestall Hitler's latest crazy ideas and inform the services about them in time before they materialise into strict orders. These other four are Captain Dehyle, the liaison officer to the Army General Staff, Lieutenant-Colonel von Bormann (Reichswehr), Captain Klostermann (Air-Force), Captain Putkammer (Navy). Of them, only Putkammer is a real Nazi, and he has been taken now into Hitler's personal secretariat.

The whole H.Q. is, of course, under military command. Major-General Rommel, a Nazi army officer, is C.I.C. of the Hitler Circus—as he himself calls it. He devised it, organises its safe movement from place to place and commands the Reichswehr and S.S. formations which guard it. Attached to him is Major Stach, who is responsible for communications.

There are so many telephone calls, so many messages, that Stach is the busiest man in the whole organisation. Hitler dashes off letters to company commanders at the front, to officials in the propaganda ministry to whom he transmits "personal propaganda ideas", to Ribbentrop, to Hess and hundreds of others.

Hitler is sending messages all the time. His two girl secretaries, Christa Schroeder and Wanda Daranowska, can hardly keep pace with his dictations. After pouring out personal messages, he will settle down to dictate a

speech which he will never make, or an article for the "Voelkischer Beobachter", which will be published under another name. Christa and Wanda, described as "the only two women who are constantly in Hitler's company", in turn dictate to male typists. There are more than thirty of them at Hitler's personal disposal.

One man who goes in and out of Hitler's personal carriage or room—wherever he settles down—is Captain Baur, his private pilot. With him, Hitler discusses questions affecting the Nazi air-force. This annoys the "experts", who regard Baur as an excellent commercial pilot but a poor air strategist. Yet, Baur's ideas often influence Hitler, and a lot of persuasion is necessary to undo his suggestions on particular problems.

Almost as friendly with Hitler is his personal war chauffeur, Storm Leader Kempa, one of the Nazi old fighters. Hitler takes advice from him on many party questions.

Two other men are linked with Hitler in a quaint sort of personal relationship: they are the S.S. Leaders Rattenhuber and Schaedle, who command the S.S. Protective Guard around Hitler. They are with their Fuehrer for hours at a time and he never tires of discussing with them every aspect of his personal security.

Sometimes Hitler does not like the look of one of the ordinary S.S. men. Rattenhuber must then go to great lengths to convince him of the man's loyalty. Hitler is nervous when he does not see Rattenhuber and Schaedle about. Officers in the H.Q. often wonder who is watching whom—the S.S. men Hitler, or Hitler his protectors.

Dr. Dietrich is Hitler's personal press chief. He maintains communication with Goebbels, whose work keeps him in Berlin all the time. The task of writing up Hitler's "front line activities" is given to Herr Suendermann,

Wilfred Bade and Gunther d'Alquen. D'Alquen, who represents the "Voelkischer Beobachter", sees to it that his paper, Hitler's paper, always receives the first news of any new move by Hitler. He often dishes out surprises to Goebbels and Ribbentrop. More frequently his dispatches cause confusion in carefully arranged political or press campaigns, or even upset diplomatic affairs. But he is never rebuked by the departmental leaders whose plans he disturbs. They know it is Hitler speaking when d'Alquen writes.

I have mentioned only the most prominent figures attached to the Hitler Circus. They are accompanied by scores of officials, called from their desks at the Foreign Office, the War Office and Party offices where their subordinates are left to struggle with current affairs, waiting in vain for orders.

Every one of these officials in War H.Q. takes with him clerks, secretaries and experts. With all these people the "personal staff" of Hitler has reached the formidable figure of 3,000.

This little army must move at Hitler's whim. For propaganda purposes it has to go to and fro behind the lines. When urgent business calls Hitler to Berlin, the Circus follows him. If he decides to go to the front again the harassed officials move with him. Sometimes all plans are made and Hitler changes his mind at the last moment. Then they stay in Berlin or rush off to Berchtesgaden.

Hitler spent only two weeks on the Western Front up to the end of February, 1940. But he has already chosen a more permanent site for his H.Q. in the West, for the time when he wants to be near his troops again. It is Godesberg, the little town on the Rhine which was the centre of Mr. Chamberlain's peace hopes in 1938. Henceforth it is to be the centre of Hitler's war hopes.

Party officials and diplomats exceed by far in number the military experts at Hitler's side.

One must never forget that, to Hitler, the military machine, the German force which he has built up, is only one of his war instruments. He sticks to the view of Germany's greatest military expert, Clausewitz, who said that war was only policy carried on with other means.

Hitler will use his army—will send it from front to front, into battle or into retreat—not only for strategic but for simply political purposes. His army is there not to fight only, but to threaten, to mislead, to irritate enemies and neutrals alike.

The military leaders, the generals, know it and suffer from it. They have accepted only reluctantly Hitler's "extended strategy" which has made their troops into the pawns of policy.

When Hitler ordered a propaganda campaign to establish him in German eyes as a modern Frederick the Great, the Generals wondered. Was it wise to turn the clock back over 200 years and try to revive the methods of the old soldier king

It was too late. Hitler, after brooding for weeks over history books, after studying every aspect of Frederick's life, had convinced himself that he was his reincarnation.

General Brauchitsch, the C. in C. of the Reichswehr, was forced to write an article about Frederick the Great in the "Voelkischer Beobachter". As Hitler read it he must have been satisfied. Writing in the historical present, as of a living person, Brauchitsch stated:

"Frederick is a statesman, a military leader, an economist, jurist and philosopher in one person. In our eyes he is the perfect soldier. He is universal. He

rules the State with perfect judgment in war and peace. His conduct of war must be described with the modern expression: total war."

Millions of Germans read these lines. They were reproduced later in every German newspaper. Hitler-Frederick! That was the war slogan of Nazi Germany.

Poor Brauchitsch! His friends in the General Staff were not too pleased with this conception. Few know even yet what he himself thought of it. He has certainly gone a long way since 1935 when he was only commander of the East Prussian army corps. At that time Brauchitsch did not agree with Nazi principles. On the contrary, he violently defended against the Nazis the Reichswehr's old established right to be the only armed force in the country.

It was Brauchitsch who stopped the first large consignments of arms destined for the S.S. when they were being transported through his district. He knew that Hitler wanted to turn the S.S. into a second armed force, and thus break the armed supremacy which the Reichswehr held in the first two years of Nazi rule.

Hitler sent for Brauchitsch. As Reichs-Chancellor and Party Leader, he faced a representative of the Reichswehr, the last obstacle which stood in his way to absolute power.

Hitler was astute, polite, even charming. He asked, he begged Brauchitsch not to make difficulties. He, Hitler would persuade the war office to give consent to the arms transports for the S.S.—but he could only succeed if Brauchitsch would not make a fuss about it.

Brauchitsch was not clever enough to oppose Hitler. He is not a strong personality. He hates personal troubles.

From that day when Hitler gained a personal victory over the weak Brauchitsch they were friends. Hitler was grateful to the general. After all he had helped him to defeat the Reichswehr.

Step by step Hitler continued this policy of making himself master of the Reichswehr. One after another, the generals came into his net. If we look at them to-day they all are caught in the meshes of Nazism. But I doubt whether many of them are real Nazis.

Only of General Reichenau can it be said that he is a fully-fledged Nazi. He is Hitler's personal protégé. He has spent the last ten years of his life in attempting to propagate Nazi ideas in the Reichswehr. Hitler wanted to make him C. in C. when he assumed power in 1933, but the General Staff and old Hindenburg objected. Instead, Reichenau was given an important post in the war office, but even in 1938 Hitler did not succeed in pushing him to the top.

Brauchitsch hates Reichenau. He knows that he need only disagree with Hitler once to be deposed and substituted by the "Nazi General", as his colleagues call Reichenau.

The other German military key men, although they are obeying Hitler's orders, have retained their personal independence. None of them is, like Reichenau, a member of the Nazi Party. None of them has, like Reichenau, given the Nazi salute to Hitler.

Take General Bock, the tight-lipped Prussian, who never forgets the time when he was attached to the Crown Prince—Little Willie—in the last war. He will die for Germany. He is an expansionist. But when his army corps occupied Austria he showed much evidence of his disgust with Nazi party methods. On his instructions, many acts of cruelty which the S.S. and S.A.

would have perpetrated against Austrians and Jews were prevented by his officers.

Or General Blaskowitz, who discharged his unpleasant duty of negotiating with the vanquished Czechs with perfect military courtesy. At that time he promised to solve all problems in a soldierly spirit. He was quickly replaced by more ardent Nazi sympathisers who substituted Nazi methods for Blaskowitz' soldierly behaviour.

General Kluge, who is an expert on France, also observes traditions which have little in common with Nazism. His father fought under von Kluck in the Battle of the Marne, and Kluge certainly wants to succeed where his father's troops ultimately failed. But his friends insist that he was against this war from the outset because he regarded Germany as too weak to fight against France now.

Only two of the other leading German generals are known to be in agreement with Hitler's policy. One of them is Rundstedt, on whom Hitler has showered military honours on every feasible occasion. Rundstedt is a strong-minded, energetic man, a soldier who will obey orders blindly once he has made up his mind to recognise the authority above him. And he has recognised Hitler unreservedly.

Rundstedt knows how to use dictatorial powers. Under Papen's Chancellorship he was once the military dictator of Berlin and Brandenburg. He hates opposition to his orders and, like Hitler, he is always ready to crush an opponent rather than to make the slightest concession.

General Witzleben, who has also "accepted" the Nazis, is Hitler's expert on Holland and Belgium. He is regarded in army circles as one of the men who will

stick to Hitler rather than to the Reichswehr if ever a clash comes between Nazi Party and Army.

One can, of course, only draw one's own conclusions about the real attitude of the Generals towards Hitler. Hitler himself does not trust them implicitly.

As usual when Hitler is not sure of something, he has ordered Himmler to provide a safety valve.

To strike a balance against any unreliable generals, Hitler has tried, through Himmler, to nazify the Reichswehr from below. He has sought to increase the hold of the Party over the Army. The old method of infiltration was chosen, and after careful selection by Himmler's agents, trustworthy Nazi officers were promoted to higher and higher ranks. They had superseded hundreds of fellow officers whose political records were doubtful.

At the same time Himmler has provided a Nazi instrument inside the Army which enables him to test the spirit of men and officers at any time, and makes it difficult for non-Nazi officers to shield their non-Nazi subordinates. Himmler has established a sort of General Staff of the Gestapo inside the Reichswehr's officers' corps.

It is necessary to look back into Germany's military history to understand the full importance of this move. The General Staff is a French invention, but it was developed and expanded in the German Army.

There was a time when staff officers, attached to military units for the purpose of co-ordinating army activities in the field, received their orders from the General Staff and passed them on to the troops without even taking the commanding officers of the units into their confidence. On the other hand, they reported back to the General Staff without asking the commanding officers' opinions.

Soon, the officers in the field found themselves superseded by the staff officers and degraded to powerless instruments of routine.

A similar thing is happening now. Only the control over the commanding officers is not exercised by staff officers but by Gestapo officers—or rather, by officers who are in the employment of the Gestapo. These officers watch their fellow officers and their troops. They report on the morale of both officers and men. They receive orders to take action if the spirit in their units is not satisfactory and they carry out these orders very often over the heads of, or without the knowledge of, the commanding officers.

These Gestapo officers employ subtler methods than their counterparts in the old system. They do not reveal their identity to any one. Neither their superiors nor anybody else is supposed to know about their real task. They are just S.S. men put into officers' uniforms, or reserve officers who have become faithful Nazis during the last decade.

Everybody knows about their work, but nobody is sure about their identity. This method of controlling the Reichswehr is a double-edged sword. It has caused much resentment and has sown distrust in the officers' corps. Everybody now suspects everybody else of being on the staff of the Gestapo. Personal quarrels among the worried and suspicious officers are frequent. Not even the Nazis in the officers' corps like the Gestapo. And there are plenty of officers who are good Nazis.

It is a long time since the Reichswehr of post-war Germany, with its 100,000 men and 4,000 carefully picked officers, was a homogeneous body.

The rapid expansion of the army brought many Nazi elements into its ranks. It was not easy at first to dilute

the officers' corps with real Nazis. Up to 1938 General Fritsch, then Chief of the General Staff, saw to it that reliable and politically independent men received commissions. Hundreds of young Catholics were picked from among the thousands of aspirants, and Fritsch guided them carefully in their army careers.

Only after he was sacked by Hitler were the doors opened to the Nazis. The great increase in the number of officers in the last two years has made the advancement of these Nazi officers easier and more frequent.

Among the 27,000 officers in the Reichswehr when Hitler started this war there was already an appreciable number of determined Nazis, although the influence of army life had in many cases tempered their radical political views.

But before the end of 1940 the number of German officers will be over 40,000. The newcomers will be mainly hurriedly trained young men, who, if they are not enthusiastic Nazis, will certainly not be opposed to Nazism. It is the only political system they know from their own experience.

And the Nazi-Soviet Alliance? I have heard many people express the hope that the aristocratic generals of the Reichswehr will oppose Hitler's friendship pact with Stalin?

Why should they? Soviet Russia helped Germany's post-war army to become what it is. Collaboration with Russia was advocated by a number of Reichswehr leaders after the German-Russian friendship treaty was made in Rapallo in 1923.

At that time, Germany was under the restrictions of the Treaty of Versailles, was forbidden to arm, possess an air force or heavy artillery. But the Reichswehr leaders were determined to make Germany strong again.

They arranged with the Soviet Government for the establishment in Russia of secret training centres for German officers. They organised the journeys to Russia of Germany's leading armament manufacturers, Krupp and Junkers. Both Krupp and Junkers established arms works on Russian soil and Russia became the base for the production of the first real German post-war armaments.

The Reichswehr leaders have never forgotten this Russian assistance. They have never been deterred by political considerations if they could find a way to strengthen Germany as a military power. That is why they enlisted Hitler's help inside Germany while they were still working with Russia.

This attitude goes far to explain the mysterious position of the Reichswehr leaders. Are they pro-Russian? Are they pro-Nazi? They are everything that helps to make Germany strong. They ally themselves with the Soviets if they are convinced that it will help their cause. For the same reason they allied themselves with Hitler at a time when he was able to obtain popular support for rearmament plans inside Germany.

Nobody would say that acceptance of Soviet help in the early twenties turned the German generals into Communists. And no one can say that the assistance for their rearmament plans which they received from Hitler and the Nazis converted them to the Nazi faith.

After Hitler had been useful to them, there were many generals who wanted to get rid of him. But just as Brauchitsch proved too weak to resist Hitler, so have many other Reichswehr generals failed to grasp their opportunities. Expert observers now believe that the time is definitely past when the German Army High Command could choose its political tools and discard

them at will. They are convinced that, so far as Hitler was a tool of the Reichswehr, he has turned the tables on his former masters.

But I would not be so sure of that. Even with the officers' corps sapped by Nazi influence, the leaders of the Reichswehr retain their independence. They will go a long way still with Hitler if the Reichswehr and Germany can profit by the association. They will change their minds and their attitude as soon as Hitler's fortune changes in this war.

I cannot see them acting until some serious setback proves Hitler wrong in their eyes. But I have no doubt that they are still strong enough to act—if they want to.

XVI

THE MEN WHO REALLY FIGHT

LET ME INTRODUCE—with acknowledgment to the “Schwarze Korps”—four ideal Nazi soldiers. They have been decorated with the Iron Cross in the first six months of the war and hope to be promoted to be officers under the new German army regulation that “all officers, whether sons of workers or scientists, peasants or shopkeepers, will be selected only if they have distinguished themselves in battle with the enemy or have proved that they possess exceptional qualities of leadership”.

There is Hans F., N.C.O., who was born in Marienwerder, East Prussia in July, 1920. His father, an official of the German Labour Front, chose a military career for him long before the war started. In the battles in Poland he distinguished himself as a group leader and showed that he possessed the ability to lead.

N.C.O. Johannes L. was born in November, 1903, in Limbsee, West Prussia. He is married and is the father of a child. In civil life he was a law officer but this did not prevent him from taking part as a volunteer in pre-war manoeuvres and completing his training. He joined up as a volunteer as soon as war broke out and, though older than most of his comrades, he was an example to all of them, mastering all the hardships of the Polish campaign. . . .

N.C.O. Helmut H. was born in June, 1915, in Wuppertal. After completing his studies he joined the army in 1937. He is described as “a brave machine-gunner” in the Polish war.

Air-gunner Michael P. is a Bavarian, born in January, 1919, in Upper Bavaria. He wanted to become a sports teacher and was selected to take part in the Olympic games as a skier. Interrupting his training he joined his unit when the war broke out and took part in the "storm against Lemberg".

How such men fight and perform acts of heroism is told to the German newspaper reader every day now in glowing reports from the Western Front:

"We are crawling up a hill," says one of these reports. "Our adventure takes us far into no-man's-land. Slowly we move forward. Our hearts beat, our pulses go fast. For days we have been observing a position in the lines of the enemy. . . . Every day we saw a few Frenchmen come out of the little forest. . . . It must be an artillery observation post. We have a plan which must now be achieved. Every one of us has his task. To-day we shall take the enemy's position. . . ."

And they always do "take the enemy's position". Every day German soldiers are successful in taking enemy positions, according to reports in the Nazi press. But these reports are written by the special propaganda squads of the Nazi Party. Many of these raids are arranged for the benefit of the propagandists.

Proudly the Nazi Ministry of Propaganda proclaims that they too, newspapermen, photographers, and film camera-men, must take part in the raids and risk their lives so that the home front can be kept authentically informed about the heroism of the Nazi troops.

I know some of these Nazi soldiers very well. Although their exploits on the Western Front so far are not nearly as exciting as the reports of their propaganda comrades make them out to be, they are brave boys, thoughtless, fearless, enthusiastic about the war—about war in general.

But apart from those who have undergone military training in peace-time, Nazi youth is not nearly so physically superior to the youth of other countries as the Hitler Youth Commanders try to make out.

Young Heinrich Z., for instance, was still in touch with his mother at the end of August, 1939. His regiment was stationed in East Prussia waiting for the signal to march against Poland.

His mother wrote to me about him and her other son, Georg, who was due to be called up for service any day. Heinrich had always wanted to join the army as soon as he could. He had been a member of the Hitler Youth ever since he could think. Like most boys of his generation studying did not appeal to him. Neither did he care to enter any profession—there seemed so little scope for him.

Sooner or later he would have to do two years' military service anyway, he thought, so why not make a career of it, join the army and stay in.

Heinrich was at first a little bewildered by the difference between his Hitler Youth experience and army life. There was not so much talk in the army; there were not so many hours of boring political instruction.

They told you to observe discipline, obey your orders and that was that. Looking back at his years in the Hitler Youth he realised the difference between Party and army. Heinrich had already heard people talking about it, but had not fully understood their meaning.

He and his comrades in the Hajot (as the Hitler Youth is popularly called after the German initials H. and J.) had thought that their cross-country runs and lectures would prepare them admirably for army life. Once in the army Heinrich was disillusioned. The only useful thing he had done in the youth organisation, so far as the army was concerned, was rifle practice.

Ow

And now, thank heaven, those political lectures which the Rottenfuehrer (leader of the group) used to give them would not worry him any longer.

No wonder his army comrades sniffed when he mentioned his Hajot experiences. Some who had even served in the S.A. did not speak much about their political past either. Army life was something different and the past could be forgotten.

But it was hard work. For the first six months Heinrich liked it, loved it. Yet sometimes it seemed too much for him, and the training too stiff. Many others in his company felt that way.

"If there would only be a war," they used to say, "we should soon be promoted. It will take the newcomers a long time to catch up with us. We shall be the nucleus of the army. . . ."

Heinrich and his friends must have been surprised when the new Hajot boys joined the army. Because I know that the "new boys" who were sent into the Siegfried Line had already undergone a different sort of training.

From the beginning of 1939 the Hajot was a real pre-military organisation. Boys from the age of 14 upwards were posted to separate units representing the fighting services. Those who were regarded as likely to be good pilots had to join the "air-arm" of the Hajot; there were infantry, artillery and naval sections of the Hajot where the boys received instruction and training that was little different from training in the regular army.

Strategy, aviation and all its side-lines, navigating, mechanics, and the handling of guns, map-drawing, signalling—every aspect of military education became chief subjects of instruction for German boys in the months before the war. Boys between 14 and 18 were taught (and still are) to feel at home in a tank as well

as in the cockpit of a bomber or fighter plane. University students are abandoning their studies for similar training.

Nazis claim that within a year or so they will have the best trained military reserve any country has ever had in the history of the world. But medical experts have warned the Hajot leaders against building up this army of children. They have pointed to the experience of the last seven years which has proved that the Prussian habit of excessive marching has ill effects on the health of young men. Far from being beneficial it tends to give them flat feet and makes them liable to be exhausted sooner than men who have started such intensive training and marching at a later age.

But these ill effects have not become noticeable yet. And the newcomers to the army bring with them still greater enthusiasm for the Nazi cause. They are even more eager to go into battle than the Reichswehr regulars, although the regulars welcomed the 1939 crisis as a sign of possible early action for them.

In Heinrich's regiment there were many Reichswehr men who had taken part in the march on Vienna in 1939. The officers, they said, had not liked it, but the men had enjoyed it.

Others had just come back from Czechoslovakia. "After we'd cleaned up the place they sent S.S.—they were good enough to hold it." That was the story told by the "Czech victors", as they were called in the regiment.

Then the news went round: "We are going to take Danzig. We shall march into the Corridor." Heinrich expressed the hope that the Poles would put up a fight. "Don't talk nonsense," a middle-aged N.C.O. rebuked him as he said it. "They won't fight. We shall march in and go home again." The N.C.O. was one of the many thousands of middle-aged men who were called

up to take part in the Polish campaign. "They would not have called us old ones if they had expected a fight," he went on. "Look around us. See how many officers there are who, like me, went through the last war. We are obviously only a reserve force—if there were likely to be a fight they would have concentrated only the younger ones, wouldn't they?"

Heinrich, like most of his younger comrades, was not impressed with his argument. Altogether these young German boys are not interested in argument and speculation.

Are they Nazis? Of course they are. But they are not at all what the world imagines young Nazis to be like. They do not talk in terms of Party slogans, which the older Nazis have always on their lips. They seldom read a newspaper and only one in three has more than looked into "Mein Kampf".

Community listening to Hitler's speeches or to those of other Party leaders was a matter-of-fact part of their up-bringing which they accepted as they accepted lessons at school. None of them would have refused to attend school—they would not have dreamt of refusing to listen to Hitler.

Hitler is part of their life. The Party, the uniform, the swastika also belong to that life. So do the political lectures which do not arouse greater enthusiasm than any other subject of their studies. But these young Nazis neither know nor care about the political and international aims of Nazism.

If one asked Heinrich, for example, whether the Austrians or the Czechs should not have been spared by Hitler, he would not understand the significance of the question. The world, as he sees it, conforms a hundred per cent to the picture which Goebbels has drawn. There

is no reason and no purpose for discussing it at all. And why should he doubt it? A young man in Nazi Germany is unlikely to meet anyone who would suggest to him that he should think otherwise than in terms of official policy. There is not even anybody likely to tell him to think at all. The young Nazi remembers little of the fighting days of Nazism inside Germany. He is therefore no radical.

There are, of course, a few radicals among the younger boys. They would, for instance, curse the Jews. A Nazi Youth might say: "Damn the Jews," if he cut his finger. Heinrich is liable to blame any of his own personal misfortunes on the Jews. But if he were to think about it, it is possible that he could not remember seeing a Jew, still less talking to one.

Heinrich entered the army in this spirit, with these sentiments—or rather with this lack of sentiments. He found few among his comrades in his age-group who took a different attitude towards politics, the Party, the army and life in general.

Only some of the older men talked as Heinrich had heard the Hitler Youth Leaders talk. They remembered the days of the Party's early struggle. Some of them had elder brothers in the S.S. Some knew an "old fighter". It did not matter much now that they were in the army. But later these men with political memories of their earlier life formed themselves into little groups and tried to get the younger men to listen to them.

This was not entirely accidental. Party headquarters had sent out instructions to the reliable old Nazis in the army never to cease propagating the Nazi idea and Nazi spirit. Soon the Party sent skilled propagandists to mingle with the ordinary soldiers. Before long political discussions were arranged even in the trenches. Not that anybody

was asked for his opinion about anything. Political instructors simply held lectures about the political aspects of the war.

S.S. and S.A. officers followed in their wake. They were transferred from their home units to the regular army in order to strengthen the Nazi spirit among the troops, turn them into active Nazis now that so many daily problems threatened to overshadow their political conceptions, or bring out individual thoughts or ideas.

Troops attend these lectures apathetically. The men show little interest in politics. Only once, I know, Heinrich, while still in Poland, heard that Mahler, a youth in another regiment, was the son of a former Socialist. His colleagues asked questions all around until someone who knew Mahler's family told them that his father was dead. For a day or two they wondered whether or not he had been shot in some political affray; they were curious to find out what actually happened to old Mahler. But their curiosity died down and was soon forgotten.

The rapid progress of the Polish war left little time for personal problems. I have not heard of Heinrich recently and, I guess, he has since been transferred to the Western Front.

But most of the older men, the N.C.O.s of the last war and the reserve officers, were sent to home stations after the Polish war. They did not go through the campaign too well. The percentage of older men who did not survive it at all is shockingly great.

These soldiers of the last war were made to bear the brunt of the Polish campaign. They were sent to the front line where fighting was thickest. The Nazi Party wanted to get rid of them. Hitler knew that among the older generation, among the soldiers of the last war, there were many pacifists. Those who had experienced one

war were not keen to go through another. These men also retained the capacity of thinking out things for themselves. The Nazi authorities regarded them as a dangerous element on the home front. In the war in the West, with its long spells of inactivity, these thinking Germans could not be allowed to come into contact with the young and enthusiastic Nazi soldiers.

Even in Poland, officers heard older soldiers ask too often questions like these: "Was it wise to risk war? Did the Fuehrer not expect a peaceful solution? Is this war not the result of a miscalculation? Will the country stand the strain of war?"

There was a deep significance in the fact that so many men asked these questions in Poland. Just those who were likely to ask questions were sent there. The Austrians, the aristocrats—all those whose attitude towards Nazism would not stand all the tests, were crowded on the Polish front. They were sacrificed and now they cannot ask any more questions. They were sacrificed consciously and intentionally. Their doubts were silenced in true Nazi fashion. But they were allowed to die as heroes, so that those on the home front should not know that such doubts existed at all.

But eventually the home front knew. For there were among the older soldiers some good Nazis and they too asked: "Why have they sent us here? Why call on us when there are still millions of younger men all over the country allowed to stay behind?" I have mentioned this questioning attitude of "Why we?" in the chapter on Propaganda. But here I will deal with it more fully. So many, finally, of the older soldiers asked this question, asked it louder and more persistently, that the Nazi press was forced in the end to produce an explanation.

The "Essen National-Zeitung" undertook the unpleasant task of taking up the question and replying to it at the same time. It published what purported to be a letter from an "old soldier" who had already served in the Great War and was sent to the front line on the first day of the Polish campaign.

"I would not say," the letter stated, "that it could not have succeeded without us old ones. Hats off to the young soldiers! But Hitler knows why he sent us into the field. He did not want to send hastily trained reserves to the front, as Germany was forced to do in 1914. We at least knew what to do when we saw the grenades coming towards us and we were able to help our younger and less experienced comrades with advice. We old men have our pride too. We are proud to have fought side by side with the young soldiers. We have not slept during the long years of peace. We have endeavoured always to remain on the alert. Now we have proved our worth. . . ."

This typical piece of Nazi propaganda could not hide away the real motive for sending the old men out to die. It quickly became known in Germany—and was discussed in many homes—that Hitler had said he had no reason to deplore the Reichswehr's losses in Poland.

"The men who fell were not worth much . . ." he is reported to have said, and his attitude found an echo in the higher quarters of the Reichswehr. It seeped down to officers and men.

They also knew that the casualty figures given by Hitler in his big speech after the conclusion of the Polish war were far from correct. The 10,000 dead which he mentioned were hardly a fifth of the actual victims in the 17 days' war.

On the Western Front these problems did not arise, and they were soon forgotten also by the men who were

transferred from Poland. Here in the West was opportunity to win spurs in "battle". To encourage the troops to take this opportunity, special decorations were created by Hitler; among them the Infantry and the Tank Storm Order.

"The Infantry and the Tank Storm Order," said the official announcement, "is a special decoration for the German soldier who succeeds on three different occasions in breaking through the enemy lines. It will be given also to infantry men who have been engaged in hand-to-hand fighting with the enemy on three different occasions or tank leaders who are under fire three times."

"The new decoration," said the "Voelkischer Beobachter", "is an incentive to the German soldier to carry the war into enemy territory. . . ."

Hundreds received this decoration in the first six months of the war, although it was very seldom that the Nazi press could claim that German troops had taken the war on to enemy soil. But to keep up the war spirit, daily reconnaissance raids have been arranged, groups of five to eight men have been sent out to patrol parts of the no man's land in front of the Maginot Line:

"What we expect from these groups," says the Nazi press, "is heroism and blind obedience to their leaders. The raids are the best school for true soldiers who will prove themselves when the great action starts."

The fact that up to the beginning of April this great activity had not started, has given rise to rumours about the poor morale of the German troops. I have found no evidence that these rumours are true, or that the morale of the German troops has suffered from inactivity. Neither do I think it likely that such a development is imminent.

Wherever big armies are forced to stay in idleness, boredom is a danger to the morale of the troops. But I

should say that the German soldier can bear boredom easier than his British or French opponent. By temperament the German is unimaginative and he hardly misses the lack of excitement. No other soldier is satisfied with so little entertainment as the German.

For years he has been deprived of ordinary everyday pleasures of life at home which are a feature of an English or French boy's life. He is mentally militarised to the verge of stupidity. Although news from the home front is carefully censored, and he does not realise all the difficulties under which his friends and his relatives at home live, he knows from experience that the soldier in Germany has a better life than the members of most other professions.

So long as he gets enough to eat, he will do his job and obey his orders. The artificial superiority complex with which a militarist country like Germany imbues her soldiers, makes him feel ashamed of weakness more than any other man would ordinarily be.

The Nazis, however, provide for the possibility of weakness overcoming German soldiers in spite of everything, and direct a stream of encouraging propaganda towards the trenches. The "Schwarze Korps" deals with this problem, for instance, and writes:

"It is the duty of the German soldier never to lose confidence. The possibility that a touch of weakness might overcome him now and then is no reason why he should take the dangerous view that he will be unable to maintain himself in battle. The chief thing is to suppress the 'inner yellow streak' (den inneren Schweinehund) at the right moment. . . ."

Everything is done to help the German soldier to suppress that "inner yellow streak". The army leaders look after him much better than Hitler looks after his

people on the home front. German soldiers are excellently clad and properly fed—so far. Few of them have as yet experienced any difficulty in obtaining all they want to eat.

When there was already little or no meat on the home front, when not even the meagre rations nominally allowed could be bought in some German towns, the German soldier still received appreciable portions of meat.

As late as March, 1940, journals for the soldiers displayed big pictures of field kitchens and meat transports for the front—pictures which could not have been published for the soldiers to look at if they had not been able to see their meat on their plates as well.

Soldiers still joke about their food, but good-humouredly. The complaints they voice so far are not serious. One regiment has introduced a dinner-fund, for instance, into which every soldier who complains about the food must pay ten pfennigs. Other regiments also demand ten pfennigs from every soldier who uses insulting language or speaks about service matters during meals.

It is not food shortage but shortage of tin which presents the army authorities with one of its biggest problems. There is not enough tin available in Germany for the huge amounts of canned food which must be sent to the troops.

Substitutes which have been produced have spoiled large quantities of foodstuffs, but only two cases were known up to the end of February when troops were actually supplied with food affected by metal containers of inferior quality.

The soldiers are very fond of "Pemmikan", with which they are supplied in large quantities. Pemmikan is an artificial food, said to be of excellent quality. It contains

concentrated extracts of meat, vegetables and fruit. It has the form of the popular German sausage and tastes quite good.

On the long marches in Poland, a bite of Pemmikan often kept up the health and spirit of the German soldiers. The Nazi authorities place high hopes in this stuff and other similar concentrated foods which inventors have evolved after studying the experiences of Polar explorers.

While the German soldiers feed on Pemmikan they are prevented from hearing how their parents, their sisters and friends on the home front envy them.

It is regarded as almost a crime in Germany to-day to send a grumbling letter to a relative at the front. The troops are shut off from home by the working of a censorship which ruthlessly suppresses every communication from inside Germany which might affect the soldier's morale.

Hitler is said to be more frightened of an attack on the morale of the German soldiers from the rear than from the onslaught of the French and British forces. And so far he has succeeded in warding off every influence that could disturb their youthful imperturbability.

All along the front one can hear the German troops singing hate songs against Britain, some new and some revived from the last war.

The best "singers" among the German troops are the members of the air force, who until the outbreak of the war stood aloof from the rest of the army. But the close co-operation between infantry and air force inaugurated by the Nazis in Poland has closed the gap between these two forces in the army.

They can be heard singing together an air force song which goes something like this:

Tune up your machines now, lads, to England we will fly;
We'll win the day for Germany, for danger we don't fear.
When we look Death straight in the eye
On our stout hearts we do rely,
And on our motor's strength
In holy passion.

Now for the flight to the enemy's land let
The motors sing their song.
No more shall people mock us with their
Folly and their sneers.
Let go for the daring bombing raid,
We've waited, we've delayed enough.
Now's the moment, lads; let go!
Forward to the pride of Deed!

Up, battle squadron! Up in the sky!
You bear the heavy bombs with you
To blast deep craters in the land that lies
Across the sea.
Arrogant power to pulverise
That brought the peoples in this strife
From greed for blood and gold—
That tyrant of the world!

'Gainst England, lads, 'gainst England, your
Aircraft bears you on!
Against that land, that cursed land, in the
Fight for Right and Reich,
For Leader, People, Victory!
A hard fight and a holy fight
To cast the throne of Judah down!
Albion, we come!

This song is indicative of the spirit of the German air force. It is the only completely nazified force in Germany. Built up by Goering and trained in Nazi spirit, the air force is called the "S.S. of the Air" by Reichswehr officers. Only the finest human material was accepted into its ranks, and even now, when the number of pilots needed rises from day to day, selection is still

strict. And air force influence on the ordinary Reichswehr soldier makes for further nazification of the Reichswehr.

To-day there are "Fliegerhorste"—the Nazi name for field aerodromes—immediately behind the Siegfried Line. Pilots and gunners mix freely and frequently with the infantrymen.

Very often infantrymen are taken up in the planes just to gain experience of active service with the air force. It is the aim of Goering to teach thousands of men from other services to fly or fight in planes.

But even without this scheme, which is only in its initial stages, the frequently expressed opinion that there is a shortage of trained air force men in Germany seems to be erroneous. For three years now, pilots, air gunners and ground-crews have been trained in rapid courses with complete disregard for human life.

Only once—it was shortly before the outbreak of the war—did the ruthless training methods result in complaints from the pilots. They were worried when the number of air force casualties in training mounted so quickly that they reached an average of two deaths a day.

Training officers pleaded with Goering to relax the methods. "Go and tell your men that they are being trained for war. It is their business to die. The sooner they learn to be ready to die, the better for the force."

After that the training methods were stiffened and even speeded up.

A neutral diplomat, who was surprised to learn of Goering's "generosity" with the lives of his men, when all the world was talking about the shortage of German pilots, investigated the question.

He came to the conclusion that the trained reserves of the German air force are certainly adequate, even for

the large number of planes at their disposal. Reports which he received, and which he regards as reliable, speak of 45,000 fully trained pilots, excluding gunners and mechanics, all of whom have been trained to pilot machines. The personnel of the ground crews exceeds 400,000 trained men.

After a similar investigation, my informant convinced himself that intensive training methods have also produced a great reserve of qualified U-boat crews, far in excess of the number with which Germany is usually credited.

Both pilots and U-boat crews, he says, are ready to take to the air or man the submarines, however many of their comrades fall in action. Whether the Nazis will be able to replace the lost machines and the lost vessels is another question. They will certainly not lack the men.

XVII

IN THE BEST NAZI CIRCLES

THE WAR STARTED with a big clash—a clash between Hitler and Goering. I will quote the report of a Central European diplomat, one of the few men in close personal touch with Hitler and the Nazi leaders in the critical days just before war broke out. I will reproduce it as it was told to me:

“I was with Hitler when Phillip Bouhler, one of his intimates, came into the room and said: ‘Hermann is on his way here. He is out of gear again. You will have to talk to him now.’

“Hitler looked at Bouhler dejectedly. I could see that he was in one of his moods when breakdown or hysterics were near. Forgetting my presence he shouted: ‘No, no! I have nothing more to say. No, no! I do not want to talk to him, no. . . .’

“Turning to me he said: ‘Wait outside for a minute.’

“I left his room. Through the door, however, I could hear Hitler roaming about, shouting, screaming. All the time he was saying: ‘No, no, no!’

“Ten minutes later the outer door was flung open. Followed by two secretaries Goering stormed in. He muttered to himself: ‘He is crazy!’ Red in the face, he stormed past me.

“The secretaries shrugged their shoulders. Without waiting for them to announce him to Hitler, Goering went into the Fuehrer’s room banging the door.”

The final decision to go ahead with the Polish campaign had been taken in Goering’s absence. Hitler had

talked to him over the telephone as if there was still a chance of calling the whole thing off, but orders to the army had actually been issued. The decision had been taken at a conference between Hitler, Ribbentrop, Meissner, Keitel and Brauchitsch. Only Hess had been informed. He was to set the party war machine in motion.

The decision had been made only a few hours before. But it had come round to Goering quickly enough. He was more than annoyed. Not because he was against it, but because he had been left out and confronted with a fait accompli.

There was a stormy scene between Goering and Hitler. It was one of the most important conversations between the two men since the days of the Munich beerhouse putsch.

Other men around Hitler began to talk. Would Goering's head fall as that of Roehm fell five years ago?

Goering, coming out of Hitler's room an hour later, was seen to wipe his eyes. There was still a tear on his cheek as he marched out of the waiting-room.

The two men had made it up. Hitler, undecided at first whether to remove an oppositional element—and Goering had opposed many of his decisions for a long time—or make friends again with one of his oldest comrades, had been overcome with emotion.

He told Goering that he relied on him. That he had decided on the big speech in which he would nominate him as his successor. That he would give him personal power greater than he had ever intended to give anybody. But—"Hermann must not grumble at me!"

In the struggle between a cruel decision and Hitler's own sentimentality, Goering had gained the upper

hand. As one of Hitler's intimates put it, while Goering was still with Hitler: "Goering will leave here either condemned or greater than Hitler."

The breach was only temporarily sealed, however. The rift in "Weltanschauung" between the two men had become too deep. Goering, the typical political parvenu, hated the thought of staking his personal gains on Hitler's unstable, adventurous nature. In spite of his frequent boasts about Germany's strength, about the frightfulness of the Nazi air force which he commands, Goering has not the deep inner faith in the Nazi ideal, in Nazi success, which imbues Hitler, the emotional fanatic.

Goering loves his personal comfort; revels in personal aggrandisement. He has little understanding for Hitler's dreams about his god-like mission. Not given to fantastic illusion, Goering, in his heart, feels that there is a limit to things. Hitler does not know any bounds.

The contrast between Hitler and Goering has been raised to a major political problem ever since the war started. Even before the war people used to regard Goering as a "moderate" and Hitler as a "radical".

What they meant was that Goering, in personal behaviour, could almost be described as a normal man, compared with Hitler. If one puts it that way he certainly is. Goering can laugh, Goering can appear human, Goering is natural. To realise the difference between them one need only have experienced the popular reaction to the two men inside Germany. It has not changed since the outbreak of war.

Hitler inspires reverence and ecstasy among his followers. "Der Fuehrer! der Fuehrer!" the people shout when he passes by in his big motor-car. When they see

Goering they shout "Hermann, Hermann . . ." calling him affectionately by his Christian name.

Hundreds of jokes circulate about Goering in Germany. Enthusiastic Nazis tell them to each other. No Nazi would think of making a joke about Hitler. If both men are political adventurers there is still a big difference between them. To Goering, politics are merely a means to a personal end. One can feel that, at times, he even admits it to himself. He has the facility of debunking himself. That means a lot.

How different is Hitler. Whatever can be said about this maniac—one thing seems sure: he lives in that dream world which he wants to create. He wants to satisfy his inner urge, wants to achieve his "Messianic mission". He is one of those madmen which thriller writers have exploited for their most exciting stories: the astute mind which works seemingly cleverly, which has the facility to think out astonishing devices to achieve its purpose. And only in the end, only just before the madman's plan succeeds, is he revealed as a man with a sick mind—a lunatic.

In Goering's Nazi madness there is always method. As one man put it who knows both Hitler and Goering well: "Hitler cannot change, Goering does not want to!"

For Hitler it seems necessary to rule the German people, the vanquished Czechs, Poles, Austrians as ruthlessly as he does. For Goering it seems convenient.

If Hitler's dream world collapses it will be the end of Hitler. If the Nazis are beaten in this war, or if the German people rise against the Nazi government, Goering will try to make the best of a new life, a new racket.

He has definite plans for this contingency. Near his country house, Karinhall, in Schorfheide, near Berlin,

he has his private aerodrome where his greatest treasure is hidden. It is a huge ocean-going air-liner which stands ready, night and day, to take off and carry Goering to safety outside Germany. Everything has been arranged, a trustworthy pilot stands by. The airliner is even provided with a cot for Goering's daughter Edda.

So long as nothing happens to this 'plane, Goering will not lose his self-confidence. Not even if his pilot betrays him or leaves him in the lurch at the most critical moment; because if need be Goering, the old war pilot who commanded the Richthofen Squadron in the last war, could himself pilot his machine across the ocean to some South American refuge.

Hitler knows Goering's attitude. He knows that he has Goering's help only so long as there is any chance of making their Nazi world stronger, bigger, mightier; so long as Goering sees the possibility of further personal aggrandisement.

While there is still hope for Germany, Goering will be even more ruthless than Hitler himself. If Hitler is mentally reckless, if murdering, killing, and utter disregard for human values are to him the natural expediences of his political conception, for Goering they are the practical and simple things to do.

Hitler will brood and cry, meditate and rage before he takes a cruel decision. Goering will simply judge whether it is useful or not and take it.

When it proved necessary to demand the utmost sacrifices from the German people as soon as war broke out, Hitler thought—and said: "It is for their own good. It will help them to achieve greatness."

Goering, whose task it was to organise the economic basis of the war, simply said: "Can they resist our order?"

Are we strong enough to enforce our will? If we are, we shall get the last out of them."

But Hitler has been warned against Goering. Every one of the other Nazi leaders has hinted at the dangers which Hitler faces from Goering. "You, Hitler"—that is in essence what they said—"cannot rise any higher. But Goering can rise over your head!"

There were many signs, even admissions, made by leading Nazis to neutral diplomats in the first two months of the war, that Hitler had made a mistake in appointing Goering his successor. Goering, they said, has the Crown-Prince complex. "Hitler cannot order me about any longer," he is reported to have said. "I am as clever as he is. And I shall have to bring order into the mess which he is making of things."

Does Goering aspire to Hitler's post? Does he believe there are, among the Western statesmen, people who would rather accept him than Hitler as ruler of Germany. People who have met him since the outbreak of war say he is convinced that such a possibility exists. He believes the day may come when peace could be won for Germany, when a catastrophe could be avoided, by eliminating Hitler and making himself master of Germany.

It is difficult to explain the position as it really exists to-day, because Hitler is trying to exploit this unpleasant aspect for his own purpose. As he cannot rebuke Goering, as he cannot drop his own successor now, as he has to pay heed to Goering's opposition to many of his plans, he utilises this antagonism for propaganda purposes.

"Yes," his personal propagandists say, "there is a chance of Goering stepping into Hitler's shoes. What would the enemy say? Would that solution be acceptable? If the worst came to the worst, Hitler could retire into a

still higher position and visibly could put all power into Goering's hands. . . . Eh . . . what would they think of that?"

"They," the Western powers and the rest of the world, know, of course, that it would in the end make little difference whether Hitler or Goering ruled Germany. International crimes are not easier to tolerate even if they are committed by a sensible criminal instead of an irrational maniac.

How this existing antagonism between Hitler and Goering is already affecting the war is a popular topic of conversation in the diplomatic corps in Berlin. Most of its members have made the short journey to Schorfheide where Goering has lived since the war began.

They have felt compelled to make this trip because they found Hitler almost inaccessible in the Chancellery. He lives the life of a hermit there, only receiving the members of his war staff and refusing to see outsiders. The diplomats could have gone to see Ribbentrop, but very few of them like the German Foreign Minister. It is impossible to avoid Ribbentrop on official business but the personal contacts, the intimate conversations from which diplomats hope to obtain real information, are more pleasant with Goering than anybody else.

Goering is holding court in Schorfheide. Many generals have made the journey to his house after seeing Hitler.

"And what do you think about it?" Goering has heard this question more often than any other in the last few months.

But both generals and diplomats are harassed by doubts however much they sometimes enjoy these chats with Goering. They all ask themselves: "What is his game? What is he up to?"

Goering will openly make disparaging remarks about Hitler and many of his decisions. But the generals remember that Goering did the same thing when he pretended to work for the Reichswehr inside the Nazi Party. Then it turned out that he had been working really for the Nazi party inside the Reichswehr.

Is he truly at cross purposes with the Fuehrer? Or will he betray his own friends to Hitler one day?

It is impossible to brighten the twilight around Goering for the moment. Only time and the war will bring clarity. All that is evident now is a definite lack of personal contact between Hitler and Goering which makes itself felt in many respects.

Party officials, after talks with Hitler in the Wilhelmstrasse, often go straight to Goering's house. They find Goering wholly unaware of the line Hitler has taken in the conversation with them. Such a thing never happened before the war, when the two men used to spend hours together on most days of the week. Now the telephone is their only means of communication. And they are not using it too frequently.

Goebbels is a far more frequent guest in Hitler's study these days. There was a time before the outbreak of war when the club-footed little propagandist was under a cloud. He was once again the centre of gossip and many of Hitler's intimates advised him to drop Goebbels because they feared, one day, he would disgrace the party with his personal affairs.

So many complaints came from infuriated husbands of film and stage actresses, about the liberties which Goebbels had taken with their wives, that something had to be done about it. Only Hitler could do something about it.

"This man gave me Berlin," Hitler replied. "I know his shortcomings but I also know his value." Hitler was

referring to the days when Goebbels, as Gauleiter of Berlin, made a Nazi capital of what was once the "red city". Hitler never forgets that, and remains grateful to Goebbels.

There was, however, one of those piquant interviews between Hitler and Goebbels—about which high-up Nazis always say that they would like nothing better than to be present. Goebbels, probably, was given a lecture about his conduct with women and went away.

But nobody actually knows what Hitler told Goebbels, and everybody would like to know how he said it. Hitler's way with women, his opinions on the subject, relationship between men and women, are frequent topics among the Nazi leaders.

They know that all the stories which are told about his "girl friends" are untrue. They know that for twenty years or longer Hitler has had nothing to do with women, although he always likes to have a few girls around him.

Since the outbreak of war the female entourage, apart from his secretaries, has been reduced to two women who alone can claim to have given Hitler companionship.

Curiously enough one of them is Magda Goebbels, the wife of the Doktor—as Goebbels is called in the party. She is probably Hitler's best friend. He likes the fair-haired, good-looking, clever Frau Goebbels. But how wrong are those who say that Magda is the reason why Hitler sticks to Goebbels in spite of the latter's behaviour.

Hitler and Magda "found themselves" when she first went to him to complain about her husband. She begged Hitler to restrain his amorous Minister of Propaganda.

Hitler then gave Frau Goebbels the advice not to allow her emotions to harm the Party by creating a scandal. She wanted to divorce Goebbels. For years she has been on the verge of doing so.

But Hitler's "fatherly advice" has won the day. And Hitler has remained Frau Goebbels' private adviser and friend ever since. Hers is the only private house that Hitler has visited since the outbreak of war. With Magda he discusses the affairs of the men around him in the few hours when he relaxes from his work on the war.

Magda Goebbels has only one competitor nowadays. It is Fraeulein Eva Rapp, who, rumour said at the end of 1939, had been married to Hitler secretly. The rumour is untrue, but it is true that Fraeulein Rapp has been with Hitler very frequently since the outbreak of the war.

Eva Rapp was once assistant to Hoffman, Hitler's personal photographer. She used to be with Hoffmann whenever he made portrait studies of Hitler. Eva is responsible for the only picture which shows Hitler laughing, roaring with laughter.

While Hoffmann focused the camera on Hitler his face was so serious that the photographer asked him to smile before he took the picture. Hitler refused.

"You look so serious that you make me almost cry," said Eva, and Hitler looked at her and laughed. Hoffmann shot and next day he showed Hitler the photograph.

It had to be withheld from publication, because Hitler did not think it dignified enough, but he made a present of it to Eva. "You are one of the few people who can make me laugh," he said, and whenever he feels like being made to laugh again he sends for her.

Since the war, Eva has stayed in the Chancellery in the Wilhelmstrasse where Hitler's sister, Paula, never cared to live. Paula stays at Berchtesgaden and Eva is fulfilling her functions as housekeeper and attending to Hitler's personal requirements in Berlin. She is always near him, brings him milk or fruit when he works late and when nobody else is allowed to enter his study. No wonder people talk of a romance, but those who know Hitler discredit these rumours. They are certainly not true.

Eva, on the contrary, has confided to friends that not even she can make Hitler laugh any more. Neither can Ribbentrop, who once boasted that he was always able to tell funny stories which appealed to his Fuehrer.

Hitler has been seen laughing at Ribbentrop's jokes, and many said that his ability to tell funny stories was Ribbentrop's only asset.

Since the Nazi-Soviet pact this, too, has changed. Not, as the story in Nazi quarters goes, because Ribbentrop by negotiating the alliance has now achieved for Hitler a real asset. On the contrary. Hitler was persuaded by Ribbentrop into agreeing to the Nazi-Soviet negotiations. But the man who has broken his word more often than any other statesman in the world, is said now to detest Ribbentrop for having induced him to abandon his anti-Soviet policy.

He knows that it was necessary! He feels that it was the only way out of the dilemma in which he had landed himself. He still thinks that Ribbentrop is a statesman of Bismarck's calibre, the greatest diplomat alive. But he hates him, because he blames him for his own betrayal of his dearest Nazi principle.

Diplomats who spoke to Hitler about the pact with Stalin found him triumphant that he had avoided the

war on two fronts. But behind this triumph they found a vacuum which, they thought, was created by the collapse of Hitler's most important spiritual edifice. A man who has cursed Bolshevism whenever conversation touched the subject of Russia or Stalin, must feel empty now this line is no longer open to him.

Whatever he says about the alliance, even his triumph sounds hollow, because not even Hitler's acrobatic mind has as yet acclimatised itself to the new position. As everything Hitler says or does receives its impetus from the emotion which he puts behind it, the lack of emotion about the Russian alliance makes his arguments about Russia and Stalin now sound unconvincing.

"Hitler will never get over it," said one diplomat who has been a good judge of Hitler in the past. "He always believed in what he said, believed in it, at least, at the moment when he said it. But he does not believe that the Soviet Alliance will turn out well for Germany."

While Ribbentrop is genuinely working to cement this alliance and to make it work, Hitler, the double-crosser, is working against his new friend, Stalin, already. His mind thinks in terms of infiltration, of changing Stalin's Bolshevism to something which he can accept in his own mind. His propagandists are emphasising the Socialist aspect of German Nazism to smooth out the differences in Weltanschauung between the two unequal allies. But Hitler, abandoning the immediate purpose of the alliance, is already dreaming of infiltration of the Ukraine by Nazi agents, and is working out schemes by which, one day, he will be able to stand up and say: "This was my real purpose. . . . I wanted to get the Ukraine, I wanted to do away with Bolshevism. Now I have succeeded."

Ribbentrop is excluded from all the practical measures which Hitler takes towards this end. The Foreign Minister is left to work on his own plan; is left to employ every means to obtain Russia's help, if Russia can help. But he knows Hitler's technique is to pull two strings at the same time. His own original organisation, the Ribbentrop Bureau, has served similar purposes in past years.

Too often, as head of this bureau, Ribbentrop has received orders from Hitler to interfere with the work of accredited German diplomats, to put Hitler's wishes into practice over the heads of German ambassadors and even against their will.

Now Ribbentrop knows that he himself is the victim of this practice. He can detect the moves which Hitler organises behind his back. He fears that, one day, the man who makes Hitler's real Russian policy may oust him. He remembers how he himself ousted Neurath as Foreign Secretary, after having counteracted him secretly on Hitler's orders for many years.

Where, then, are Hitler's friends? Where are the men whom he likes and on whom he knows he can count?

As in all the twenty years since Hitler started on his road to power in Germany, Rudolf Hess stands besides him unwaveringly and faithful. Hess is probably the only man in Germany whom Hitler really trusts. This insignificant Party man knows only one loyalty—his loyalty to Hitler. He would still like it best if he were again Hitler's personal secretary, as he was in the early days of the Nazi Party. He does not really like all the important work that now comes his way. He has told his friends that he will kill himself if Germany loses the war.

Two men are frequently with Hitler these days—he consults both of them about Britain. They are Bohle, the Bradford born leader of the foreign Germans, and

Baron Killinger, the "Terrorist in Chief" of the Ribbentrop Bureau.

When Bohle leaves Hitler's study with flushed cheeks, excited but silent as an oyster, a murmur goes through the ranks of Hitler's entourage. They know he has once more been discussing his pet subject in this war, the invasion and conquest of the British Isles. Hitler has noticed often how his generals, how his other advisers, grow stiff and quiet when he mentions the subject. He knows that they believe his plan cannot be achieved. He has given up telling them about it, but the idea never leaves his mind and he must talk to somebody about it—because he believes in it.

Bohle is his confidant, Bohle is the man who strengthens Hitler's belief in this crazy plan. In party circles they call him jokingly "King of England". And he gets angry about it. He cannot see the joke. Bohle takes it all very seriously, so seriously that he presides over the British section of the Ribbentrop Bureau and has abandoned his work on problems connected with other Germans abroad. The greatest task concerning foreign Germans, the immigration of Germans from Eastern Europe, has been placed in Himmler's hands, anyway.

What has Hitler to say to Killinger, to Baron Manfred von Killinger, ex-member of the terrorist Ehrhardbrigade in post-war Germany, accomplice of the men who murdered Rathenau, one-time President of the dreaded People's Court and later Nazi Consul-General in San Francisco.

Killinger whispers into Hitler's ears his plans to terrorise Britain from the inside, to mobilise the Irish Republican bomb throwers against the British people, to organise sabotage and revolt in the heart of the British Empire.

He is well qualified to work on such plans. Even under the Weimar Republic, when one would have thought that Germany's feelings towards Britain were friendly, Killinger worked on plans to undermine British authority. He had the assistance of influential Reichswehr officers who furnished him with arms and money for this purpose.

It was at the time when the Irish-British conflict was at its height. Killinger then organised arms supplies from Germany to Ireland. He led some of the gunrunning expeditions himself, landed arms and ammunition on the Irish coast.

Killinger is convinced that once again he will be able to menace Britain in a similar way. Night and day he is at work training "German diplomats".

Hitler has given him a free hand for his war work, in which the new Killinger diplomats are to play a big part. For they learn not so much the fine art of diplomacy, as the art of shooting to kill, producing bombs and explosives, handling infernal machines.

These new diplomats are to be sent not only to Britain but to every neutral country. Killinger interprets Nazi diplomacy while his men sit in Hungary, Jugoslavia, Rumania, in every neutral country and—he claims—in France and Britain as well. As he succeeded in running guns to Ireland, he will, he thinks, be able to get his men and their murder and sabotage instruments to Britain too.

And he tells Hitler about his plans, he paints for him a picture of a Britain on which bombs rain from the sky and which is rocked by explosions on the ground.

Appealing to Hitler's Nero complex, to his destructive instincts, Killinger holds the Fuehrer's attention for hours.

That Hitler listens to Bohle and Killinger, that he supports their plans, that he indulges in wish-dreams that they may succeed is not without significance.

In his crazy mind plans for conquest, destruction, and victory alternate with hopes of an early peace by which he hopes to escape what he himself fears is inevitable—his own defeat and downfall.

XVIII

NAZI ROGUES' GALLERY

I KNOW THE REST of the world laughs about the Hitler-Bohle plan for the conquest of Britain. I know it will never be carried out. But it exists, worked out to the smallest detail. Just as, three years ago, little Austria was taken over by a German Nazi gang with every member trained for his particular Austrian job, so has Bohle worked out the details of Nazi rule over Britain.

His chief experts are well known in London. Only a few weeks before the outbreak of war they were received as friendly guests in the homes of many important British personalities. Their task at that time was to persuade Britain from going to war. Their expert knowledge of Britain, British personalities and people is now employed for the purpose of defeating Britain in the war.

Every one of these Nazi emissaries appeared in the sheep's clothes of a "moderate", an advocate of restraint, a peace lover and friend of Britain. They were entertained by famous M.P.s and journalists who were able to convince themselves of their genuine desire to save peace.

Among these men you will find the future "rulers of Britain". To every one of them a post has been allocated, but none of the other Nazi agents who worked in Britain for years has been left out of the list of administrators.

There is Dr. Roesel, former Gauleiter of the Germans in Britain, and London correspondent of the "Essener

National-Zeitung" during the last few years. He and Frau Johanna Wolf, once leader of the German Labour Front in London until she was expelled in May, 1939, are engaged in laying the plans for the future British Nazi Party. They have the help of Herr Lahrmann and Herr Reinhardt, who was Nazi Consul in Liverpool until he too was expelled for his spying activities.

These men have one thought only: to return to Britain as victors, as conquerors. They are admitted frequently to Hitler's presence because their zeal and their faith that they will achieve their aim is imbuing him with renewed fervour in his plans.

It is not difficult to visualise these men sitting in their offices in the Ribbentrop Bureau and putting their heads together. It is not only plans for the future which they discuss.

Remember when waves of rumour reach these shores that in the heart of Berlin these men are setting them in motion just to embarrass and confuse Britain, France and the neutral countries. "What will Britain, what will Belgium do if we attack Holland?" Hitler asks his experts these questions, but soon the reply comes back that it would be wiser to make a test instead of relying on speculation. The rumour experts set to work.

A word is dropped to a neutral journalist who believes he is on the trail of a good story. At the same time a few regiments are moved along the Dutch frontier with much ado. Orders are sent out from Berlin to half a dozen countries to start a rumour campaign.

The Killinger squad goes into action. All the pseudo-diplomats attached to German diplomatic missions all over the world, start talking, dropping hints, making suggestions "in confidence". A stream of harmless "travellers" is released from Germany to inundate several

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neutral countries. They all bring "secret information" with them, and disclose it with remarkable frankness to strangers, to everybody who comes within their reach.

One or two days later the world is ablaze with the rumour of an impending Nazi attack against Holland. A special Killinger agent volunteers for a special job. He puts on the uniform of a major and flies off in a Nazi airplane.

By "accident" this plane makes a forced landing in another neutral country, where the major is detained. In his possession the police find all the Nazi plans for an invasion of Holland. This seems like proof of Hitler's intention. The secret leaks out, the newspapers report the detection of Hitler's secret plans. Kings and Prime Ministers go on journeys to deliberate about the new position with their friends and allies. They decide on plans to meet the threat.

The whole thing is, of course, a put-up job, cleverly arranged and executed by the Killinger squad. Other members of the squad report back on the effects of the campaign, the reaction to the rumours, popular and official, and the result of the fake Nazi major's misfortune in being captured.

Soon the Nazis know that Belgium would aid Holland if she were attacked. They think they have found out where Britain would concentrate her forces in such an event. How many British bombers would be ready to defend Holland, if any. . . .

Thousands of Killinger men stand ready for similar tasks. They are trained to start the snowballs of rumour going, they have learned to swing the avalanche round in a direction which Hitler wants.

They are in touch with innocent neutral travellers whom they try to use as dupes for their purposes, as carriers of rumour and news, of truths and lies.

The strength of Germany is advertised by these men, or the weaknesses exaggerated, just as it fits in with the plans of a higher strategy which directs the whole machine of rumour-mongers and doubt-sowers who are active for the Nazis all over the world.

Take Brussels. Sixty Killinger agents are attached to the German Embassy there, all duly covered by diplomatic rights. They are partly ordinary spies, partly terrorists on the lookout for hirelings whom they can smuggle into Britain.

The Nazi rumour brigade is one of the strongest of Hitler's fighting forces. In the Balkans these Nazi agents have become a menace. If British propaganda, if British prestige can stand up against the barrage of lies which they circulate, it is only because Nazi credit has dropped so low that not even the greatest effort employed with paramount skill can disguise the hard and nasty facts.

The brain behind this organisation of distrust is Goebbels. The men who carry out his orders are Killinger's instruments. Hardly any of these men know themselves whether it is truth or falsehood which they circulate. Their skill lies chiefly in the recruiting of completely innocent neutrals for their purposes. All they want is to find suitable carriers for the bacilli with which the Berlin rumour factory supplies them.

This organisation exceeds by far in Nazi eyes the importance of legitimate diplomatic activities. Equally the real diplomats only play a minor part in the diplomatic efforts of the Nazis.

Germans make fun of the men who are now the pillars of the Nazi diplomatic corps. When it was first announced that a huge amount of wheat would be sent from Russia to Germany, Germans said that the announcement was just another Nazi "Schnurre". Schnurre is the

name of one of the two chief negotiators of the Nazi-Soviet economic treaty. Schnurre means "funny story". The people also thought it significant that the name of the second Nazi negotiator with the Russians should be "Ritter"—which means "Knight". Must we send such an "aristocrat" to the Soviets, they asked?

Does it not seem more than a coincidence that the chief economic negotiator of Nazi Germany has the name Wohltat—which means "good deed"? And can anyone be surprised that the Nazis laugh themselves when they send "good deed" to their trade partners all over Europe? That the leading Nazi air expert's name should be Bodenschatz—"treasure of the earth"—and the builder of the Westwall should have the name of Todt—"dead"—is a source of continuous amusement in the higher Nazi circles. Their economic policy is "funk"—the name of the Minister of Economics—but one of the leading men in his ministry is Ohnesorge—"without worries"—which even the Nazis themselves regard as rather optimistic.

It is not all a joke. There is more in a name than meets the eye, and the Nazi jokes about Schnurre and Todt, about Wohltat and Ohnesorge, sometimes reflect the true and real attitude of the Nazi leaders towards the problems of this war.

I have been told quite a number of stories about the cynical pessimism which prevails among those Nazi leaders who know about the real position. Their number is small but their real opinions slowly emerge into the open and are discussed in ever wider circles.

Baldur von Schirach, the Nazi Youth Leader, husband of the daughter of Herr Hoffmann, Hitler's friend and photographer, is one of the Fuehrer's innermost circle. When he joined up to give a good example to

the Hitler Youth, he gave a farewell party in a Berlin restaurant.

It was a hilarious party, champagne flowed, the twenty guests sang—but none of the popular war songs. Schirach alone was sad.

"He is afraid," one of his friends said jokingly, "he does not want to be killed in action."

"I'd rather be killed in action than receive the traditional stab in the back at home," shouted Schirach hysterically. His wife tried to calm him, but an awkward silence fell over the party.

"What did he mean?" asked the others. "Oh, nothing—he really thinks in a few months it will be safer at the front than here at home."

Some of the Nazi oligarchs do not feel safe at home any longer. Ever since the Munich bomb attempt, Hitler has hardly shown himself in public. Goering's broadcasts are no longer made from public meetings, but from his home, which is connected with special wires with the radio transmitting centre in Berlin.

Only Dr. Ley, the rustic Nazi Labour chief, travels up and down the country to address meetings of workers and exhort them to work more and sacrifice everything for victory. Ley is not unpopular with the German workers although he was Hitler's instrument for smashing the trade unions. But Ley is said to be responsible also for the concessions which the Nazi Government made to the workers in the third and fourth months of the war.

From the "heart-to-heart-talks" which the wandering Ley has had with workers in many German armaments centres he gained the impression that they would not tighten their belts much more; that the long working hours and the cancellation of holidays affected both

the morale and the producing power of the German arms workers.

He warned Hitler personally. The result was that manual workers' food rations were increased and short holidays were re-introduced, although they had to be delayed because of the frost and the transport difficulties.

Ley is probably the hardest worked in war time of all the Nazi leaders. Goebbels works less now than he he used to work. Darre, the Minister for Agriculture, has become one of Goering's chief advisers. He and Goering's deputy as economic dictator are the only confidants of the fat field-marshal. The deputy is Herr Koerner, an astute business man who helped Goering to make a lot of money as an agent for aeroplane factories before the Nazis came to power.

Koerner is one of the greatest money-makers of the party, and is far cleverer than Dr. Funk, an insignificant Minister of Economics without power. Goering dislikes Funk, hardly speaks to him.

Where are the war heroes of the Nazi party? The "Schwarze Korps" has devoted a big square death announcement to every S.S. man who fell in action in Poland. But going over these numerous announcements I cannot find a single prominent name.

One Nazi M.P., it is true, fell in the Polish war. He was Herr Mayer Quadde, who held a medium rank in the Nazi hierarchy. He had volunteered to fight in the front line. The Nazis are very proud of him. Most of them have preferred to leave the fighting to others.

In Germany's industrial circles it is regarded as more than an accident that the two leading industrialists of the Reich have lost their sons in the Polish war. It is well known that both of them were forced to go to the

front line; their commanding officers were presumably asked to see that they did not return alive. The new Socialism, which Hitler now proclaims, demanded that there should be war victims from the highest industrial quarters as soon as possible after the outbreak of war.

The two chosen victims were the sons of Herr Krupp von Bohlen and Halbach and of Dr. Albert Voegler.

I should not pity either of them more than I would sympathise with any other soldier killed in this war. But I pity these two because they did not fall as chance victims of an enemy bullet in the field. They were deliberately sacrificed to the propaganda requirement of Hitler's Socialism.

Consequently the Nazi press gave unusual prominence to the deaths of the two industrialists' sons. While many months of peace or war went by without the name of Krupp or Voegler being mentioned in the Nazi press—plutocrats must not have publicity—Nazi newspapers devoted columns to the death of Claus v. Bohlen-Halbach. He was only a flight lieutenant, but his body was brought back to the family's grave in Essen and six soldiers carried his coffin.

"Representatives of the Army, the Party and Industry were among the mourners," writes the "*Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*". There were wreaths from Goering and other Nazi leaders. The most famous flying squadrons of the Nazi air force—Richthofen and Horst Wessel—sent representatives and flowers.

Dr. von Krupp, his father, the leading industrialist of Germany, said good-bye to his son in a speech at the graveside. Did he mention Hitler, or the Nazi Party? No. This is what he said:

"My Claus—we thank you from the bottom of our hearts for what you have given us in your life-time.

We are grateful and proud for what you have become by your death: an example of faithful fulfilment of your duty, which you discharged until you died for people and Fatherland. Rest in peace."

The Nazi dignitaries stood silent as they saw the old arms manufacturer bid farewell to his son. But as soon as he had turned his head they whispered.

"Why did he not mention the Fuehrer? Why did he so grimly pronounce the word 'peace'?" Herr von Krupp and his wife, who has given her name to the biggest gun in the history of war—Big Bertha—have not been the same since the loss of their son. Nazi leaders commented that it would have been wiser to have sent Claus Krupp against Britain. They know that his father does not blame the Poles for his son's death. He blames Hitler.

It was not much different with Voegler's son, though Hans Voegler was a professional soldier who had already served many years in Goering's air force. He had fought in Spain with the Condor Legion, the Nazi flying expeditionary force.

But there he fought against the "Bolsheviks" whom he and his father, his whole class, hated so much. This time Hans Voegler was fighting as an Ally of the Bolsheviks.

"I know I shall not come back from this war," he said. But whether he knew that he was not meant to come back or whether he gladly accepted the most dangerous tasks—which meant death—no one knows.

For Hitler, the death of young Krupp and young Voegler meant that there were "two plutocrats" less in Germany. The Nazis, who have grown rich in their years of political profiteering, are worried by Hitler's attitude towards heavy industry. They did not like to see him receive the news of Thyssen's flight from Germany so light-heartedly.

Whenever before an old friend had disagreed with Hitler or deserted him he used to cry and whine. He would complain to his remaining friends and to God about the ingratitude of mankind. Not so with Thyssen.

Hitler's nerves are strained. He cannot bear the thought now that there should be opposition to his conceptions or even to his plans. Thyssen's flight saved him from acting against his old benefactor, who opposed his war plans and his peculiar peace policy alike.

Reports about the widening gulf which separates Hitler from his former industrialist friends are true. Since the death of their sons, both Krupp and Voegler are apprehensive. "Has Thyssen chosen the right path?" they ask themselves.

But Hitler knows he need not fear heavy industry. He knows that the men who run it may hate him, but he knows too that they are terrified of losing the war and seeing Germany weak. That they could upset his regime never occurs to him. All that counts is whether they are with him or not in this war.

You can keep a watch on three or six big shots and act quicker than they can if you feel they want to act against you. His powerful enemies seem less dangerous to Hitler than the mass of the people, among whom there might always be one unsuspected assassin.

I do not believe that either Krupp or Voegler belong to the increasing number of big merchants and minor industrialists who see in a defeat of Nazism by the Allies the only chance of escaping from Bolshevism in Germany.

I have reasons to assume that the power of individuals in Germany, the possibilities even of the influential industrialists, was broken a long time ago.

People who hope that a change inside Germany will come or even be hastened by the Krupps, the Voeglers

or their equally well known friends, are making a mistake. They forget that these names in Germany to-day are only the name of figure-heads, trade marks of the goods which their factories produce. But in these factories, in their vast industrial undertakings, neither Krupp nor Voegler rule any longer.

I have introduced already the Nazi Gauleiter who has developed into a director on the board of every industry in his district. He is the representative of the Nazi plutocracy, and owing to his work and vigilance Hitler can risk attack on an eventual destruction of the old German plutocracy for which the names of Krupp and Thyssen stand.

Had Thyssen not fled from Germany of his own will he would probably have lost his head under the axe of a Nazi executioner. If Krupp and Voegler openly turn against Hitler it will be a welcome excuse for him to do away with them too.

Gauleiter Terbhoven, who is Krupp's Nazi partner as he was Thyssen's, will be there to carry on if Krupp disappears, just as he carried on after Thyssen's escape. And there is, as I said, one Terbhoven to every old-time German industrialist.

If I had to name Hitler's greatest asset inside Germany I would point to these commercial Gauleiters. These Nazi profiteers are the strongest force of Nazism. It is too easily forgotten that every Nazi dignitary is a professional politician who has made his profession pay in the last ten years.

Look at Goering, Goebbels, Ley, Darre, Himmler—choose whichever name of a Nazi leader is familiar to you. Ten years ago they were street-corner platform preachers. They all lived on National-Socialism. Every one of them was provided with a sinecure when

Hitler came into power. Everyone of them has accumulated, through Nazism, wealth which otherwise they could not have hoped to achieve.

Whether a good Nazi is given a monopoly for photographing Hitler—and makes millions out of the forced sales of these photos—like Hoffmann; whether he is appointed to the board of a newspaper, an arms-factory, a store-house confiscated from its rightful Jewish owner—in every case it has paid the men who followed Hitler.

It was the original idea of Thyssen and his friends, of Karstadt, Junkers and Krupp to bribe the Nazis for their own purpose. So long as he had no money of his own and no power to provide jobs and income for his followers Hitler permitted the rich men of Germany to pay the bribes themselves. As soon as he became chancellor he started paying out himself.

Nothing has changed in this to the present day. The Nazi press makes no secret of the bribing system which is the monopoly of Nazism. To-day the Nazi papers freely invite volunteers who want to act as Nazi Commissars and take over Czech or Polish businesses or factories. Every evicted Pole and Czech makes room for a Nazi who receives, by the grace of Hitler, his bribe.

The bigger jobs are not advertised, of course. They are distributed even before their former owners have been driven out. When Hitler sent his troops into Austria he was unable to procure any economic advantages for Germany from the impoverished little neighbour country. But it afforded him a chance of giving almost a hundred thousand German Nazis new businesses, new jobs, new incomes.

There are millions of Germans who will truly admit that Nazism has given them their big chance in life.

Millions were put into the jobs of Jews and anti-Nazis who were sent to camps, killed or evicted from Germany. The men who stepped into their shoes are the Iron Guard of Nazism.

They know that they stand or fall with Hitler. And they will stick to him longer than the world expects, even if a time comes when Germany's economic position will rob them of most of the advantages which Nazism has gained for them.

Together with the Nazis under arms, both at the front and inside Germany, this Iron Guard will be the greatest obstacle in the way of ultimate victory over Nazism. Every man of this group accounts for ten indifferent or even anti-Nazi Germans who are either dependent on the commercial Nazi bosses or afraid of their armed protectors.

XIX

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

THE POSITION IN which the German people find themselves after six months of war can be summed up in a tale of two cities: Versailles and Munich.

Versailles was Hitler's propaganda slogan from the earliest days of his struggle for power. To win popular support for a new and vast rearmament programme in Germany was the task for which his industrial masters paid him and helped him into the saddle.

Once he had gained power it was the removal of one after another of the restrictive clauses of the Treaty of Versailles cemented his prestige among the German people. He speaks the truth when he claims that he has kept his promise to Germany to wipe out Versailles. That, however, was the only promise which he did keep, even to his own people. It served him well in deceiving them over his failure to fulfil whatever constructive points his party programme had.

Now that war has broken out, Versailles helps Hitler again. Propaganda and facts supplement each other ideally in his favour. Dangling the threat of another Versailles before his people's eyes he can extract much goodwill for his war effort. They were unable to prevent his war policy so they feel now caught up in it themselves.

How many of them can believe, even if they want to, that the present governments of the Western powers, will not impose another Versailles on Germany once they win the war?

I know from my own experience what Versailles meant to the German people. I still remember the post-war days when, like many thousands of others, my own family was faced with ruin. Sometimes there was no money in the house to buy food. My brothers, when they returned from the war, wore their uniforms for many months because they could not afford a suit.

The hunger revolts in Hamburg, Berlin and Vienna in the early twenties, the turmoil of inflation and the shock of stabilisation—they were all explained to us every day as the consequences of Versailles and St. Germain.

“Never another Versailles,” says Hitler. “Never another Versailles,” repeat his henchmen, his radio, his newspapers. It seems almost impossible to convey to the mass of the German people what we, Germans and Austrians in Britain, know very well,—that “Never another Versailles” is also the slogan of the Western powers.

“No Versailles—no defeat!” We must acknowledge that a majority of the German people is united with Hitler in the determination to avoid both. But only a small minority can follow him on his wishful flights of fancy that he will win this war. Apart from the enthusiastic Nazis, apart from the unthinking Nazi youth, there is only a small section of the German people which believes Hitler can hope for victory.

The rest, the majority of Germans, were still hoping for another Munich as late as February, 1940. Since they do not want defeat, since they cannot hope for victory, their thoughts turn back to those September days in 1938 when Hitler gained his last bloodless victory over the Allies.

The conquest of Poland has left them with the same impression as the annexation of Austria or the invasion of Czechoslovakia. The "Blitzkrieg", instead of imbuing the German people with faith in the military machine, has proved a too brief experience to be regarded, in retrospect, as a war at all.

The stalemate on the Western front, however unexpected and disappointing to the Nazi hotheads, seems to the mass of the German people a welcome respite from real war. Until the "real war" starts they will still hope for peace—hope for another Munich in which diplomatic accounts can be settled before the bombs begin to drop and do irreparable material and psychological damage.

Time after time in the first six months of the war peace rumours swept Germany. They were willingly believed and circulated. These peace rumours were the products of wishful thinking in which again propaganda and facts joined purposes. Another Munich seems the highest hope of the German people. Another Munich was, and probably still is, Hitler's dearest wish.

Hitler is still convinced that the day will come when his diplomatic tricks will induce the Allies to accept a peace of surrender. He carries in his pocket plans of concessions—the first concessions which he has ever made—guaranteeing Poland and Czechoslovakia a semblance of independence. But he would ask for Colonies in return.

There is no doubt that early spring found Hitler preparing a balance sheet of this war. On this balance sheet he still counted the German people as his greatest asset.

What has war done to them, he asked himself and his advisers. Little or nothing, the advisers replied in unison.

They were certainly shocked when war was declared, but nothing spectacular has happened to them since. Hitler is convinced that Germans are to-day resigned to the loss of civil liberties which war brings about in every country, because they have not enjoyed other similar liberties for years.

He and his advisers believe that they will now gather the fruits of their policy of making the German people live under war conditions in peace time. They can recall that war conditions have virtually existed in Germany since 1935, and the people have got used to the drill and training, to the restrictions and privations. But the people of his Western enemies are experiencing these things again for the first time since the last war.

Hitler's one way mind puts down on the credit side of Germany the fact that he is able to exploit his people for his war purpose with complete disregard for their necessities of life, or for the health and the future of any individual.

"When this war is over we can repair all the damage done to individual Germans. It does not matter if thousands die when the life of Germany is at stake." This is the slogan of the man whose maniac mind makes the German people into servants of the phantom Germany which exists only in his imagination. In his hunt for this phantom he is prepared to extract from the German people every ounce of strength, not to speak of the Czech and Polish subject peoples who have to perform slave labour until they die from exhaustion.

Where else in the world has a supreme war lord such powers as Hitler? He can justly claim that he is able to utilise every German man, woman and child for his war. He knows that he can shift workers all over Germany and put them to work on the exact spot where they serve

his war purpose best. That surely is an advantage over his enemies who have to consider trade unions and individual rights and must convince their people of the necessity for doing what he can order Germans to do without question.

If the Nazis go short of funds—wages are cut and hours prolonged. Can any of the rich countries at war with him recruit labour gangs and soldiers of industry like him? It is an obvious advantage that the productive capacity of his sixty million Germans and his fifty million foreign serfs is at his disposal at so cheap a price.

Hitler, of course, regards the German people's present efforts as a sign of enthusiasm for his cause. But if ever this enthusiasm should wane he feels sure that he can count on the whips of the Gestapo and the guns of the S.S. to encourage the people to greater sacrifices still. Himmler will tell him every day that his vast police organisation can ensure that not a single German will extricate himself from the clutches of "duty"—whatever the high limits set by Hitler.

They have made the German people work overtime for reduced wages. Now they feel equally sure that many of the deficiencies of Germany's industries, even lack of raw materials, can be made up by turning the screw still tighter, by demanding and obtaining even greater sacrifices as the war goes on.

Jokingly Himmler can tell his Fuehrer from his own experience that the people themselves have no idea of their real capacity for work and suffering. He discovered, for instance, that the Jews, middle-aged and old men, whom he put to work in concentration camps could carry heavy loads for sixteen hours a day, month after month, although they had never done physical work before. Surely, he says to himself, one can demand the same

from the superior Aryan German if it is for his own benefit.

Himmler is proud that his organisation has forced the German people to work longer and harder than any people in the world. He regards this as the greatest contribution which he could have made towards Germany's war effort.

But as the blockade increases Hitler's difficulties, as the turning of the screw makes his people squeal and whine, he must occupy himself with problems which are more difficult to tackle than that of the oppressed Germans.

With one look back at his people he tries to make use of the one advantage which he can extract out of the blockade. Goebbels is ordered to sound the propaganda drums and tell the German people that Britain is trying to starve "German women and children", that the hardships which they must bear are of Britain's makings and not Hitler's. "We would give the German people everything if wicked Chamberlain did not try to starve us into surrender." This slogan was effectively put over, in spite of the doubts expressed by a few Nazi leaders, who pointed out that this propaganda line contradicted the current Nazi boast that "the Government has provided for all contingencies".

But the German people can still be forced to accept this double explanation: that wicked Britain is responsible for its sacrifices and that there are sufficient foodstores in the country to enable the war to be carried on for years.

In the meantime, it does not help Hitler merely to explain to the people that they must go short of food. He feels the real pinch of blockade when he realises how it is depriving him of his raw materials for war. And his

experts advise him that while they can still hope to handle the German people, they cannot carry on the war without oil and iron.

Hitler's plans are ready for the day when this shortage becomes acute. For months his economic aggressor squads have worked on Rumania and Sweden to extract their oil and ore with offers or threats.

We shall know when both have failed because on that day Hitler will give the sign for the employment of his usual means to obtain what he wants: force.

When a German attack against a neutral country is made, when the war spreads in the South or North or the Near East, we shall know that the Nazi oil tanks are low and that their iron stocks are running out.

Nazi military experts, while discounting the possibility of a Blitzkrieg against an equal opponent, are still convinced that they can overrun a small country. Rumania for oil, Sweden for ore, Holland for an air base against Britain—these seem to them easy objectives. In their minds they are sure that they can crush them swiftly, perhaps all three of them at the same time.

All the time, of course, the possibility that his war on shipping, the so-called counter blockade, will ruin the "British plutocrats" and will induce them to call off the war is present in Hitler's mind. And it would be a great disappointment to him if his alliance with Russia should not, even yet, work in the same direction.

It is one of the more amusing aspects of this war that British propaganda warns the German people of the Bolshevik danger while all the time Hitler tries himself to magnify this danger. He does so in the hope that Britain will discontinue the war for fear that Germany will go Bolshevik.

As long as Hitler does not succeed in getting Russia into the war, so that he can present her as a true military ally, this propaganda game is only amusing.

But it will become a political reality at the moment when Russia really enters the war arena with greater aims than the "liberation of the oppressed Finns"—that is, as the openly confessed partner in the Nazi-Soviet smash and grab combination.

All the information in my hands indicates that this development is only a question of time, perhaps a very short time. Reliable reports hint at very serious and genuine Russian attempts to make the economic agreement with Germany work.

Originally it was agreed to devote eighteen months of preparation to the exploitation and transport of Russian supplies to Germany. Before the purely military aspect of the German-Russian teamwork came into the forefront, this period was shortened to one year. It was intended to provide for great quantities of Russian imports before the winter of 1940-41.

Nazi experts do not overestimate Russia's capacity of supply. But they are satisfied with the prospect of being able to carry on unaided until they are in command of Rumania, have shared the northern countries with Russia and obtained their base against Britain.

Even the latest reports which I have received from Germany show that Hitler still believes that Britain and France would be unable to assist either Norway or Sweden effectively, that Rumania could be swallowed long before Turkish or Franco-British help would arrive, and that Holland, although a tougher proposition, would soon share the fate of Poland.

In these last reports, as in the German press, there are signs of increased confidence among the Nazis that

Russia will become an active partner. There is also a general belief that Britain might attempt to prevent a repetition of the Polish procedure by Germany and Russia, wherever it may be attempted, and that a formal state of war will soon develop between Russia and Britain.

During a long "tour of inspection" in the Eastern military districts—that is Poland—General von Brauchitsch has made contact with Soviet staff officers and a plan of military action has been evolved for this contingency.

In the meantime, in Berlin, work on Nazi-Soviet propaganda co-ordination has reached a far advanced stage. As a result of these negotiations, new propaganda and espionage centres have been established in which Nazis and the Comintern will work together where their interests coincide. Vienna has been made the headquarters of the centre for propaganda in the Balkans and hundreds of agents have been sent into every country which could possibly be drawn into the war.

That Hitler himself expects the war to spread, and spread fairly soon, was indicated in his speech at Munich on the anniversary of the founding of the Party. "And if the world were full of devils, we should still succeed," he said.

Succeed in doing what? Succeed in forcing peace on Britain and France by military action if diplomatic ruses fail once and for all.

There is no doubt that Hitler has prepared for this contingency, and no propagandist distortion should be allowed to obscure this possibility.

The longer the stalemate lasts, the longer this war will be regarded as a "funny, an extraordinary war". And the likelier is Hitler to change it suddenly to a

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real war—which will then be the unexpected turn on which he always counts so much.

There is one aspect of Hitler which should not be overlooked. However often he may have broken his promises he has rarely failed to carry out a threat. He is not at all as impetuous as most psychological experts describe him and, above all, he can wait his opportunity.

After the Nazi putsch in Austria in July, 1934, which was intended to nazify Austria but failed, Hitler waited until 1938 to repeat his coup. Italy, chief obstacle to his success the first time, had by then consented to his march against Austria.

After mobilising in May, 1938, against Czechoslovakia he postponed action until September. To avoid war then, he appeared satisfied with the Munich solution. But six months later he reverted to his original plan, invaded Czechoslovakia and conquered it.

Twice since the outbreak of war Hitler has planned action against Holland. Valuable information about the most likely diplomatic and military consequences was gained in these first two false alarms. Action was postponed, but the idea has not been abandoned.

Postponed, but not abandoned, are other plans—some of them intentionally circulated all over the world—which the German general staff has prepared by order of Hitler to hit France and Britain as hard as possible.

Those who believe that a miracle will happen to stop these plans ever being put into force, are wrong. Those who trust that the attitude of the German people will prevent Hitler from bringing his military machine into action are mistaken. Those who declare that fear of reprisals will prevent Hitler from using his air force against the civil populations of France and Britain may receive an unpleasant surprise. Others who ridicule the

idea that the Reichswehr might throw a million or more men against the Maginot Line in an attempt to break through, underestimate the lack of respect for human life of Hitler and his desperate Nazi gang.

Because most of these possibilities are hinted at in Berlin, because the Nazi propaganda machine uses them for diplomatic purposes, because they are, truly, propaganda weapons, it does not follow that this propaganda will not one day take on the form of stern reality.

Political prophecy is a hard business, and rarely brings reward. Too many unpredictable things have happened in the last year for anything to be said about the future with certainty.

Without doubting the ultimate outcome of this struggle, I cannot believe that victory will be achieved, that Hitler will be forced to abdicate, that Poland, Czechoslovakia, Austria, and the German people can be liberated without some heavy blows falling.

I share with many military experts a respect for the war machine which the Nazis have built up. Not even the craziest optimist can really believe that four years of war economy, a period when everything was sacrificed for the benefit of rearmament in Germany, have not produced an army and an air force worth something.

It will be brought into action. And it will be brought into action all the sooner if the blockade proves effective, if Hitler's diplomatic calculations prove wrong and if the Allies cannot be tricked into a negotiated peace.

It will be brought into action in a way that will confirm the worst estimates that Hitler's enemies make of his ruthlessness and his complete disregard for humanity and civilisation.

If he can, he will attack the civil populations of Britain and France in the same unrestricted way that he attacks

neutral shipping. The unrestricted submarine warfare introduced by Germany in the Great War will be repeated in modern form—unrestricted air warfare. The threat of reprisals will not deter Hitler, because when he decides to launch his attack he will have no alternative left but to stake everything on an attempted knock-out blow.

Make no mistake about it. It will happen before the war is over. The war cannot be over before it happens. Even if Hitler's greatest dread materialises and the Allies begin the attack.

Hitler's plans when war broke out were purely defensive. He intended to sit behind the West Wall and trust to Britain and France doing nothing while he conquered Poland. I firmly believe he never expected Britain and France to declare war. But to believe that because his scheme did not work, that because he still hopes that it will work one day, he and his staff have not provided for any other contingency seems to me to be a dangerous underestimation of Hitler and the forces at his command.

It is too simple to regard only as propaganda the things Hitler himself has said about modern war. Military experts in every country of the world have ventilated the same opinions—that war now would bring greater horrors, vaster destruction and more terrible suffering than any other war before.

Look at Warsaw and Viborg, both now in ruins. But do not console yourself with the idea that Poland and Finland were only weak countries which could neither adequately defend themselves against air attack nor retaliate in kind.

The defences of London and Paris are excellent. Hundreds, maybe thousands, of Hitler's attacking bombers will be brought down if they come over in big formations. But these Nazi bombers will still attempt to do all the

damage they can. They will obey Hitler's orders to make the world go up in flames before he himself must disappear.

I think that similar orders will be given sooner or later to German infantry and artillery—the whole Reichswehr—and they will try to carry them out. The worst crime that Hitler will yet commit will be to force Britain and France, two civilised and peace-loving people, to take counter-measures which will not be effective unless they match Nazi conceptions of war.

I can visualise the French and British people beginning to hate Hitler and Germany really from the bottom of their hearts, not because of Nazi assaults against their countries, but because of the equivalent reply which they will have to give as a result.

We have seen one after another of Hitler's threatened neighbours go Fascist under the force of his threat. I myself have seen normal and God-fearing men like Dollfuss and Schuschnigg execute Socialists and Nazis alike under a regime which was built up in fear of Hitler. The deteriorating influence which Hitler and Nazism exert on their enemies is generally underestimated. The Nazi press can justly jubilate because Britain and France are forced to adopt some measures which are similar to those employed by Nazism. They have to do so only to counter Nazism.

Those who proclaim the total war, force totality on their enemies, whether they like it or not. They will also force them to employ the same means of warfare with which they are attacked. If the British and French Governments of to-day are determined to use restraint, out of what to them is the natural instinct of civilisation, they will find later that they are sacrificing civilisation by remaining civilised.

I have heard much about the moral prestige which Britain has to defend. Nobody outside Germany doubts British intentions, however many pinpricks the neutral press gives Britain from time to time. I have spoken to Swedish and Norwegian politicians who have admitted that they have no doubt that Britain would, after the war, clear out of Sweden and Norway if in the course of it she were forced to occupy them.

All the clamour of American isolationists cannot hide from the United States or the rest of the world the fact that American civilisation would be threatened if Nazi methods prevailed over Britain and France. After all, the Americans should remember that they introduced the G-man and his "Shoot at sight" and "Arrest without warrant" against the gangster. They could not defeat those people with the recognised methods of civilised criminology. They would have the Nazi gangster on their doorstep very soon if Britain and France were not fighting for them, as well as for themselves.

I cannot follow the arguments of those who say that the German people must not be made to suffer for Hitler's crime. While the war lasts, Hitler can only be hit through the German people, and they cannot be spared by the Allies so long as they are instruments of Hitler's assaults against Britain and France.

Germans will play a part in this offensive, in the assault against Britain and France. But it will be a different part from that which Hitler expects them to play.

Just as I am convinced that the German people will not be able to stop Hitler from taking the plunge, so I believe that the home front basis from which he launches it will collapse from the repercussion of the jump.

I believe that the crack on the home front will come when the squadrons of Nazi bombers have left their

bases, when the German infantry is already and irrevocably on the march. The nerves of the Germans, so highly strung during the last seven years, will not stand the supreme test.

Hitler's big military push against his external enemies will be the end of his strength inside Germany. The Nazi war will be lost, lost again by the German people, at the moment when it begins.

THE END OF HITLER

MOST GERMAN PEOPLE to-day have adopted the attitude of the dream-walker who leads them. His propaganda has lulled them into political apathy. They find this convenient to them, too, because in their unconscious minds they are afraid of being roused and forced into a political struggle against Nazism. They do not feel strong enough for that.

Hitler has boasted that almost every one of the 23 million German wage-earners is a member of at least one of the various sub-organisations of the Nazi Party. The Nazi Party's Year Book for 1940 shows that these 23 million, plus approximately 5 million women, are organised in 481,875 blocks, 96,969 cells, 27,696 local groups, 822 provincial groups and 41 districts. The Labour Front, the biggest of these organisations, alone has 32,000 paid and 1,200,000 halftime honorary employees. Darre "Reichnaehrstand", the party's agricultural organisation, is run by 21,000 paid and an equal number of half-paid and honorary officials.

These are only two instances of the net which the Party has thrown over Germany. There is one Party official to every forty Germans. More likely than not he is armed and can count on the assistance of police, S.S., S.A. and, in the last resort, of the army. The grip of the Party on the German people is crippling. The herding together of workers, under constant observation of industrial party bosses and their henchmen in the guise of "workers' representatives", has made expression of individual feelings even harder.

The war has taken many of the lower Nazi officials from their posts, but it has also put nearly two million of Germany's best men under military discipline and removed them from activity on the home front.

For every policeman, S.S. or S.A. man, party official or labour representative who has been recruited, new powers have been given to the policing forces which have remained on the home front. Organisation of opposition is easier in war-time, but also more dangerous than in peace. The introduction of special courts and the death sentence as the most frequent punishment for even slight offences, the elastic law for "criminals who damage the people"—which may mean anything—have increased the already great difficulties of opposition work.

German Communists and their representatives abroad claim to have been more active in war-time Germany than ever before. They feel convinced that they will turn Germany into a Bolshevik stronghold. But Hitler is their ally in this campaign—he would go the whole way with Russia, he said recently—and the pseudo-Bolshevism which he introduces will deprive the German Communists of most of their propaganda material. The economic war effort is forcing Hitler, anyway, to fall back on the property of heavy industry and the "German plutocrats". This alone can help him to carry on. One by one members of the Old Guard of heavy industry are being absorbed into Goering's four year plan and its industrial combines, and are thus reduced to State executives in their own factories.

The newly-introduced Party bosses alone represent the capitalist system of Germany. But the coincidence of the positions they occupy in industry with their ranks in the Party makes it impossible to remove

or even encroach on this oligarchic group of Nazi capitalists.

They gladly wear their uniforms as the visible sign of their power to hold the positions they have gained by the grace of Nazism. Over and over again they are held up as the heroes of the Nazi revolution, and the wealth they have gained is shrouded only by the tales of what they lacked before they assumed power.

The career of Goering, in the eyes of the German people, is an example of success achieved by a former Great War aviator who spent years in the struggle for National-Socialism. The personal power which he wields is infinitely more impressive than the great riches which he can possess. The god-like position of the Nazi élite has placed such questions as "money" in the background.

As money becomes worth less and less in the course of this war the "capitalist angle" of the Nazi regime will afford less and less cause for resentment. More than defending their property, the Nazis—from members of the Government down to the lowest official—will fight to keep their positions of power. Even for propertied Nazis the civil restrictions are troublesome enough. They are also at any moment liable to be transferred, promoted or degraded. They may be given unpleasant jobs in which they can only recompense themselves by exercising more harshly the authority they enjoy under the leader principle.

That this leader principle should give some such compensation to a vast number of Nazis is the real purpose of the over-organisation which Nazism has created. But Hitler and his advisers know how much the German character cherishes office and power over at least one subordinate. It is axiomatic that this vast organisation

provides for the lowest industrial worker to hold a position in the Party organisation so that somebody else is lower in rank than he himself.

The S.S. leader may be only a lieutenant in the army, but he commands say 500 S.S. men in his Party life. Here he takes orders—there he gives them. This network of possibilities for giving and taking orders, this edifice of involved discipline, provides the strongest hold which Nazism has over the German people. It includes almost every German in the supervision which superiors exercise over their subordinates and it enables at least one organisation to control the private lives of the functionaries of another organisation.

In his capacity as leader of agriculture, Darre can decide on a new law against the German peasants. His rank in the S.S. gives him power to enforce the law without appealing to the courts. The ordinary legal system of Germany has been degraded to an instrument of propaganda—it is used simply as a deterrent. To every proper trial and conviction, there are five or six sentences ordered and executed outside the courts.

How, you will ask, can the German people extract themselves from these clutches? Impossible, is a reply which I have heard from a leading British diplomat who knows Nazi Germany well. Impossible, echo all the superjudges of German affairs who are afraid to voice optimism and who do not want to say the obvious things anyway.

I have no hesitation in saying that all the factors which I have mentioned as likely to prevent an outbreak of popular sentiment against the present Nazi regime also work in the other direction. I am convinced that the day will come when neither S.S. nor Gestapo can hold the German people down any longer.

It will not come soon and it will not be an organised revolt against Hitler or Nazism. But it will be a cruel and sweeping revolution, bloody and long drawn out. I can see it happening, happening in conjunction with the war as soon as it is brought to Hitler's and the German people's doorstep.

It will then be known whether the Nazi idea of training the people for starvation is profitable or whether Germans are still human beings whose power of resistance is weakened by strain and privation just like that of every other people in the world.

It will then be tested whether the inborn longing for freedom in men is not stronger then and more durable than a regime of terror. Allied propaganda will ultimately reach the top value which it achieved in the last war. If nothing else, it will ultimately be able to convince German people that nothing worse can happen to them, and that a change, any change, can only be for the better.

Most of Hitler's followers are men and women who once wanted a change. They wanted it desperately because they had lost faith and hope in the future. The German people can seem raving mad if it loses faith. Not given to realistic thinking like the French or the British it needs faith more than anything.

To-day it bears the hardships of life on the home front because it still has faith in the armed might of Germany for which it has made tremendous sacrifices. Over and over again Hitler and his satellites have stated that Germany is immune from war, that no enemy can reach German territory. They believe him so long as he is not contradicted by facts. They also believe that his army is undefeatable while it has not been put to the test of battle.

But if once the shock of real war comes to the German people. If bombs drop and produce a fear greater than that of the Gestapo, if military successes cannot be maintained against the real opponent, if only the Russian failure to overrun Finland rapidly is repeated in some instance concerning Germany—then the German people will present a different picture.

It will not be so much a question of the regime. Daily problems, increasing and becoming ever more difficult to solve, will make Nazi political phrases sound as hollow to the German people as they sound to the rest of the world.

As the war, the real war progresses, politics and petty political problems will be pressed in the background. After seven years of Nazism we shall again see Nazis who exist not merely to wear uniforms and hold titles, but men again; men with children and wives, with mothers and friends whose lives are becoming more miserable every day.

We shall see the bravery of the petty Nazi tyrants in every district put to the test when they have to face not merely unarmed civilians but British and French bombers. We shall get a different impression of them when, instead of striding down the road in their glorious uniforms, they have to run for shelter in their long white nightshirts made of artificial wool.

There can be no successful revolution, it is said, when the armed forces are not with the people. But in Germany so many of the people are armed that revolution will not mean the armed section of the population opposing the unarmed. The armed revolutionaries will be in groups of different strength here and there.

For seven years, thousands of natural sentiments have been suppressed by every German. The first hundred
Sw

bombs will bring them all out. The whole fictitious unity will go to pieces overnight. There will again be Catholics who want to pray to God rather than wait for providence to guide Hitler. There will be Socialists who will suddenly remember the "rights of men" and demand them for themselves and the German people as a whole. There will be the monarchists, officers of the old school, with divided loyalties, Communists trying to call in Stalin to help them, and nationalists to whom Germany will again mean more than any party.

To-day all these people still wear the uniform of the Nazi Party, they hold party positions, call themselves gruppenfuehrer, blockwart or whatnot. But to-morrow they will just be ordinary people, just men and women, hungry and dispirited, afraid and without hope; without faith in Hitler or anything.

Have you ever thought how a change in Germany can come about without the German people providing a purgatory for themselves? Can anybody imagine that a Nazi Party official simply changes his mind one day and says, like Rauschning: "For a few years I liked it, but now I see it is all a big mistake?"

No, only in the turmoil of a sweeping revolution can the German people find its own soul again and eliminate the rudiments of seven years' spiritual and factual impregnation with Nazism.

I do not expect that the Nazi leaders will remain inactive and watch such a spectacle. While Goering and many like him will make for foreign countries and count their blessings, others, more truculent and with less money abroad, will enter the arena inside Germany and try to fight it out once more. Will they fight united and together? They will not want to do so, because they too will try to shake off the shackles of an ever higher

authority in the hope of gaining for themselves positions which were hitherto inaccessible to them.

Ley, Schirach, Buerkel, Forster, Darre, Streicher, even Goebbels and, more than any other Nazi, Himmler, can each count on a few thousand determined Nazi rough-necks as followers. Which of them will stay behind to fight, which of them will maintain himself longer in some strategic position in this cruel civil war—no one can foretell. But it is more than likely that they will help the German people by wiping each other out, by killing first their personal enemies in the Party who have always been beyond their reach.

It will be a ghastly picture, ugly to watch even for the British and French enemies of Nazism. The Nazi seeds of blood and terror will bear horrible fruit among the German people. The Allies' problem will be whether to give this raving Germany the death-blow by marching in and helping to clear up the mess, or to stand by and watch German soldiers returning from the front, as they did in 1918, and taking up arms against each other and the German people. It will be a European calamity to see the Czechs, the Poles, the Austrians repaying their persecutors with the same treatment which they have received—brute force, ruthless eviction, the whip and the gun.

Let the Allies not make the mistake of stating their peace aims towards Germany too clearly now, lest events force them to alter their plans and occupy the whole of Germany later, if only to restore order and sanity. I know that at present there is nothing further from the minds of the French and British Governments and peoples. I am convinced that they have no intention of humiliating the German people because they themselves have suffered enough from the obvious mistakes

of the treaty-makers of Versailles. But I am equally convinced that there will come a moment when only occupation can save the German people from self-destruction. Such an occupation should not last longer than six months, it should last only until the hotheads have cooled down and the German people have chosen a Government which can muster sufficient authority to carry on alone.

So many new problems will turn up after this war, that it will only be possible to solve them through international collaboration. From that Germany will only profit.

But what about Hitler? The first six months of the war have already brought a change over the Fuehrer. The first disappointment to him was that war broke out before he was ready with all his plans. The experience of being faced with real and powerful opposition after years of almost unhindered successes, has left a mark on him. Even if I had not the testimony for this of those who have since seen him I could tell it by his voice which I have heard on so many occasions.

Hitler's ecstatic oratory is not merely play-acting. His shrieking voice expresses excitement and anger. His low tones are produced by quiet emotion. He is one of those speakers who can work themselves up into frenzy—who may be demagogues but nevertheless believe what they say at the moment they are speaking. Their speech becomes feeble only when their beliefs are not firm.

Hitler believed that he could win Austria by talk. He was convinced that his oratory would turn the scales in his favour during the Czech crisis. The Polish war provided him with a subject to talk about with conviction, and even the speech he made after the conclusion

of that campaign came certainly from the bottom of his heart.

It was the speech in which, for the last time, he appealed for peace. For the last time he was convinced that his diplomatic genius would win the day. He overshadowed every other argument with what seemed to him conclusive argument enough—that he was prepared, for the time being, to desist from his campaign of conquests and make peace. The short sighs of relief after each major point of his speech, expressions of self-satisfaction which every good wireless set to-day can receive over hundreds of miles, were still audible in the pauses between his sentences.

I could hear and feel he was still confident that he could halt the storm which the attack against Poland had brought over his head. There was again that undertone of self-assurance which so often has turned the heads of the German people:

“It will not be easy, it will not be easy—but I can do it, I can make them stop the war. . . .” I felt those rhythmic suggestive thoughts while he was boasting of the rapid advance of the German troops and while he covered the vanquished Polish leaders with insults. It was a Hitler in a tight spot but full of confidence that he could once more get out of it.

He certainly had the feeling that he had something definite to say—whether we liked what he said or not—and his speech served a definite aim.

He has had nothing to say in any other speech which he has delivered since then. He has not been able to produce any new facts or any new aims. As a speaker, Hitler has changed from a threatening force to an apologetic and vituperative gramophone record. The depreciating standard of his speeches is deeply significant.

That his words, as such, still appeal to the German people, can be judged from the cheers which he rouses when he gives expression to his hatred of Britain. There has been lately hardly any response—only polite laughter at his jokes—when he has dealt with other subjects. Hitler cannot convince if he is not convinced himself. And I am told that he now insists on speaking, and speaking again, because he fears that he will lose his grip on the German masses if he remains in the background too long.

He must go on because he sees, as clearly as the rest of the world, that the initiative has been taken out of his hands. It is the only setback which he admitted to himself and others in the long winter months of waiting. To be forced to wait for others to act is one of the features of politics which Hitler bears with difficulty, although waiting has achieved him his greatest successes.

He misses such successes now when his stock is falling, when the loss of self-confidence confronts him with the danger of losing the confidence of his people. He will do anything to keep it, or to regain it if necessary. He even plays with a more drastic and sensational plan than any even his crazy brain has previously evolved.

Its supposed purpose is to relieve the German people from the pressure of his legislation, from the oppressive methods of the Gestapo and the Nazi organisations. Inventing a form of democracy which he thinks feasible, he would proclaim that the Nazi education of the German people is completed, that in peace and war they have proved their worth and can now enjoy the fruits of their labours for the State.

A new constitution would be prepared, new elections would be held and he himself, announcing his life work to be finished, would take a nominal position in the life

of Germany and hand over the reins to the new generation.

This plan, which to-day still sounds fantastic, would serve a double purpose. One would be to extract the last ounce of effort from the German people. The other would be to attempt to convince the democracies, which condemn his present system of tyranny, to believe that an early end of the war would ensure some form of democracy for Germany, the practical end of the Nazi regime and the fulfilment of the principal Allied war aim.

The response to such a move from the home front, he thinks, would be terrific. Mass meetings and universal joy would bring a pause in the war which not even the Allies would disturb for fear of rousing the German people against themselves.

The pause could be used for diplomatic explanations to neutrals and mediators. Plans for Poland and Czechoslovakia would be produced and offered for discussion. Guarantees would be offered in the firm conviction that, once war had stopped, even for a few days only, it would not break out again.

The "nonentities" who face Hitler in this war are sure to fall for his clever scheme, he thinks. What comes after is another matter.

They will not fall for it! Hitler, like the rest of his Nazi crowd, will have to face the full consequences for his years of crime. He will have to pay for the irreparable damage which he has done to Germany and the world. How will he pay?

He will pay with everything that will be left to him when the end of his rule approaches—with his own miserable life.

No, not even his closest friends take seriously his threat to commit suicide if he fails. He has threatened

to take his life too often. Once in 1930 he changed his mind only after friends persuaded him to carry on. Again in 1932, when Hindenburg refused to appoint him Chancellor, "persuasion" again just saved him from suicide.

His friends cannot believe, either, the other alternative which he has put forward, that he would go into the front line and die a soldier's death once he realised there was no hope of victory.

Clearly before their eyes is a danger far more tangible. Even now, when Hitler is still in power, his military and police forces have to surround him because he fears assassination every day, every hour of his life.

That such extraordinary precautions should be taken whenever he ventures out of his Chancellery in the Wilhelmstrasse is sufficient proof of his own fear and that of his friends who cannot yet afford to lose him.

They still have faith in the effect of his speeches. They hope much from his occasional personal appearances among the German people. But can you believe that they are also convinced of the universal love which these people are supposed to afford their Fuehrer, if they suspect bomb throwers and assassins among them?

They know the German people and fear the spirit which they themselves have conjured up. That is why, nowadays, when Hitler wants to be so sure of the love of his people, he cannot even dare to disclose the place from which he will make a speech three hours later.

That is why not more than three or four people know when he intends to travel to Munich—as he often does. Not even his private chauffeur, his pilot or the driver of his private train is informed beforehand of his intention to travel.

Hitler has a private astrologer. He is not very superstitious. But he does not want to take any chances since his astrologer told him that 1940 would be the critical year for him.

I do not think the crisis will come quite so soon. But I can see it coming and I shall have my eye fixed on Hitler in the hour when it comes.

Surrounded by the couple of hundred private guards who stand and fall with him, for whom there is no friend among the German people, he will be only one of the many fallen Nazi dignitaries who cannot escape from Germany and who will, then, really have to look death in the face.

When that day comes, this man Hitler will be the same inconspicuous, diffident, colourless personality I knew fifteen or sixteen years ago. His eyes will no longer have that ice-cold glance which simulates determination and energy. Those eyes will again, as I have seen them, glance around nervously, uncertain of what they behold, anxiously trying to find out the effect their owner is producing.

That will be the picture Hitler will present on the last occasion when he is seen alive.

It is important that Germany and the world should see Hitler as he really is, as a dwarf, a freak, a miserable creature whom the crazy waves of post-war chaos have thrown up and whom they will swallow again when the storm is over.

It is vital that the man Hitler should be unmasked as a mouse. Most of his intimates think he will be exposed like that when the clatter of Nazi drums dies down, when his propaganda is silent and when, at last, not Hitler speaks to the German people but the German people will speak to Hitler.

It is so vital because there are in Germany to-day the eternal Prussian forces in the background already planning for the event of a Nazi defeat. The forces who brought Hitler to power, and whom his power overwhelmed, have a new plan with Hitler, with the dead Hitler.

They want to preserve a picture of his heroic and mysterious death which will turn him into a martyr and a hero. They want to exploit the dead Hitler so that they will be able one day to resurrect his ideas, their own ideas of a Great Germany, of the Greatest Germany Ever.

To them a dead Hitler now seems likely to be worth more than the living tyrant. They even want Hitler to die so that their plans, which he has adopted but failed to carry out, may live.

That is why it will be a worth-while task, why it is a duty to civilisation to preserve Hitler's life, to rescue him from the fury of his friends and the hatred of his enemies. There is little hope of success. There is a grave danger that, at least partly, the plan I have outlined will succeed. I fear that the German people will get him, although I am convinced that we shall never exactly know how and where.

When the fury of released Germany sweeps over Hitler there will be nobody around him to tell the tale of his end. His defenders and his attackers alike will go under in the turmoil of the Nazi collapse.

It is unpredictable where the end will find Hitler. Will he be in his dream castle in the mountains of Berchtesgaden? Will he be in the woods near Munich? Will he establish a shortlived headquarters in one of the few Nazi islands which are bound to survive the great flood?

I believe that Hitler will disappear into the empty air from which he emerged some twenty years ago to bring misery, blood and death over Europe. We shall be so busy killing the spirit he has created that there will be little time to search for his body.